MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL

SEPTEMBER 2012
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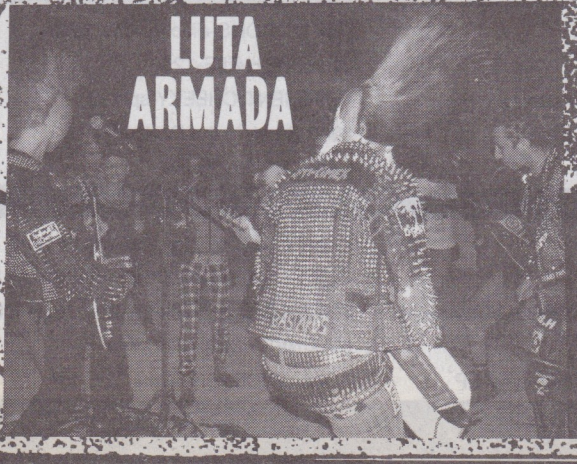

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- Everywhere else: $10 each (air). 12 issue sub for $112 (airmail only). 6 issue sub for $59 (airmail only).

Let us know which issue to start with!

BACK ISSUES AVAILABLE:
186, 188-191, 195, 197, 202, 206, 234, 236, 238-247, 249-251, 254-259, 260-290, 291-295, 297-306, 308-313, 315, 316, 318, 319, 322-328, 330, 332-339, 340-351
See page 4 for pricing and other info.

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1/6 page: (2.5" x 5") $33
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For what it's worth, here are some of the MRR reviewers' current Top 10 (or so) things we've reviewed this month.

TOP 10

MARIAM BASTANI

- KREMLIN-Will you Feed me?-EP
- THE GUNS-2xLP
- TANZKOMMANDO UNTER.../WIEZE.FABRYK-split LP
- ILEGAL-Callejon Sin Salida-EP
- KRÖMOSOM-Paranoid!-EP
- THE CLEAN-2xLP / RAT DAMAGE-LP
- ZYANOSE-LP / YOUTH AVOIDERS-Time Flies-EP
- MAUSER-Isolation-12"
- THE DICKS-all reissues / IN SCHOOL-demo
- URBAN BLIGHT / CREEM-live

WILL BLOMQUIST – NEW TOP TEN!!!

- MAUSER-EP+live
- PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP-Skit På Repeat-EP
- ZYANOSE-LP+live
- THE DICKS-Hate the Police-EP
- AXEMAN-Arrive-LP
- OEDE-One Man's Trash-EP
- KRÖMOSOM-Paranoid!-EP
- V/A-More World, Less Bank Pt. 3-EP
- WHITEHORSE-live
- SIXBREWBANTHA-live

MITCH CARDWELL

- MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS-Rocket.../Quasar-EP
- THE CLEAN-Odditties-LP
- THE NORMALS-So Bad, So Sad-LP
- SPRAY PAINT-Spock Fingers/Pink Pus-EP
- MAD MACKA-Adidas Tracksuit/Bored!@rics-EP
- MEAT THUMP-Box of Wine/Feel Good-45
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-LP
- BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL-Det Här Är Inte...- LP
- SPENCEY DUDE & THE DOODLES-LP
- ICKY BOYFRIENDS-live

ROBERT COLLINS

- WHITE LUNG-Sorry-LP
- GIGLINGER-Red-EP
- REPLICA-live / RAT DAMAGE-LP
- FUK-LP / COLD CIRCUITS-demo
- MAUSER-Isolation-12"
- ILEGAL-Callejon Sin Salida-EP
- GAS CHAMBER-Modern Vision of the Erect...-EP
- CALL OF THE WILD-The Call/Tightrope-EP
- TANZKOMMANDO UNTER.../WIEZE.FABRYK-split LP
- IN SCHOOL-demo / D.E.R.-CD / FADED-demo

LAYLA GIBBON

- SPLITS-Ghosts/Crazy for You-45
- CONSTANT MONGREL-Everything Goes Wrong-LP
- NEON BLUD-Discoteque Deathbed-12"
- SPRAY PAINT-Spock Fingers/Pink Pus-EP
- MEAT THUMP-Box of Wine/Feel Good-45
- THE GUNS-2xLP / THE CLEAN-2xLP
- THE DICKS-all reissues / THE DECAY-EP
- MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS-Rocket.../Quasar-EP
- BLOOD BUDDIES-Midas Medical Group-EP
- TY SEGALL-CD

DAN GOETZ

- DICKS-Hate the Police-EP
- WHITE LUNG-Sorry-LP
- ILEGAL-Callejon Sin Salida-EP
- THEE NODES-Stage Dive-EP
- KREMLIN-Will you Feed me?-EP
- NEON BLUD-LP / IDIOT TALK-Where is the Fun-EP
- HICKEY-Various States of Disrepair-LP
- KRÖMOSOM-EP / MAUSER-Isolation-12"
- CAMPAIGN-No Friend of Mine-EP
- URBAN BLIGHT / CREEM-live

GREG HARVESTER

- MIND SPIDERS-Meltdown-LP
- ZEITGEIST-LP
- HICKEY-Various States of Disrepair-2xLP
- THE CRAVATS-In Toytown-2xCD
- DICKS-all reissues
- THE MORONS-discography tape
- DE HØJE HÆLE-12"
- TENEMENT/CHEEKY-split EP
- 2009-Stuck in the Paste-EP
- LIGHT BRIGADE-live

KENNY KAOS

- MIDNITE SNAXXX-LP
- CYANIDE PILLS-45
- DIME RUNNER-Recharged Rejects/Warsaw-45
- MEAN JEANS-On Mars-LP
- NO TOMORROW BOYS-Animal Eyes-EP
- PLATEAUS-Do it for You/Jasmine-45
- COZY-Cola Shock Kids/Sugar on my Mind-45
- BURNT ONES-Black Leather../Protection Circle-45
- MAXINES / MALLARD live
- ADAM WIDENER-Make Out!-EP

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TOP 10

Please send two copies of vinyl, CD-only, or demo releases to the address on the previous page

CAROLYN KEDDY

- 2ND DISTRICT-The Love has Gone-EP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-LP / MEAT THUMP-45
- THE RICKY C QUARTET-Small Species/Tonight-45
- THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY-45
- OVERNIGHT LOWS-Erste Deutsche Original...-EP
- RUINED FORTUNE-Bulls Eye/Hope Diamond-45
- THE NORMALS-So Bad, So Sad-LP
- NERVEBREAKERS-Hijack the Radio!-CD
- THE CLEAN-2xLP / THE DICKS-EP
- MONOSHOCK/ ICKY BOYFRIENDS-live

SAM LEFEBVRE

- MEAT THUMP-Box of Wine/Feel Good-45
- THE DICKS-Hate the Police-EP
- BURNT ONES-Black Leather../Protection Circle-45
- ADAM WIDENER-Make Out!-EP
- OBN III'S-New Innocence-EP
- COZY-Cola Shock Kids/Sugar on my Mind-45
- MIKE REP & THE QUOTAS-Rocket.../Quasar-EP
- THE CLEAN-Odditties-LP
- THE NORMALS-So Bad, So Sad-LP
- PLATEAUS-Do it for You/Jasmine-45

RAY LUJAN

- COZY-45 / THE CLEAN-Odditties-LP
- CRUSADERS OF LOVE-Take it Easy-LP
- CYANIDE PILLS-45 / JTT-EP
- MEAN JEANS-On Mars-LP / MIDNITE SNAXXX-LP
- MIND SPIDERS-Meltdown-LP / KIM BAXTER-LP
- TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-Freak Out-CD
- TEENAGE BUBBLEGUMS-Learn from Yesterday-CD
- WASHERWOMAN-Burn the Veil-45
- THE FRESH AND ONLYS-live / LA SERA-live
- TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET-live / DOPAMINES-live

KEVIN MANION

- WHITE LUNG-Sorry-LP
- FORWARD-Devil's Cradle-EP
- NEON BLUD-Discotheque Deathbed-LP
- KREMLIN-Will you Feed me?-EP
- MY PARADE-Monster Fatigues-LP
- KRÖMOSOM-Paranoid!-EP
- ROSE CROSS-EP
- MIND SPIDERS-Meltdown-LP
- ZYANOSE-Noise Philia 2005-2011-LP
- TANZKOMMANDO UNTER.../WIEZE FABRYK-split LP

LYDIA PHELPS

- V/A-More World, Less Bank Pt. 3-EP
- TANZKOMMANDO UNTER.../WIEZE.FABRYK-split LP
- KRÖMOSOM-Paranoid!-EP
- YOUTH AVOIDERS-Time Flies-EP
- PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP-Skit På Repeat-EP
- ARRESTUM-Ihmistieteet-EP
- V/A-Dimmorak Skingras Vol.3-LP
- KREMLIN-Will you Feed me?-EP
- DREAMING DEAD/NUX VOMICA-live
- URBAN BLIGHT / CREEM / PERMAMENT RUIN-live

FRED SCHRUNK

- WHITE LUNG-Sorry-LP
- MIDNITE SNAXXX-LP
- NEON BLUD-Discoteque Deathbed-12"
- THE NORMALS-So Bad, So Sad-LP
- MIND SPIDERS-Meltdown-LP
- HICKEY-Various States of Disrepair...-LP
- APOGEE SOUND CLUB-Belligerent-EP
- MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE-Mr.Gikokovich...-LP
- TENEMENT/CHEEKY-split EP
- HORNY MORMONS-Discography-CD

MARTIN SORRONDEGUY

On Tour!

ZINE TOP TEN

- *Distort #37 / #38*
- *Koogmo #2*
- *Your War #4*
- *Accept the Darkness #9*
- *Something for Nothing #65*
- *Last Night at the Casino #3*
- *Black Line Fever*
- *Crack Salad #2*
- *No Exit #5*
- *Shit your Pants and do the Death Dance #2*

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#186/November '98. Registrators, August Spies, Marilyn's Vitamins, Chinese Love Beads.

#188/January '99. Stitches, Neighbors, Mansfields, Real Swinger, Marauders, Mark Bruback, Mars Moles, DOA.

#189/February '99. Monster X, Peter & the Test Tube Babies, Steam Pig, Maurauders, Yakuza, Dead Beat, Halfways, Hot Rod Honeys, DeRita Sisters.

#190/March '99. John Holstrom, Powerhouse, Brezhnev, Slappy, Black Pumpkin, Smartbomb ca, Wanda Chrome, Long Gones, Smogtown, Halfways, Tilt.

#191/April '99. Murder Suicide Pact, Kil Kare, Dudman, Super Hi-Fives, Better Than Elvis DJs, Pet Peeves, Loose Ends, Slingshot Episode.

#195/August '99. Moral Crux, RC5, Have Nots, Ill Tempered, Dysentery, Greg Higgins, Revlons, Larry & the Gonowheres.

#197/October '99. Reducers SF, Lower Class Brats, Reactor 7, TheGodsHateKansas, Futuro Incierto, Showcase Showdown, Waifle, Flat Earth Recs.

#202/March '00. KTMWQ, Real Estate Fraud, Strike Out, Broken Rekids, the Haggard, GC5, Gore Gore Girls, the Catheters.

#206/July '00. Drunk, ESL, Ambition Mission, Lord High Fixers, Cripple Bastards, Dig Dug, Federation X, Amulet, Valentine Killers.

#234/November '02. Snobs, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour, The Oath, Radio 4, Feederz, Charm City Suicides, Selfish, Riot 99, End On End, Peawees, Born/Dead.

#235/December '02. Anti-war Special Issue. Anti-war guest columns. Anti-war scene reports. Articles: "Reading for Democracy," "War on Iraq?" "Unfinished American Revolution," Resource Guide, "US Involvement in Iraq,""Axis of Empire." Long Island DIY scene, What Happens Next? Brazilian tour part 2, Smalltown, Kylesa, Crash & Burn.

#236/January '03. Mr. California & State Police, Iron Lung, Riff Randells, Chainsaw, Artcore, Latterman, Travis Cut, Phenomenauts, Pretty Little Flower, X-Cretas.

#238/March '03. World Burns To Death, Chronics, Vilently Ill, Dystopia, Pilger, Exotic Fever, Brezhnev, R.A.M.B.O., Blown To Bits, Put To Shame, Deconditioned, This Bike Is A Pipe Bomb, Monsters.

#239/April '03. Romanian D-beat, Meconium Records, Amazombies, Abandoned Hearts Club, Mike V. & the Rats, Nicki Sicki, Bigamists, Bolivia article, Negatives, Kuolema, Defiance.

#240/May '03. I Quit, Apers, Headless Horsemen, Lesser of Two, Barse, Nightmare, Music Zine Roundtable, Exploding Hearts, Flesh Packs, Blacklist Brigade.

#241/June '03. Tyrades, Lumbergh, The Stand By Me, New Mexican Disaster Squad, Cut the Shit, Libertinagem, 17th Class, the Ends, He Who Corrupts, Deathbag, Cria Cuervos.

#242/July '03. Pensacola & San Francisco punk protest reports, John Wilkes Booze, Anfo, Bob Suren, Migra Violenta, Jackson 8, Snakepit zine , Krigshot, the Rites, Deadfall.

#243/August '03. "Media Alliance and the FCC," Striking Distance, Malcontents, Invisible City, Books Lie, Charm City Art Space, Hopeless Dregs of Humanity, I Shot Cyrus, Sunday Morning Einsteins, What the Kids Want, Onion Flavored Rings.

#244/September '03. None More Black, Deadline, Rai Ko Ris, Boxed In, Exploding Hearts, Raving Mojos, Blackout Terror, Morticia's Lovers, Thee Fine Lines, Trust zine.

#245/October '03. No Time Left, Riistetyt, Intense Youth, The Gimmies, Ass End Offend, Artimus Pyle, La Fraction, Kung Fu Rick, The Horror.

#246/November '03. Punk & Resistance in Israel, Letters from Palestine, No Choice, FM Knives, Bury the Living, Marked Men, The Dirty Burds, Provoked.

#247/December '03. DSB, The Boils, Popular Shapes, Phoenix Foundation, Bathtub Shitter, Meet the Virus, Cropknox, "Punk Babies on Tour" Article.

#249/February '04. From Ashes Rise, Hagar the Womb, This Is My Fist, Skip Jensen, Gride, Katy Otto/Mike Taylor Dialogue, John Yates, Pointing Finger.

#250/March '04. Best Records of 2003, Miami FTAA protests, Clorox Girls, FIYA, "La Villita: Chicago Pilsen Scene," Terminus Victor, Restarts, Damage Done, Knights of New Crusade.

#251/April '04. The Fuse!, Väkivaltaa, Modern Machines, Microcosm, Migra Violenta Euro tour diary, Allegiance, Neurotic Swingers, Xavier Lepaige Photos, Le Scrawl,Vrah.

#254/July '04. No Hope For The Kids, Dropdead, Diskords, Breakfast, Asschapel, I Excuse, Strung Up, To Hell & Back, Four Eyes, Lamant, Gammits MW, scene reports from Portland, Boston and Germany.

#255/August '04. "Punk's Not Dead, Reagan Is" Special Issue. Leatherface, Get It Away, The Hatepinks, Keen Monkey Work, New York City, South Dakota, Czech Republic, Philippines, Russia.

#256/September '04. Observers, Witchhunt, Annihilation Time, Zann, Eskapo, FxPxO, Haymarket Riot, Fourth Rotor, Les Georges Lenigrad, Texas scene, Newfoundland, Indiana, England.

#257/October '04 The Election Issue, Jesse Townley, Matt Gonzalez, Rattus, Fighting Dogs, Hero Dishonest, Kickz, Boss Martians, Reactionary 3, Slovakia, Australia, South Wales, South East Asia.

#258/November '04. Career Suicide, Cathy Wilkerson of the Weather Underground, No Fucker, The Repos, Dominatrix, Ashtray, Deadstop, Midnight Creeps, Michale Graves, The Diffs, Shemps, Abi Yo Yo's.

#259/December '04. Bad Business, Penelope Houston, Rambo, AI, Ass, I Attack, The Krunchies, A-Lines, Insurgence Records, The Hates, Accidents, Massgrav, The Critics, Merciless Game, SF Hotel Workers Strike, photos from Japan, SoCal & the Bay Area.

#260/January '05. Technocracy, The Total End, Only Crime, True North, Partisans, For The Worst, Dick Spikie, Straight to Hell, Black Cross, Action, Ergs, Rusty Nails, Queer Activism in London, Greg Shaw tribute, John Peel tribute, Andrew "Stig" Sewell tribute, Beijing punk photos.

#261/February '05. Year End Top Tens, Riistetyt, Lost Cherrees, Complete Control, Cheap Sex, Gasoline Please, Beerzone, Greyskull, MOTO, Water Into Beer Fanzine, Swe-Punk scumpit, Japan punk photos, Bay Area punk photos, Texas, Russia, and Malaysia scene reports.

#262/March '05. Kärnvapen Attack, Neo Boys, Catholic Boys, Dead Moon, Wreckage, Frantix, Armitage Shanks, Wendy Kroys, To What End?, Cell Block 5, Bent Outta Shape, Ah-Nah Tron, Slovakia, Indonesia, and Illinois scenes.

#263/April '05. All Crusties Spending Loud Night 2004, Bombenalarm, Battleship, APA, The Black Lips, Words That Burn, Flamingo 50, The Low Budgets, Mellakka, I Object, Antisect, Bay Area scene report, South Coast UK scene report.

#264/May '05. Crime, Love Songs, Bruce Banner, Intent, The Holy Mountain, Have Heart, The Bill Bondsmen, The Real Losers, archive photos, Bay Area scene photos, Taiwan and Rochester scene reports.

#265/June '05. Endless Nightmare, Hard Skin, Kolokol, Amebix, Transistor Transistor, The Safes, The Detonators, Finland scene report, France scene report, SoCal scene report.

#266/July '05. The Carbonas, MDC, Destrux, Unkind, Hiretsukan, Giant Haystacks, Ohuzaru, Teenage Harlets, Michigan scene report, San Diego scene report, Eugene, OR scene report, photos.

#267/August '05. Knugen Faller, Sleeper Cell, Motorama, Gulcher Records history, Army of Jesus, The Slicks, Thee Merry Widows, Rotten Sound, The Faction (UK), Czech and New Zealand scene reports.

#268/September '05. Signal Lost, Gulcher Records history part two, Teenage Bottlerocket, Mattilda (aka Matt Bernstein Sycamore), The Spectacle, Bang Sugar Bang, Chumbawamba, Reason of Insanity, Forward To Death, Flyer art, Florida Scene Report, Bay Area scene report, photos.

#269/October '05. Hammer, Desastre, Human Eye, Les Bellas, Gasmask Terror, Randy "Biscuit" Turner tribute, Stalag 17 (UK), Stepbrothers, Retching Red, Weaving the Deathbag, Gather, Chicago and SoCal scene reports.

#270/November '05. Clorox Girls European Tour, Czolgosz, Regulations, Time Flys, Taxi, No More Lies, Oil!, Paddy Costello of the Dillinger Four, Smartpils, Revenge of Mongoloid, Pisschrist, Scene reports: Puerto Rico, UK, Russia.

#271/December '05. Besthöven, Abductee SD, Tractor Sex Fatality, George Harrison, Deathtoll, Photos by icki, Ice & The Iced, the Ulcers, Chimps Eat Bananas, Deranged / Criminal IQ / Kick'n'Punch Records. Scene reports: Iowa, Maine, Illinois.

#272/January '06. Conga Fury, Let's Grow, Frustration, Bastardass, Icons of Filth, Burial, Hrydjuverk, Cranked Up!, Urrke T & the Midlife Crisis, Tropezio, Baboon of Sickness zine. Scene reports: Austin, France, Michigan, Larry Wolfley photos.

#273/February '06. Fuses, Endstand, Out Cold, Pedestrians, Acts of Sedition, BadEatingHabits, Western Addiction, Jesus Fucking Christ, Toxic Waste, Punk photo spread, St. Louis, USA & Brighton, UK scene reports.

#274/March '06. Best of 2005, Formaldehyde Junkies, Brutal Knights, Kansan Uutiset, Hatred Surge, A-Heads, Manikin, Upinatem, Hips, Boston scene report, Punk photo spread.

#275/April '06. History of ABC No Rio (Part One), Ringers, Missbrukarna, '90s garage punk scumpit, Anatomi-71, After the Bombs, Rubella Ballet, RIP Pig Champion, Ricky Adam interview and photographs, Sean McGhee, Hard Skin US tour diary.

#276/May '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part One), History of ABC No Rio (Part Two), Vitamin X Asian Pacific tour diary, Soviet Valves Suburban Death Machine, Frustrations, George Hurchalla, Scene reports: Czech Republic and Greece.

#277/June '06. "Is Business Killing Punk Rock?" business survey (Part Two), Imperial Leather, Boom Boom Kid, Vitamin X Asian Pacific Tour (part two), "How to Make It Big!" by the Phantom Surfers, Magrudergrind, Poland.

#278/July '06. Billy Childish, Death Token, The First Step, Ramsey Kanaan of AK Press, Headache City, Deconditioned, Under Pressure, Insuiciety, Instigators, Malaysia Scene, Bay Area Scene Pics.

#279/August '06. Mika Miko, The Fall, Cardiac Arrest, Digger & the Pussycats, Massmord, Insect Warfare, The Astronauts, Canary Islands Photo Spread, Four Slicks, The Fallout, PAWNS, Tajikistan, Uzbekistan, & Umeå, Sweden scenes.

#280/September '06. Hjerte Stop, Grupo Sub-1, Desperate Bicycles, Bill Daniel interview and photo spread, APF Brigade, Disconvenience, Southkore Fest photo spread, Rosenbombs, Up the Voltage, Euro photo spread, Svartenbrandt, Asheville, NC & world wide punk scene reports.

#281/October '06. Out With a Bang, Redd Kross, Derek Lyn Plastic, We March, Alan Milman, Rat Traps, Blood Robots, The Scarred, Gilbert Switzer, Japan & US photo spreads, Sweden & UK scene reports.

#282/November '06. The Feelers, PESD, Toxic Ephex, Auktion, Bruise Violet, Trust fanzine, The Homosexuals, The Effigies, Rat City Riot, New York City & North Carolina scene reports.

#283/December '06. Jay Reatard interview & photos, Crimes Against Humanity Records, A Touch of Hysteria, Doris Fanzine, Kvoteringen, '90s Punk Scumpit Part II, Black Chrome, The Dirty Water Club, photos, Tokyo scene report.

#284/January '07. Margaret Thrasher, 924 Gilman at 20 Years, Order of the White Rose, Regress, Subhumans (UK) Part One, Blank Its, Condenada, Genetic Control, photos, Syracuse & San Diego scene reports.

#285/February '07. Randy "Biscuit" Turner of the Big Boys & the early Texas punk scene, Lemuria, Ruin, Subhumans (UK) Part Two, The Blinds, Tranzistors, ANS, Riot This, La Piovra, Bay Area scene pics, Barcelona, Spain scene report.

#286/March '07. Best of 2006, Smartut Kahol Lavan, Electric Kisses, Holy Shit!, Lost Cherrees Pt 1, Go!, Kraljevo, Serbia, and Bakersfield, CA scene reports.

#287/April '07. Alicja Trout, Keith Rosson (Avow zine), Crap Corps, The Vicious, Scum System Kill, Lost Cherrees Pt 2, Restless Youth, SBV, Australia, Kyiv, Ukraine, and Pittsburgh, PA scene reports.

#288/May '07. Clockcleaner, Pisschrist, The Rats (Sweden), Conflict (US), The Viletones, Violent Tumor, Czech Republic and East Texas scene reports.

#289/June '07. Ultimo Resorte, Kursk, Masstrauma, Social Circkle, Final Approach, Post Punk Kitchen, Southern Death Cult, Portland Drummers, Timisoara, Copenhagen & Pampanga scene reports.

#290/July '07. Stormcrow, Merkit, Solid Decline, Monster Squad, Sex Vid, Vivisick, Warkrime, Top Ten, We're Gonna Fight zine, White Cross, Berlin scene report.

#291/August '07. MRR 25th Anniversary Issue. Martin Sprouse, Tim Yohannon, No Slogan, Ruidosa Inmundicia, Chinese Telephones, Vaseline Children, Anti-System, Dave Roche, 6-page retrospective photo-spread, Kawakami/ Disclose obituary, Brazil scene report.

#292/September '07. New Bloods, Chronic Seizure, Outraged, Geriatric Unit, Active Distribution, Gruk, The Mods, No Defences, The Fakes, Trashies Tour Report, Mexico scene report.

#293/October '07. Punk and Immigration Theme issue w/ interviews, articles, and stories. Anti-You, Loser Life, Political Asylum, Olympia scene report.

#294/November '07. The Hipshakes, Neverending Party, Punk & Immigration article, Finally Punk, La Lucha Para La Justicia en Guatemala, Leftover Crack, AOA.

#295/December '07. Surrender, What If Gods Lie?, The Crawlers, 2:20, The Joneses, Libertario Magazine, Bad Samaritans, Shrapnel, Untermensch.

#297/February '08. Marie Kanger-Born, Thrillhouse Records, Contaminators, Oi Polloi, Obstruction, I Walk the Line, Utopia

#298/March '08. Best of 2007, Autistic Youth, White Lung, Karma Sutra, Clusterfuck, Sharon Cheslow, Slaughter of the Innocent.

#299/April '08. Government Warning, Age, Off With Their Heads, Guided Cradle, Go It Alone, Fy Fan, Daily Void, Hungarian Scene history.

#300/May '08. NorCal Punk Special: Fix My Head, Black Rainbow, Tank Crimes, Young Offenders, Church Police, Traditional Fools, Six Weeks/Short Fast & Loud, Ecoli.

#301/June '08. Underground Railroad to Candyland, Straightjacket Nation, Red Dons, Spectres, Dean Dirg, Kola, Los Violadores, the Sears, Tentacles of Destruction, Antibodies, Head on Collision.

#302/July '08. Giuda, Wasted Time, Reality, Sin Orden, Teenage Head, Antidote, La Urss, Canadian Rifle, Seasick, Israel & Japan scenes.

#303/August '08. Double Negative, Burnt Cross, Masapunk, Chicago Clitfest, Intifada, Nuclear Death Terror, Raw Power, Unlovables, Waste, Chaos In Tejas photospread, Houston & Grand Rapids scene reports.

#304/September '08. Raymond Pettibon, John Stabb of Government Issue, Cola Freaks, Measure [sa], The Press, XYX, Simply Saucer, Kulturkampf, Andy T, FPO, and Columbia scene report.

#305/October '08. Pierced Arrows, Bum Kon, Deep Sleep, Diente Perro, IRA, Legion of Parasites, Reality Control, Riot City Records, Stations, Test Patterns.

#306/November '08. Brain Handle, Assassins, Diodes (pt. 1), 97 Shiki, Black Dove, No Bunny, Shellshag, Sista Sekunden, Vivian Girls, Animals And Men.

#308/January '09. Punks & Film Special with Target Video, Whatever Happened To Susan Jane, Cleveland's Screaming, Mondo Vision, After the Salad Days, You Weren't There, Botinada, Taqwacores, & more.

#309/February '09. Ooga Boogas,Mind Eraser, Cococoma, Extortion, Boyracer, Nixe, Mr. California, Deathcage, Squalora, Maniax, Null and Void, Think Fast.

#310/March '09. 2008 Year-end Top Tens. Health Issue Special–Interviews with Mikey Mind, Chris Colohan and Craig Lewis, plus tons of articles.

#311/April '09. Print Media special with Erick Lyle (Scam zine), Shit-Fi, Z-Gun, Terminal Boredom, Tales Of Blarg, John Holmstrom (Punk magazine), History of skate zines, Punk flyer art, and a dozen one-page fanzines.

#312/May '09. Criminal Damage, Never Healed, Masonics, Screaming Females, Germ Attak, Petticoats, Condominium, Passion Killers, Pioggia Nera, & the second part of the health issue.

#313/June '09. Cult Ritual, Acid Reflux, NN, Herds, Hunx and His Punx, Grass Widow, Project Hopeless, Defect Defect, Tom's Midnight Garden, Existers and scene reports from Sydney and Boston.

#315/August '09. Zero Boys, Skin Like Iron, Punch, The Black and Whites, Insomnio, Resist, Blank Dogs, Etacarinae, Come On, London and Brest scene reports.

#316/September '09. Amebix, Born/Dead, Divisions, Meatlocker, Something Fierce, Mutating Meltdown,Altercado, Anal Warnead, Nick Toczec, Cowley Club, Albany Scene Report.

#318/November '09. Destino Final, Ratas Del Vaticano, Hex Dispensers, John Joseph/ Cro-Mags, Explode Into Colors, Ratos De Porao, Stupids. Antidotum/Czosnek Tour Diary, Disco Assault. Fuera De Linea

#319/December '09. The Fix, Slices, Nodzzz, Brilliant Colors, Positive Noise, Gun Outfit, Pink Reason, Scrotum Poles, Gandhi's Cookbook, Goner Fest Photospread, Punk On Kuollut, Eläköön Hardcore: A Personal History of Finnish Hardcore

#322/March '10. MRR Review Staff's 2009 Top Tens, Japanese artist Sugi, Death, Dry-Roy, Druid Perfume, Kim Phuc, Defensa Absoluta

#323/April '10. The Spits, Face the Rail, Battletorn, Scatha, Dadfag, Attentat Sonore, Partibrejkers, Mob Rules, Last Pogo, John Paull Williams from Really Red, Chuck Warner.

#324/May '10. Bruce Roehrs memorial,, Kleenex/Liliput, Necro Hippies, Isterismo, RVIVR, Iceage, Tubers, Rot Shit, Beefeater, Cairo IL.

#325/June '10. X (Australia), Daylight Robbery, Ty Segall, Morne, Nü Sensae, Pollution, Th' Inbred, Bad Sports, Wankys, Rakosi, Lotus Fucker

#326/July '10. U-ron from Really Red, Slang, Bunny Skulls, Trash Kit, Sedition, High Castle, Marcel Duchamp, Street Eaters, Circle Pit, Mehkago NT, Random Conflict, New Orleans & Calgary scene reports.

#327/August '10. Os Estudantès, The Curse, Pekinska Patka, Venereans, Thou, Italian Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#328/Mocktober '10. Deathrats, The Conversions, Agnostic Front, Puffy Areolas, Super Wild Horses, Rape Revenge, Bernays Propaganda, New York and Czech Republic Scene Report, Ratcharge Zine, and Culo.

#330/November '10. Forgetters, Acephalix, Foreign Objects, Hank IV, Pheromoans, La La Vasquez, Credentials, Bukkake Boys, Negative Lifestyle, Tyranna, Katriina Etholen, Ireland Scene Report.

#332/January '11. Punk Comics Issue! Shawn Kerri, Jaime Hernandez, Gary Panter, Mimi Pond, Ed Luce, Avi Spivak, Liz Suburbia, Eric Hone, Kaz, John Holmstrom, Bobby Madness, Dennis Worden, Cristy Road, Ben Snakepit, Ted May+Jeff Wilson, Janelle Hessig, Craig Bostick, Fly, Alex ratcharge, Caroline Paquita, Jaime Crespo, Josh Bayer, Ben Lyon, Liz Baille.

#333/February '11. The Welders, Touch & Go Fanzine, Rai Ko Ris, Dolly Mixture, Hitman, Straight Arrows, Eskapo Phillippines Tour Diary, Venezuela Scene Report, Olympia Scene Report w/Weird TV, White Boss, Milk Music, Hpp, Hysterics, Son Skull, Rvivr, Hail Seizures, Broken Water, Gun Outfit.

#334/March '11. 2010 Year End Top Tens, A State of Mind, Useless Children, Straight Arrows, Sober Living for the Revolution, DC Scene Report

#335/April '11. Siege, Crazy Spirit, 1981, Mauser, Devour, Icon Gallery, Sunshine SS, Timmy's Organism, Whitney House, Attention Span, Michigan Scene Report.

#336/May '11. Kriegshög, Steve Ignorant, Teargas, Tantrum, Hygeine, Shoppers, Chris Walter, Adrenalin OD, Spastic Panthers, Hungarian Scene Report.

#337/June '11. Destroy All Movies, John Morton/Electric Eels, White Fence, Ydinperhe, Nux Vomica,, Vanya Bonecrusher, Black Feet, Uzi Rash, This is LA not L.A.: '80s Hardcore Flyers in New Orleans, Buffalo NY Scene Report.

#339/August '11. Head Cleaners, Midnite Snaxxx, Cokskar, Small Bones, Xcentric Noise Records, Grown Ups, Youth Avoiders, Tomek Lipinski/Brygada Kryzys, Afternoon Gentlemen, Czech Punk History pt 2.

#340/September '11. Demokhratia, GG King, Ivan Brun, B-Lines, State Poison, Jeremy Hush, Love Triangle, Unlearn, Deaf Club Oral History, Final part of the Czech Punk History.

#341/October '11. Brian Walsby, Plates, Decraneo, Diet Cokeheads, Royal Headache, Ed Nasty & the Dopeds, Black Mamba Beat Tour of South Africa, Unfit Scum, Mongrel Zine.

#342/November '11. Kyushu Noisecore Summit, Brown Sugar, Vapid, No Rest, Brain Killer, Roach Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#343/December '11. Porkeria, Descarados, Peace or Annihilation, E.A.T.E.R, Poly Styrene, Severence Package, Katorga Works, Unwanted Christmas Presents, Resist Her Transistor. Motel, Brain F, IFB, Nekromantiker, Aires & Graces.

#344/January '12. OBN IIIs, Social Chaos, Neo Cons, Alice Bag, Vaginors, Bloodkrow Butcher, Wartorn, Shitty Limits Last Show Report, Wretched, Zero Progress Tour Diary Part 1, Means to an End Fest Slick 46, Toughskins, No Gods No Matress Zine.

#345/Febuary '12. 2011 Year End Top Tens, Big Eyes, Terrible Feelings, Zero Progress Tour Report pt 2, The Unruled, Rapid Loss.

#346/March '12. Barchen Und Die Milchbubies, Who Killed Spikey Jacket, Kromosom tour of Japan, Globsters, Night Birds, Tribal War, Give Praise, Refuse records.

#347/April '12. Ron Paul Special Issue, Carburetor Dung, Dark Times, Neon Piss, Kruel, Lapinpolthajat, Criminal Code, Slice Harvester zine, Iron Hand, Indigesti, Damnable Excite Zombies, Hawaii Scene Report.

#348/May '12. Seein' Red, Disorder, Lebakko, Da vs. Wax Idols, Anitmob, Leprosy, Acid Baby Jesus, Crimson Scarlet, Nasa Space Universe, Apache Dropout, Konton Crasher, Negazione, Defy.

#349/May '12. Omegas Zyanose, Antisect, Negative Standards, No Statik, Your Pest Band, Eutanasia, Appalachian Terror Unit, Power Age, Only Fumes and Corpses, Skizophrenia, David Ensminger, Greek Scece Report.

#350/June '12. The Photo Issue: Justine Demetrick, Ricky Adam, Jeanne Hansen, Don Pyle, Chris Boarts Larsen, Maria da Piedade Morais.

#351/July '12. 30th Anniversary Issue: MRR's worst & best, the Tim Yo covers & the story behind Greentaping, Napalm Raid, God Equals Genocide, Stressors, American Sun, Ferocious X, Stripmines, Skitsystem, Jyan y Diëgo, Banran.

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LETTERS

Send letters to MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146-0760, or to mrr@maximumrocknroll.com. No response guaranteed.

Dear MRR—

Attention: Readers of *Maximum Rocknroll*, fight the system!

Coming this November we prisoners who have fallen victim of the state's Three Strikes Law need your support in helping amend the current Three Strikes Law, so that prisoners currently serving life sentences for non-serious, non-violent crimes can apply for a sentence reduction and would no longer be serving a life sentence for petty crimes—this would also help prevent the state from abusing this law in the future for non-serious, non-violent crimes.

Please vote this November for 3 Strikes Reform and help us to amend a law that is cruel and unusual punishment. Punx Vote!

—David Valencia
#AB 9906
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San Quentin, CA 94974
www.cdcr.ca.gov/Facilities_Locator/SQ-Institution_Stats.html

Dear MRR Crew—

I just picked up this year's photo issue and *love it*! It kicks ass! As usual you guys rocked it out. I must say, I was a little bummed out when I couldn't find any of my photos. You should have seen me, it was like a search for Waldo. I know the mag is bursting with power and that it was probably difficult to make room for everybody. Just left wondering, "What happened?"

As crappy as it is to end up on the cutting room floor, I am glad that somehow I was acknowledged; even if it was by a short message saying, "we want to use your photos..." This statement made a *huge* difference in the way that I view myself as an artist, photographer and punk. That email was like a magic box of validation for this untraveled mum of two.

Once all the streamers have hit the ground and you have shaken all the confetti out of your hair, please holler back.

—Sincerely Gloria

Hi Lydia—

I have read the Powerage interview and it is excellent. It is interesting that he never states that they were the first punk in South Africa. He puts everything in historical context and portrays an accurate picture of the times. Sonically, Wild Youth were first wave punk in sound, with influences by the Stooges, Johnny Thunders, Sex Pistols, Clash, Dead Boys, Buzzcocks etc. Powerage were a hardcore band, more in the vein of Crass, Discharge, Killing Joke and the Exploited. It is different eras. Wild Youth lyrics dealt with teenage coming-of-age angst, growing up in the narrow-minded redneck suburbs of Durban. Powerage were political.

All the best.

—Michael Fleck

Hey coords—

My friend, Bill Daniel (train-hopper, punk archivist and filmmaker behind the movie *Who is Bozo Texino?*) is looking for someone who might have extensive knowledge of building an online database for his extensive collection of photographs that he took in Texas back in the early '80s. Much like shitworking at *MRR*, it would be on a volunteer basis. Does anyone have experience with Excel or anything similar? He would like to get someone who has an interest and love of the subject.

He is working towards putting out a definitive photo book of the Austin punk scene from roughly 1980-1984. You would be working on indexing 326 rolls of film, documenting everything from Terminal Mind to the Dicks to the Minutemen (not from Austin, but they came through) to everything in between.

If you think you can help out, get in contact with Bill at bill@billdaniel.net. If you want to see more of his work, you can check out www.tri-x-noise.com

Thanks

—Greg Harvester

Mariam and other MRR Staff—

I've never written to *MRR* before. It saddens me that this is my first letter and it's not about any of the three bands I play drums for or the music that I love. On July 6th, 2012 I went out with some friends to a club in Portland, Oregon called Rotture. It was a mixture of queer and straight, male and female. We were celebrating one of our friend's last nights in town. I had never been to a dance night at Rotture before but I frequent the metal shows that they host. We were aware that the Casualties were playing down stairs at the Branx, an all ages club that's connected to Rotture, because we saw them unloading their gear outside.

Toward the end of our night I was dancing with on of my best female friends when I feel a hand smack my ass. I turned around and I see two men, one tall Niki Sixx look-a-like with black hair and the other short with bleach blond hair, wearing heavily decorated street punk outfit. I didn't recognize either guy so right away I knew they were not from Portland. The shorter blond was obviously the one that touched me. They both quickly exited the building. I ran over to the rest of my friends and told them what happened. Then I got on my phone and looked up the other bands touring with the Casualties that night. The first band that popped up was the Lower Class Brats. A quick look at a cheesy band promo shot confirmed my suspicion. By myself I exited the building and looked for Bones DeLarge and Marty Volume outside. I had no idea what I was going to say or do if I found them because at that point I was still in shock. I saw that they were all ready piled into their white tour van when I got outside. I honestly wasn't angry enough at that point to approach a tour van full of men by myself, one or arguably two of which had just sexually harassed me.

The thoughts that raced through my head for the next twelve hours before writing this letter made me sick to my stomach. Some of you may read this about situation and think that it's not that big of a deal. I myself am jaded and used to a certain amount of sexism and sexist remarks. I am a woman that plays drums in punk and metal bands. That is an instrument usually played by men in two genres that are male dominated. Normally, I know how to confront the issues I encounter when I play shows. I've overheard and read comments about the way I look, been treated differently because of my gender and talked down to. Having someone actually physically touch you is totally different.

I was surrounded by a crowd made up mostly of women, dancing in what I thought was a safe environment. I was one of the only straight girls that looked to be a part of the punk or metal scene at Rotture that night. I feel like I was targeted for that reason. It saddens me that a man would feel that it's somehow okay to touch a female because we're a part of the same scene. I'm no one's property. That's the least punk behavior I can think of. I ask club promoters to quit booking the Lower Class Brats because if they do so they are putting women in their clubs at risk. I ask the punk scene to police itself and protect your communities from misogynist behavior. Do not support this band until they issue a statement of apology and guarantee that they will no longer harass women.

I really don't know much about the Lower Class Brats but now I know that their ethics do not match the costumes that they wear. It's that kind

of behavior that makes a joke out of punk. It's this kind of disrespectful drunk punk behavior that I find shameful about the punk scene. I feel violated and disappointed on so many levels. The punk scene has saved my life, it's who I am and it's helped me grow into the amazingly strong female that I am today. I can't help but feel defensive about it when some rock star idiot just wants to use it to get laid, dress in a costume and have a shtick so their band seems more edgy. In my opinion the Lower Class Brats are posers and can fuck off.
—Lauren

Dear MRR—
From Bones of Lower Class Brats.
In response to Lauren P's sexual harassment accusation that took place on July 6th at Rotture (upstairs from Branx in Portland OR).

My band Lower Class Brats had just played at Branx. After the show our guitarist Marty and I had went upstairs to the bar for one last drink before joining the rest of our band and heading to Seattle. We were in the bar for five minutes. Ordered drinks, quickly drank them and left.

Inebriated as I was that night, I was fully aware of myself and did not, nor would ever slap the behind of a stranger. This is not something within my nature. Nor Marty's. I may act crazy on stage, but I'm not a disrespectful idiot and find no humor in making others feel victimized.

I'm not denying that someone has assaulted Lauren. But I am saying it wasn't me. There were a lot of other people in that bar that night. I'm sure that Lauren was surrounded by many people she knew and so naturally a non-local "outsider" as myself could be considered a suspect.

It seems that being an out of towner put me at a disadvantage. By reading Lauren's words it seems she feels no resident of Portland would ever treat her to the disrespect that was bestowed upon her at Rotture. Thus it must have been the "posers who play in a shitty band."

My group is not misogynistic or rock stars, just a punk band. Had she come up and confronted me personally about this, we could have straightened things out in person. But I understand that one woman coming up to four strange men is an intimidating situation to risk; a smart move on her part. But accusing someone of assault with no witnesses or proof? Not very nice. Let me be clear here: I'm not trying to make Lauren P. look bad for standing up for herself. She is doing a bold thing; however I'll state again: I wasn't the person who grabbed her behind. I know it, and people who know me personally know I am not capable of it as well,

Since this incident Lauren never tried to contact our band or our label direct. Instead she's opted to post on Facebook, write to multiple zines and clubs asking them to not book us, warning that by doing so they are "putting women in your clubs at risk." That hurts and it's untrue. We have been a band for over fifteen years; we've toured all over the globe multiple times. If we were a bunch of grabby pigs, it wouldn't have taken fifteen years for a story to surface.

Lauren—I'm very sorry this happened to you. Had you chosen to contact us directly there could have been a chance for us to reach an understanding and for me to defend myself. But since you didn't I did not feel appropriate contacting you personally so, I too, will use a public forum in hopes this message reaches you. It's a shame that this happened. You didn't deserve it and I certainly hope that it doesn't sour you on being a musician in the punk scene. In your own words you stated that you are used to being judged by your gender and looks and it's made you somewhat jaded. That's a shame and it's not fair. However, with the way you carried on personally attacking my band and me, it's hard not to feel that same sort of prejudice being thrown at us because our vision of punk rock music and dress doesn't fit yours.
I wish you the best.
Stay strong, rise above.
—Bones

MRR's *response... There was debate over running any letters about this incident. This story has been all over the internet for a while now, but we decided to run the letters written by the two people who were directly affected by the incident. Maybe punks will have some time to think about the situation and both of the responses here instead of acting in a reactionary manner.*

My response... While I realize that I am breaking my own conduct rules here because I hate when people talk about shit they don't know anything about I am responding because as one of the coords of MRR *and a woman, if I do not, someone might want to speak for me and that shit is never going to happen... Also, I do have a frame of reference here so I will comment on what I* do *know about, but by no means is this meant to speak for anyone but myself.*

Assault is wrong, that is a no brainer, but some may define "assault" in different ways. That is such a mystery to me because if someone touches you or says something to you that puts you in a position that threatens you and takes away any control you have over your situation by force, what the fuck do you think that is? A joke? I can assure you that most women (not just cis) in punk have had to deal with shit spanning sexual, verbal and physical assault at one time or another. I would hate to think that women in punk have become complacent or jaded to that sort of behavior because no matter what punk history you have constructed, women have been part of the equation from the inception of punk. There is "room" in punk for women because we have always been here, it's not a place we have "taken," nor a place that was "given"— we are part of the fabric of punk and without us punk is nothing. Now, I am not saying that we haven't made it larger or that our space hasn't been encroached on or fucked with, but WTF people, punk is subject to the very same problems in larger society and no matter what we like to believe, punk has the same symptomatic structural sexism as the big bad world.

In situations such as these, my inclination is to believe the person surviving assault. Prejudice? Maybe, but there is a power dynamic that exists in the world, putting women, and many others, under men. You may have heard about Patriarchy? Don't shut down yet...

Being a survivor myself, I can't help but want to hear the whole story from the survivor's point of view first—but that doesn't mean I believe what anyone tells me. It's hard to make decisions about how to handle these situations and how to be supportive, but know that the burden of proof always falls on the victim and that is wrong. It is not the survivors "job" to take on the role as "voice" of survivors, nor is it the "job" of the survivor to set up some sort of roundtable discussion or accountability process. Assault is about control and however long it takes for a survivor to regain control has nothing to do with anyone's thoughts on "how things should be handled." How many times has the person subject to abuse become the target of further abuse? Anyone remember the Drunkdriver shit? Why does the stereotype of women in punk mean that women are either badasses or coat racks? I don't give a fuck who you are because if someone has violated you in some way showing that they have no respect for you in the first place, confrontation is not always an option. The confrontation already began when someone put their hands on you or said fucked up shit to you and sometimes the only option we have to get away—to survive.

I will also not claim that perpetrators can't get help or that they are a "lost cause," but their accountability process has nothing, nothing *to do with the survivors process or the perspective of the incident—perpetrators do not define the outcome, they deserve no more control. The perpetrator may have once been a victim, but it will never be a justification for assault.*

It's complicated and I do not claim to be an expert beyond anyone else, but I would like to add one last thing—all this use of media to bring out situations of assault can backfire on people because of their immediacy. Don't be fooled and don't be suckered into reactionary shit talking. Take a breath, take some time and think. Lives can be ruined, not just that of the perpetrator, if the alleged assault turns out to be false. Although this should not *be a deterent for a survivor to step forward and keep in mind that the frequency of "false accusations" of assault are statistically extremely uncommon—for every one "false accusation" there are hundreds of unreported assaults. It is a heavy responsibility and one that no one should have to take on, but that is the problem with assault—victims always pay more. Perpetrators leave a trail of destruction for which they may never have to answer for. If you are a survivor of assault, remember that unfortunately you will have to put out fires that you ignite, but with that, never let anyone silence you and never be afraid to ask for help.* People do care and you are in control.
—Mariam

PS Please check out the Support NYC article and interview in the News Section. We decided to run it in response to this incident.

Amendment of California's Three-Strike Law

The 3-Strike Law was passed in California in 1994, when a staggering 72% of voters voted in favour of the Proposition 184. The 3-Strikes Law, named after a baseball rule, imposes life sentences on persons convicted of three or more 'serious' offences. Typically only felony level crimes qualify as 'serious' offences, limiting punishment to life sentence, denying the defendant the possibility for both parole and correction.

By 2004, 26 states in the US and the Fedeal governemnt had laws that satisfy the general critera for determining 3-strike statutes. In California the sentence is applied for any third felony conviction, so long as the first two were either 'violent' or 'serious' or both, and California has more crimes that fall under this category than any other state—even shoplifting involving under $950 in property loss qualifies as a 3rd-strike.

From 1995 to 2010, the privately owned prison populaion in the US rose from 3% to 8%, as more people accused of criminal actions are being sentenced under harsher laws and are receiving longer sentences. Corrections Corporation of America and the Geo Group are the two major privately owned prison contractors in the US, grossing over $3 billion in 2011. These private prisons influence laws such as California's Three-Strike law and spend billions in federal lobbying every year.

This November Vote *YES!* for reform

This November the Three Strikes Reform Act is on the ballot. This means:

- Prisoners currently serving life sentences for non-serious, non-violent crimes that would not result in a life sentence under the new law can apply for a sentence reduction.
- A prisoner will have a right to a court-appointed attorney at any re-sentencing hearing.
- All relevant evidence can be considered at the sentencing hearing, including but not limited to: prison disciplinary records (both positive and negative reports), health records, family support, sobriety, and employment prospects.
- An estimated 3,000 inmates will be eligible for a new sentence under this initiative.

The mandatory minimum sentence in years under the 3-Strikes law for a third strike (2nd strikers receive double their current offense). **25**

The change in California's prison population from 1980 to 2006 (almost a seven-fold increase). **23,511 to 164,577**

California's prison population percentage as compared to the prison design capacity. **208**

The billions of dollars Californians spend on their prisons and jails. **9.3**

The estimated operating costs in dollars per year to house a 3-striker in a maximum security prison (does not include medical costs which have been estimated to be in excess of $60,000 per year for prisoners over the age of 55). **43 thousand**

The number of prisons and colleges/universities built in California since 1984. **21 & 1**

The estimated number of inmates in prison suffering from substance abuse and the number receiving substantial treatment. **128,000 and 3,000**

California's rank among the 50 states for the amount of educational funding spent per student. **41st**

The longest prison sentence in years given to those guilty of the $1.64 billion bankruptcy of Orange County. **3**

Now you know the FACTS, support them!

For more information, visit Families for the Amendment of California's Three Strikes: www.*facts1.live.radicaldesigns.org*

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COLUMNS

Hey *Maximum*. I just had the weirdest fuckin' craigslist ride from Eugene down to Sacramento. It was cool but it was me and then three het cis non-punk Dudes in a tiny little car for seven hours. I don't even have a context for this kind of experience. I think it went okay! I didn't know if I should pull my hair up so everybody could see my lezzie/punker visibility patches or leave it down and pass for whatever it was I would try to pass for. I don't even know any more. I mean, I kissed Alex right in front of the car before I got in, so at least they knew I was some kind of gay. HRC gay? Maybe. Anyway one of the dudes was really into Ron Paul, and another one—the person winning in the "craigslist ride buddy with the most visible tattoos" category (I was in second)—was totally silent the whole ride, except that at one point he explained the intersections between fresh water, salt water, alligators and crocodiles. So I feel kind of weird right now while I'm writing this.

So yeah, I just got dropped off in downtown Sacramento and it's the fourth of July so I thought, well, I guess I will just sit in a doorway or something until Aimee shows up and I called Aimee and she was like, "yeah I haven't left Oakland yet." I don't know if she knows that it takes two hours to get to Sacramento from Oakland... Whatever, I have a really long Clive Barker book with me, no big deal. But then I stumbled into a super fancy coffee shop that's open until eleven! I've pretty much spent all the money I had for this trip already, which means I'm not sure how I'm gonna get back up to Alex's house in Eugene, but whatever, anxiety is counterproductive so I've just got to assume that we'll be able to do an emergency Get Imogen Back to Oregon Angela Chase benefit reunion show or something. No problem! We could barely remember how to play those songs all the way through two years ago when Angela Chase broke up, I'm sure we can still kind of remember how to play them. Whatever. (I had this awesome idea to show up at *Maximum* house and say "hey do you guys have any food?" but then I thought, "I bet they have a rule about that, because I bet every dumb punker who's ever come through SF has had that idea too.")

The first column I wrote for this month was about my embarrassing obsession right now with emo/screamo—Saetia, Raein, Anomie, Sleepytime Trio—but it was long and boring and didn't really say anything interesting so fuck that column. Here's the gist of it in one paragraph:

If emo was a response to tough guy posturing in hardcore, as it went on and turned into emocore/screamo/metalcore/whatever, it turned into embarrassing HotTopicCore specifically because a ton of the guys making that music embraced these very superficial aspects of femininity/the-rejection-of-masculinity haircuts, makeup, tight clothes or whatever—while sucking hard on the dick of a deeply boring and normative masculinity: entitlement, characterizing women as heartless or evil, framing themselves as the centers of the universe, pointless aggression and, especially, tons of violence against women. *Boring*. Check this out, the reason that shit blew up for a few years there and everybody's little brother was stoked on it, is that you will never go broke selling misogyny. Especially if you can dress up your misogyny as something other than misogyny! Which was the whole project of the eyeliner-and-breakdowns scene for a while there. It's a bummer, because obviously most boys *should* be wearing eyeliner and spending a lot of time on their hair. Just once they're done they shouldn't write songs about killing their ex-girlfriends and they also probably shouldn't title their songs things like "Your Face is a Rape Scene."

But other people have written about this better than I ever could, because I don't really care about emo/screamo unless it sounds totally shitty and the lyrics aren't in English so I can at least pretend they're singing about resisting patriarchy, having weird gay sex, feminist witchcraft, finding a way and a reason to live in a world that's beyond hope, setting things right that once went wrong and hoping, each time, that the next leap will be the leap home...

Whoa, a whole family of white people wearing matching t-shirts that say "Old Navy" and have pictures of American flags just walked into this coffee shop.

Anyway the thing I actually want to talk about is that I was having a conversation about the video for "Bull in the Heather" the other day with my friend Erica and we were both being kind of like, "I dunno man, it rules as hell and feels like being a weirdo teenager in the middle of nowhere in the nineties, but also I feel hella ambivalent about it now." This other girl whose name I don't know disagreed, "What, why, Kathleen Hanna is a goddess." Erica said, "uh Kathleen Hanna has said/done some pretty intense transmisogynist stuff and, as far as I know, never apologized for it." This girl was like *"Fuck you, Kathleen Hanna is perfect, I met he!"*

Hahaha. Oh man.

Look, here is the thing, what are you doing here if you have heroes you

think are perfect? When you say, "Fuck you, Kathleen Hanna does not make mistakes," what I hear is, "I buy into a rock star paradigm and then dress it up like punk." I mean, go for it I guess, but... really? You have heroes? I wish I got to have heroes.

"We don't get to have heroes" has been one of the primary themes in my life. I keep coming back to it—it keeps coming up—especially if you're making an effort to hold people accountable for transmisogyny. Another reason I was feeling ambivalent about the "Bull in the Heather" video is that no matter how important that noisy, early Sonic Youth stuff was to me as a kid—both for being confrontational and cool in general and specifically because it was important for me as a little fuckup to look up to Kim Gordon because she was a noisy weirdo—and as important as it is to me now—as an old lady who still plays loud music, to see Kim Gordon being an old lady and still playing loud music—Kim Gordon also did that interview with Chloe Sevigny where Chloe just tore into how fucked up and weird she thinks trans women are. How am I supposed to be stoked on this music that's been really important to me, when I'm fully aware that the people who made it are actively talking shit about me and my family and the people I love? How do you reconcile that? Obviously you can't, so you either give up and get stoked on Ron Paul, or you learn to live with the fact that people fuck up. And what that means is that if you have heroes (or whatever) whose fuckups you forgive, you kind of have to accept that not everybody is going to forgive those fuckups the way you do. So, you find a way, right, because it's not like you can just dismiss Bikini Kill or even Le Tigre. (Well, I don't really like Le Tigre. But you see my point.) You have to live with the fact that pretty much everybody sucks and a lot of people actively suck in ways that are super fucking intense, and not everybody is willing to be okay with the way that your heroes suck.

I just get weirded out by the idea of rock stars. Especially in punk rock, where we theoretically know better! You know?

This is not even a novel idea, the idea that having heroes just means getting your heart broken. Converge named a record *No Heroes*. How long has Kill Your Idols been a thing. And do you know the Buddhist saying, "if you see the buddha on the road, kill him?" Punk rock, right? The idea is that if somebody tells you that they've got it all figured out, you tell them to shut their stupid mouth (I don't think you're supposed to literally kill anyone, although I haven't studied Buddhism that hard—ask Noah Levine).

And not only that, but this punk thing was never pure (Well I guess straightedge people are a kind of pure...). Punk got fucked up the minute this boyband the Sex Pistols was formed to sell £100 pairs of bondage pants at Malcolm McLaren's Hot Topic in London in 1976.

So whatever, I don't know, I'm just thinking about rock stars on the fourth of July. It's probably August or September or something while you're reading this and by now the fireworks have faded from the sky but not your memory. Also I know nobody considers Sonic Youth punk any more, except for maybe the Rolling Stone, so I guess I'm kind of sorry for talking about them so much, but also, who cares. The family in the American flag shirts just walked out of this coffee shop so I guess I'm gonna take my cue and walk out of this column.

Oh! Check it out! Speaking of which, this column has a fucking thing with my name on it at the top! Instead of the mouth and microphone guest columnist thing. That's pretty rad. I promise to write you an Imogen-Binnie-who-the-fuck-are-you column some day when my column is two days late and I can't think of anything I care about, but today is not that day. P.S.: I don't really look like the girl in that picture, I'm more, like, gaunt. And dead-eyed. And my hair always has one to three (to five or seven) inches of dark roots.

Whatever, if you wanna talk about it—or if you're Kathleen Hanna and you think trans women should be invited into Michfest, or if Kim Gordon or Chloe Sevigny and you want to apologize for that article in a way that isn't transparently dismissive or facile. Email imogen@keepyourbridgesburning.com.

For most of June, as is the case every year, I had the house all to myself as the girls escaped London for Poland. With the exception of work, I could do whatever the hell I wanted for almost a month. The first week I must have drank 50 cans of beer. Then I switched to wine. Then I discovered that the Lithuanian grocer next to my house was selling out-of-date and discounted five-litre bottles of beer. June meant never-ending good, good times. I played pretty much all my vinyl records during those three weeks. Many that had not been played since last summer when I last had the house to myself. As you can imagine, the house looked like a punk's wet dream—fanzines and records and tapes everywhere, in the bed, in the toilet, on the kitchen table, even in the bloody garden you could find old copies of *MRR* laying around sunbathing. In the house there were beer cans, empty cigarette boxes and pizza boxes, underwear hanging from the lamp on the ceiling, studs and leather everywhere, high boots and low-cut black and white canvas sneakers thrown on the sofa, a khaki balaclava laying by the TV for some reason, the turntable, of course, is dragged out on the floor brutally obstructing the door to the kitchen, meaning you have to step over it to get from one part of the house to another, and by the way three skateboards were in there as well, including broken decks, new decks, tools, grip tape rolls, skateboard shoes, new and old, etc, etc, etc. It was great to have the time off family obligations to get into the new cement skatepark. Relearnt a lot of old shit I forgot over the course of twenty years of skateboarding, took some pretty hard slams as well, which is always great fun. Well, you get the picture. I am 34 years old, a Swedish boy in London, a punk, a skateboarder, as well as a parent, a wage slave with a mortgage stuck in a nine to five office job, without any obvious social skills

beyond hard drinking and hard dancing. And I think still the SHITLICKERS is the shit.

But despite all the wonders of anarchy, chaos, peace and freedom bestowed upon me by this temporary three-week bachelordom, I still managed to fuck up enough to miss two exciting punk shows that I really wanted to go to. The first of these was DISORDER and FUK (with nondescript support acts) at the Grosvenor Pub in Stockwell, on a Saturday night. Up early in the morning, I warmed up for the night by skating friend Kenny's miniramp out at his house near Epping Forrest. As usual we got pissed and had a great time and as usual we got rained on a few times, but luckily it was warm enough to dry-up quickly, but by late afternoon the rain was too heavy so we lit up a barbeque instead. A few beers later and I rushed home. Before going down South I just had to wait for a parcel to be delivered from my partner from Poland and the courier would be there from six onwards. I was home ten to six, had a shower, put on some clean clothes, packed a bag full with zines and stuff to hawk at the gig, checked the batteries on my tape recorder, laced my boots, put my favourite DISCHARGE badge on my old denim jacket, put on the CHAOTIC DISCHORD LP, went to the front door, lit a fag, opened up a can of beer and began waiting for the courier.

Six cans of beer and half a bottle of vodka later and the courier turns up at 23:45. I live in Northeast London; to get to South London for the gig takes anything between 45 minutes to two hours depending on your route. I had missed the fucking show. And fucking Rato kept sending me texts all night to remind me how much of a wanker I am ("with capital W!"). I was so fucking angry! In these circumstances I do what most guys do and that is overcompensating for missing the gig by going out on a wild midnight party adventure, instead of calming down—re-charging batteries and get ready to face the next battle like you know by morning you should have done. Anyway, I called my non-punk friends who were in a pub somewhere so I ordered a taxi (I never take taxis, ever! This is what I mean by overcompensating) and joined them for a wild midnight party adventure (the details of which are not fit for print in a family publication like *MRR*).

The other gig I missed was arranged by fellow London *MRR* columnist Bryony, in support of her latest project to raise funds for a DIY venue (like ABC No Rio and the likes) in London. Can't remember anymore the full back story of that particular day and you probably don't want to read it anyway, but in the end I did a wrong turn somewhere and ended up in Wood Green instead of Stoke Newington, then I got a puncture on my bike and had to walk down to Stoke, which was OK as there's an off-licence every ten metres on the way, so coupled with the six pack I had drunk already by the time I finally got down to Stoke, I was in a swinging mood, but then I failed to find the fucking venue, despite looking everywhere and asking every fucking bouncer in the area! So then I went to a fixed bike hipster bar, but stayed like two minutes because I am old, fat, toothless, bitter and I listen to TERVEET KÄDET while all the kids in that place were all young, beautiful, smelled nice, well-behaved and fans of contemporary music, so I ended up walking home with my bike with a flat tire before being stuck on a platform of Hackney Downs train station for an hour while every damn train to Walthamstow got cancelled. But it was alright, really, for this night was so idiotic that I was just laughing at every new fucking disappointment that just had to come my way. In two days CRAZY SPIRIT are playing here in London. What are the odds that I'll miss this show? Answers on a postcard. First correct answer wins the world.

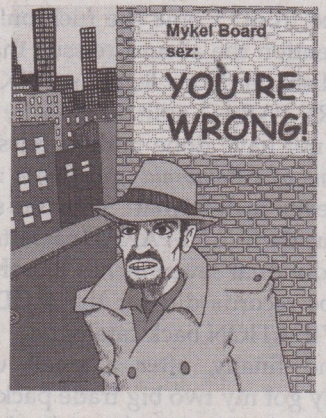
Damn so far this is turning out a pretty fucked perzine column; let's get to the muzak already! FUK has rerecorded the CD previously released by HG Fact in Japan and Tardis records in Bristol, pressed on red vinyl in a posh tinfoil silver sleeve. It's the best shit outta the UK for years. Buy it! Corner from Pogo Punx records released the GAME BOI!S EP—I guess I may have mentioned that already—well it's out and it's also great! Perhaps GAME BOI!S' noisy Japanese pogo punk is not for everyone, but that's why this reissue was just a short run, so forget about finding a copy unless you're a nerd, in which case you have it already. Corner's on a run and his next release is a reissue of some old BOOBS $HIT CD-R, also on seven-inch vinyl with similar outrageous and disastrous artwork. The sample song I heard is fucking great and much, much better than the extremely poor sound quality of the BOOBS $HIT demo I got from someone a few years ago. This will also be a short run release so don't expect it in a distro near you. Apart from these new releases, and I am sure I've forgotten others I perhaps should have mentioned.

I finally picked up a parcel of records from Paco at La Vida Es Un Mus that I have been putting aside for the last six month. Among this batch of worthless shit I felt I had to own for some mysterious reason, was the DISASTER reissue LP with bonus flexi that Paco released a few months ago. Absolute killer stuff, as you know, so no need to elaborate any further. I also got the recent Voltage records reissued Swedish hardcore singles by DISARM and CRUDE SS. As I have said elsewhere, those Czechs have done a massive cultural deed by not only releasing these records—for there have been reissues and bootlegs of this stuff before—but by doing it in the original formats and by faithfully replicating the original artwork etc. I wish more labels did this. You will know, of course, of the incredibly tasteless reissues of ANIT-CIMEX back catalogue as compilation LPs with disgusting pastel colors on the sleeve and even incorrect sleeve art (*Absolut Country of Sweden* LP reissued with a photo from *Scandinavia's Jawbreaker* LP on the front? Come the fuck on!)—not to mention the absurd reissue that saw Swedish hardcore legends PUKE and SVART PARAD split LP!!—why could they not have done faithful reissues of *Victims of a Bombraid* and *Raped Ass* on the seven inch format? Someone should reissue the SVART PARAD cassette tapes as individual seven inches like the way Havoc records did for the MODERAT LIKVIDATION back catalogue.

And finally, after a small wait, I finally got my two big trade packs from Japan—mostly Kyushu island punk stuff like the 8" compilation with the best CONFUSE material, the SWANKYS compilation LP, almost the entire LYDIA CATS discography, the mercury's EP, upgrade of DESPERATE CHILDREN

flexi etc etc—resulting in a significantly reduced Japan section in my wants list. Now I just need the first SWANKYS LP, but I am not going to pay $500 for that. I also got some other good shit, like ROUGH STUFF EP and CD. Have you heard ROUGH STUFF yet?? Perhaps you have the *Step Into The Light* compilation, where they open side A with one of the most anthemic and epic Oi! songs ever. The song ROUGH STUFF contributes to the recent Tokyo punk compilation CD *Dead City* is also particularly amazing. Quite simply, ROUGH STUFF is the best Japanese "No Future" style Oi! punk band ever! Sadly the singer has just quit the band, or so I hear, but the rest of ROUGH STUFF is going to continue the band and the name but with a new singer and a "new direction."

This time, I hope, the promise of a new issue of More Noize zine won't be more empty talk, as all the poor people I have harassed to submit articles have done so, and I've just spent a day editing all the other shit I have written for it and well, apart from not having much in the way of reviews it's pretty much finished. If you're in the US, keep a look out on the Face It records website as I'll ask Sam Richardson to do a US printing of this issue, just like he's done for the last few. Euros and Japanese lovers of the passions of hardcore punk nerds, poor grammar and stupidity, may find copies in local distros or directly from me. My contact details you will have to find yourself (punk should be difficult, obtuse, stupid and everlasting). Up yours!



"America has Race Fever. It's not an actual race war, but a sort of racial Cold War. A grinding war of nerves. And it's impossible to escape. A race war would be anticlimactic at this point... Let's cool down just a tad. We don't need MORE sensitivity. If we got any more sensitive, we'd all break out in a rash."

—Jim Goad

I love the way my white penis looks against black flesh. The way its blue veins contrast with the smooth bumps of tight dark brown skin.

1998: ***THE HELLFIRE CLUB:*** a notorious New York S&M bar. I'm a regular... took Jennifer Blowdryer and Dave Diktor here... an exciting and painful place... blaring disco music... the slap slap slap of the patrons keeps the beat.

I like S&M more for the novelty, the weirdness, the adventure, than actually giving or receiving pain. I mean, I enjoy rubbing alcohol on my balls as much as the next guy, but I don't like them in a vice. Fuck, if it's an adventure... and it gets me laid... it's what I do.

Tonight, I meet this incredibly beautiful Negress. Half-foot taller than me, slim, with Grace Jones hair, skin the color of Africa and a face that would harden a eunuch.

She wears, when I meet her, something between a bikini and a harness. Bright red leather, cross belts, the good parts barely covered in leather and metal ringlets.

FLASHBACK A FEW SECONDS: I'm watching a very ordinary-looking white woman getting fisted by a somewhat less than ordinary-looking white guy. The woman is saddled in a sling... her legs wrapped around chains hung from the ceiling. The man stands between her legs with his right hand wrist-deep in her twat.

A crowd grows around the couple, as it often does at the Hellfire Club. Voyeurs out-number performers by at least twenty to one. I stand in the middle of the watching crowd, trying to look over the shoulder of the tall hippie in front of me.

Then I see her... the Negress... Actually I don't see her at first, I feel her. There's pressure... a squeezing on my crotch.

"I want this," demands the velvet voice next to me... *Then,* I see her.

"It's yours," I say.

"I'm Tanisha," she says.

"I'm yours," I say.

We walk to the exit. At coatcheck, Tanisha hands over a ticket and retrieves a bright red raincoat. Even in New York in the '80s, you can't walk around outside in just leather straps.

We don't have to go far.

Tanisha lives in a Hell's Kitchen apartment... a dangerous neighborhood. If you're as horny as I am, danger means nothing.

We walk up the creaky stairs to the third floor... a classic tenement... bathtub in the kitchen... tiny room for a toilet, no sink in the toilet room. It's the bedroom, though, that interests me.

The bed is an old metal cot with a thin mattress. Attached to all four corners of the bed, where the legs meet the spring frame, are leather handcuffs. Padded, black, each with a pair of shiny buckles.

Yes! Lie me down on that mattress. Strap me down. Use me! Abuse me! Just do me! Press your naked blackness against my hairy whititude.

That's not what happens.

Tanisha takes off her brief body belts. Then, ***she*** lies naked, face down on the bed.

"Cuff me," she whispers, "and don't be gentle."

She's so beautiful, I'll miss seeing her face as I lay myself down... but that ass. Wow! It'll be my blue-veined hardness against that double black mound. That'll more than make up for lack of face.

I struggle with the buckles, opening and closing the cuffs until she's in tightly. Then, I peel off my clothes and nestle in to seek that brown hole within the blackness.

"Not so fast," she says. "Abuse me. Talk to me. Call me a slut. Slap me around. Use me. I'm your slave."

My hardness begins to wilt at the word *slave*. I can't treat a colored girl like a slave. That would be... I dunno... *wrong*.

Okay, I concentrate on the task at hand. Rub my hands along her risen mounds. Reach around and grab handfuls of nipples. I bring one hand to my mouth and wet my middle finger. I slide it between her delicious glutei, seeking to soften that inviting hole.

"Talk to me!" she says over her shoulder. "Call me a slut, a whore! Tell me how bad I am. Abuse me. Don't soften me... go in dry! Hit me! Spank me! I'm your slave!"

I feel myself slowly drooping.

"I... I can't," I say.

"What the fuck?" she yells. "I don't

have to put up with your white guilt shit. This is the 20th century, not the civil fuckin' war!"

"But, I just feel so bad..." I stammer.

"Your bad feeling is your racism," she yells back. "Pure and simple. If I was a white girl, you'd spank me in a second. Oh yeah, that red handprint on a white ass..... But Mr. Namby Pamby liberal can't top a black girl without shriveling up to pig-in-a-blanket. You can't call me a slut and a whore because all you see is a black girl! A former slave, someone you should take pity on... Fuck you! I'm not *a black girl*! I'm *me*, Tanisha!"

"But... I just can't," I say.

She looks between my legs.

"I can damn well see you can't," she half says, half spits. "Unhook me, get dressed and then get the fuck out of here. Go fight oppression someplace and feel sorry for *The Poor Colored Folk*. I don't want to put up with your racist baggage. You disgust me."

FAST FORWARD: Senegal, West Africa May 2012... Goree Island. It's right off the coast. You go by ferry. Tourists pay about $10 for the boat. Senegalese pay half that. I'm with my pal and host Osman.

Goree is an artist colony and home to a Senegalese history museum. There's a beach. Several fishing crews work out of the place. There's an old fort that used to belong to the Portuguese. But that's not why Goree is famous.

Goree Island is home to the *Maison des Esclaves*, the House of Slaves, a slave holding pen during the eighteenth and nineteenth century. Slaves were brought here from all over Africa and kept in very tight quarters... men and women separate... ready for shipping.

"*You're old Mykel...*" says Ousman.

I wince at the introductory phrase.

"*You are old enough to remember an American book*," he continues. Roots, *it was called.*

During the 1980s, black Americans came to this place every day. They entered and cried. They said they could feel the pain of history. My father told me about it.

We approach the *maison*, a non-descript colonial building, near the beach. I walk in with Ousman. I'm nearly in tears. Not for the emotion, but from the need to take a fierce piss. I had two Cokes on the boat and I need to let them out.

I buy us both an admission ticket. Inside, mostly white people with big cameras take pictures of the bare brick walls.

Just inside the entrance... to the left... is a sign that says *Hommes*. Yes! Just what I need.

The sign is over an archway. I walk through. On the other side is nothing. Just an empty brick room with very small windows. Am I supposed to piss in the corner? All the tourists can see what I'm doing.

"Sont il les toilettes?" I whisper to Ousman, pointing to the sign.

He looks... and laughs.

"Les toilettes sont à l'étage," he says, pointing to a curved staircase. At the head of the stairs is a door with a sign *Toilettes* over it.

Sheepishly, I head upstairs and relieve myself. Then, I leave the bathroom and look out the window on the second floor. I gaze over the ocean that confronted the chained cargo shipped out those hundreds of years ago. I think about the packed conditions, the chains, the family separations into *hommes* and *femmes*, the crying children, the rebellious ones forced into a tiny *Cellule des Recalcitrant* as punishment.

I think about the actual ocean voyages. The sickness, poor food, the unknown future. And I feel nothing. Zero. No emotion. No tears. No heavy heart or lungs.

That racial baggage that Tanisha complained about when I went limp twenty years ago... it's gone. Maybe 200 years ago this was a chamber of horrors. Now, it's a piece of history and a tourist trap. It has nothing to do with me.

I expect (hope) I'd feel the same way at Auschwitz... a place I've never been and one I want to avoid. It's a museum of the past. It has nothing to do with my own life. It's a bunch of buildings. Some ovens. Pffft. It has as much to do with me as this House Of Slaves. The rationale is that if we remember the past we somehow prevent its repetition.

Bullshit.

Remembering the past *creates* repetition. Remembering the past is the basis of revenge. The Hatfields and the McCoys... they remember the past... Remembering the past lets Israel torture Palestinians with impunity and keeps colored people victims in the American mind.

At this moment in the Senegalese slave museum... I can feel my baggage lost. I can feel the ability to call *anyone* a slut if that's what they want. I'm ready for Tanisha now, the little whore! I can feel myself harden at the thought.

END NOTES: email subscribers (god@mykelboard.com) or blog viewers (mykelsblog.blogspot.com/) will get live links and a chance to post comments on the column.

—> *Heart Attack Dept:* My 20-year-old niece gave me her old iPod. As I didn't pay for it and it would end up in a landfill... and as it's pinkish so no one else would buy it... I'm keeping it, using it while I use the treadmill at the gym. Since all music I listen to is loud and fast, I expect a heart attack soon. Right now, here's what's on the box:

The DESTRUCTORS sent me their "Sex, Drugs and Rock and Roll' CD. It *rocks*. Sometimes I'm not sure how pro-Sex or pro-Drugs they are... but that's part of the fun. In any case, I can't get the song "I'm In Love With A Pornstar" out of my head! It may be a cover, but it's a great one. Info is at www.destructors666.com.

—>*Let's get tough to get votes dept:* I've mentioned often that the US has a higher percent of its population in jail than any other country in the world. You probably already know that the private prison industry benefits from that, as does the Republican party which knows that once jailed, the mostly Negro and Hispanic population lose the right to vote... forever. Now there's *another* benefit to having all those prisoners.

The *Prison Policy Initiative* has found out that several, mostly Republican, counties in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Hampshire, Virginia and others are counting their prison populations as citizens. That means they can get more representatives in state and federal offices... plus more federal funding! That prisoners can't vote is an added bonus for the Republicans. With slaves, the constitution said to count each of them as 3/5 a person. The *new* slaves get a full *one* person. Isn't that great?

—> *Can they Photoshop the West Bank? dept:* A new Israeli law requires magazines to identify models who've

been Photoshopped. It's a kind of truth-in-advertising. An interesting idea, although *PC World* reports that it is not necessary to reveal real-life cosmetic surgery.

—>*That takes REAL balls dept:* Speaking of Israel, *a* former Israeli soldier has renounced his Israeli citizenship and move to a Palestinian refugee camp in the occupied West Bank. Andre Pshenichnikov, a 23-year-old Jewish immigrant from Tajikistan, says he plans to live in the Deheishe Refugee Camp near Bethlehem. He used to work there as a waiter and a construction worker. He began questioning Israel's policies toward Palestine while he was still serving in the military.

—>*It's always "Protecting the Children" dept:* It's called: *The Protecting Children from Internet Pornographers Act of 2011.* What it does is force any business offering paid Internet access—airports, hotels, coffee shops and ISPs—to keep records of users' online activities. If the government wants to inspect them, it easily can.

Americans are such suckers... Call anything "protecting the children" and they'll cut their own toes off to do it. Makes you hate kids *even more*, doesn't it?

"Legendary" is a funny word, as one man's legend is another man's "huh, who's that?" I mean, I know Honus Wagner has an expensive baseball card, but fuck if I know what it was he actually did in his career. Similarly, when I say that the past month or so has seen the release of several "legendary" noize punk releases, I don't expect any but the most obsessive of weirdos to start drooling. Still the die-hards and the noize-curious alike should get the waterworks going because holy shit: SWANKYS and DUST NOISE both have records out right now!

First off, the always elusive Anarchy Centre pressed up a few more of the *The Rest of Hero the Swankys* demos (containing recordings from '83-'87) and *Period the Noise Tour 1985 Lives* CDs (and a 2xCD with both that yours truly sprung for). SWANKYS lovers know that the same handful of songs tend to make multiple appearances across their discography, but these demo versions of classics like "Five Star," "I'm Punk" and "Water Blanket Lover" are absolutely worth hearing, as they are rudimentary in the extreme and quite different from later recordings. "Be Life..." appears as a bizarre experimental dirge, crammed with strange guitar effects, while a brisk and very early version of "Old Fashion" could be an outtake from a Japanese version of a *Pebbles* comp with its clean guitar and remarkably snot-free vocal. The '87 "Wank Sessions" are almost garage-y with the jangly guitar, though the frantic bass and fully developed Watch vocals are a constant reminder that yes, this is most definitely a SWANKYS recording. While everything here is worth hearing, the true bait is the two unreleased tracks, "(Catch the) Yes!! Future" and "Watch Out." While "Watch Out" is a bit unremarkable, "(Catch the) Yes!! Future" would have fit right in on the *R'n'R History Fuck Off* flexi and it's a real treat to hear a SWANKYS song of this caliber after thinking I'd exhausted their catalog. The live set is a blazing mixture of GAI and early SWANKYS tunes, with "Blood Spit Night" leading right into "I'm Punk." These live performances are much more hardcore than the records, with "Blanket" (aka "Water Blanket Lover") charging along at double time, virtually unrecognizable until that unmistakable chorus. The sound is as good if not better than you'd expect, a bit heavy on the bass and drums, but everything is there in the mix and there's enough crowd noise to really sustain the feeling that you were really there that chilly Tokyo night 27(!) years ago. Obviously these are essential pick-ups for any fan of the style, but finding them may be a bit of a chore. They were only distributed in Japan, and the Anarchy Centre website is down (as usual), so try a shop like Record Shop Base or Punk and Destroy for a copy, and be forewarned that they CDs are a bit pricy. (Anarchy Centre)

The DUST NOISE EPs *Healthy Filthy Noise Attack* and *Destroy Everything* have been the bane of collectors since they emerged in ridiculously limited quantities in the late '90s. Well, actually people mostly didn't give much of a shit about them when they were around, but since then they've become prized items as the DUST NOISE legend grew via tape trading and internet chatter. Fortunately the recent *Can't Stop Noise* LP collects both EPs, all three demos and the two tracks from *The Hottest Blood of Youth-Yokohama City HC* comp CD, making it a proper studio discography. While the ethics of bootlegs are still a subject of some dispute in our community, at least this bootlegger put some serious effort into their craft. This record features not only quite good audio quality, but a high quality insert that reproduces the covers, inserts and even A and B-side and cassette labels of all the included material. Musically DUST NOISE were pogo punk for the post GLOOM era, marrying polka beats and catchy basslines to radioactive fuzz guitar in a way that very much predicts what CHAOS DESTROY would do ten years later on the other side of the globe though DUST NOISE were much more dedicated to jokey stupidity than outright surrealism. With titles like "Beer is God" and "I Hate Work (Give me Money)," it's pretty clear what these dudes were into. Fuckin' noize, party and beer life! If you ever listened to GAI and thought, "damn I wish that band had recorded 21 more songs" then this is the record for you my friend. Limited to 300, so act fast if this is the record for you!

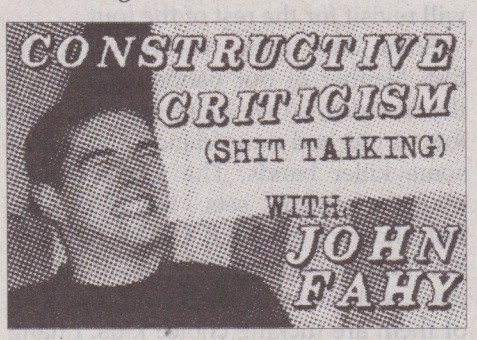
One last blast from the past before we re-enter the modern age, as the mad genius of punk behind General Speech fanzine and record label (hi Tom!) has come out with an impressive reissue of the insanely obscure *Tonight (Back from the Death)* EP by Switzerland's the DECAY. Only a handful of copies of this record came out in 1985 and it was promptly forgotten by all but the most dedicated of hardcore scholars and collectors. The original mix was redone by the pressing plant, so this is the first time this single can be heard as it was intended to be, straight from the original

masters. While I talk a lot about bands being "incompetent" or "primitive," this is the absolutely the alpha and omega of scrappy "I just picked up a guitar for the first time last week" hardcore save the bizarre ballad (?) "Tonight." The drums lumber along, the effects on the guitar are mainly there to eliminate the need for tuning and at one point it sounds like they steal a riff from "Hotel California." In other words, this is an absolutely priceless document of hardcore punk at its most unselfconscious and raw. (General Speech records)

Unlike the above records, the SOCIAL PORKS / FLEX EYE split EP will probably not go down in history as a must-have rarity, but it is a goddamn fun record and well worth the attention of punks who like fastcore and/or Japanese spa bathing. See FLEX EYE love going to the Onsen to relax, so much so that they've written a shit-ton of songs about it. Fans of JELLYROLL ROCKHEADS or the SPROUTS will love their manic, but melodic approach and the reggae song at the end is as refreshing as a dip in the hot spring on a cold day. On the flipside SOCIAL PORKS do their own thing, which involves a lot of weird guitar effects, some serious CRAMPS licks and the thrash backbone of FUCK ON THE BEACH. Short weird songs that owe as much to country and western as power violence. They're not all that similar, but I could totally see SOCKEYE fans loving this shit. (Depression records)

Of course I can't wrap up this column without rejoicing over the fact that there's a new CONTRAST ATTITUDE EP! Just as DISCLOSE unapologetically worshipped DISCHARGE, CONTRAST ATTITUDE has always trumpeted their love of Kawakami/DISCLOSE and the *Black or White* EP is no deviation from that path. Songs are built around crushing riffs, charging D-beats and throaty vocals that convey true passion, not just shouting for shouting's sake. Sure there are a lot of bands that play this style, but I've yet to hear a CONTRAST ATTITUDE recording that sounded like a band just going through the motions. It helps that their drummer is one of the best in the game, hitting hard and going nuts with fills while never over-playing or cluttering the songs. All the tracks here are good, but the B-side's one-two punch is practically flawless. (Black Seeds records)

Next month: drunken pogo fun life and the legends of tomorrow!



I'm in the van. It's the last travel day of a two-week tour in Europe and I am tired, hungover and I smell fucking wretched. Every poop flows like toothpaste, borne of a diet of bread, bread, shitloads of faux meat made of wheat gluten, cheese at rest stops and tomatoes and cucumbers - a curious sliced assortment is a staple at every breakfast on Euro-tour. Beer seeps through my pores and the stench of fifty cigarettes smoked the previous night lingers in my hair and clothes. My hangover has tinged every thought and minor development with an air of doom. Christ, I stink. Right now, I wouldn't send my worst enemy to my grundle.

My tour mates are Nevin, Robbie, Aysia and Joe. Together we make up two bands, with Robbie and me playing in both AUTARKEIA and PANZRAM. Joe is in PANZRAM and Nev and Aysia are in AUTARKEIA. We have one more show tonight in Bremen, home to such pivotal German hardcore nineties acts like ACME, MORSER and SYSTRAL. I wonder if the show will be good. We are all tired from Cry Me a River fest the two days before. Can we muster two sets tonight, giving it everything?

Robbie wants to get goofy in the van but I am not in the mood. I've officially started to *get weird* on this tour. My hangover isn't helping. Usually, I savor that Robbie is my tour playmate. We crack each other up endlessly with the most minor of half-jokes, presumably annoying the rest of the van, bitterly. During a half-hearted rendition of "War Pigs" at a pre-tour practice, Robbie spins a new lyrical tradition. Rather than singing the SABBATH rhymes like "Generals gathered in their masses...just like witches at black masses," Bobby uses couplings of lyrics about intense sex and drugs. Such notables include, "Powerslave beneath my grundle... selling doobies by the bundle" and "Playing flesh games with my slave gimp...too much cocaine makes his dick limp… oh, lord yeah!" Wearing this out on tour, we move onto silly physical comedy where I repeatedly weep before breaking Bobby's fingers, followed by discussing in length Bobby's former kitchen co-worker from Ecuador who would turn to Robbie while pinching with tongs what was clearly his thigh and not his genitalia, claiming, "nine and a half sleeping, papa." All of these things and more are constantly rotated in the van, including a half sketch of myself as a domineering Russian chauvinist selling Bobby stereo equipment. You had to be there, I suppose.

Bobby is the first person I've toured with that is down to get touchy-feely-friendly on tour and I love that. We bunk together most nights and one night Joe observes me crying out in my sleep only for Bobby to subconsciously rapidly stroke my leg with his foot in a soothing fashion, which instantly silences me and eases my nocturnal anxiety. Bobby misses his wife and kids. Joe misses his wife, Jessi. Nevin and Aysia are together and I am here, single and ready to party at the drop of a hat.

After a series of shows at the beginning of tour with just our two bands playing, we finally play with a French band called MORSE in Giessen. They have a crew with them and are the most good-time-ing-daddies you could hope to meet. Their English is very good (most Europeans shame us with their ability to communicate in our language to the point of not just useless conversation but actual Real Shit that lets you get to know someone). We are able to talk about serious politics and absurdly stupid shit with them. Antoine, who released the MORSE 7" is travelling with them and he and Nevin get to meet face to face after trading records across the Atlantic for three years. The singer of MORSE is a true lover named Remi. He stands close, looks you deeply in the eyes when he talks to you and speaks sincerely. The night we meet them, we are staying in what used to be a squat (many venues in Germany that formerly were squats now have bartered with local authorities to be deemed legit, albeit with cheap rent) and I stay up

with our German hosts Tim and Patrick talking about everything that sucks in European politics, the internet and punk. The following day was meant to be a show for us in Vienna, but it has fallen through. Our new French friends also have a day off so we elect to go and stay at the massive stone Oettinger Villa in Darmstadt, one of the most insane venues I've ever been to (this was the stone mansion I mentioned moons ago in the 2008 tour re-cap; massive stained glass windows and gargoyle statues... legitimately a fucking mansion, seized by the state as a cultural center and used by punks for shows and anti-fascist activities). Tim gets us set up to stay in the mansion that night with the caveat that we will not be fed and cannot play the show at the villa that night.

We go to the massive villa and get set up, take showers, get beers and hang out after the show. Our French friends are now some of our favorites and they invite us out with some German friends seeking excitement in Darmstadt. I beg Joe and Robbie from PANZRAM to go and they are game. We take off, a crew of French, Germans and Americans, including Fabian, the one person who can unlock the villa for us after our adventure. We show up outside a house party and some people outside tell us that our crew is too large and we are unwelcome. One such emissary is a stone-cold beauty named Mimi that I am greeted by warmly and with whom I fall instantly in love with. We are told we are going to the German version of a redneck bar instead of this bogus party and we take off, Mimi and I trading barbs and busting each other's balls vigorously. Celebrating our adventures, at the bar I get a round for the French and PANZRAM and we have a ball. Mimi joins and tells me about where she is from in Sweden. "Do you prefer Germany or Sweden," I ask. "Sweden. Everyone is more private there. In Germany everyone loves you right away—that would never happen with Swedes. You Americans are even worse with that!" I tell her that our love has nothing to do with such clichés. At our next stop, a (literally) underground nightclub, we dance our asses off to James Brown tunes, the cruel gods of fate separate Mimi and I and I am left to wonder, *"what could have been?"* The following morning, we leave early and I break my promise to Remi that I would wake him before taking off, a regret I will revisit for the rest of the tour.

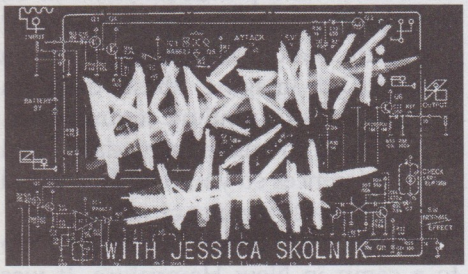
Some days later, we arrive for the fest. Neither of our bands are playing the first day, so we hang out and meet lots of old and new friends and watch some killer bands. The fest promises many awesome sets, including the last show of BATTLE OF WOLF 359. BATTLE has brought a substantial UK crew with them to see them off and all of them are fucking choice kids. I hang with them much of the day and swap my time hanging and drinking newly invented cocktails (by true characters like Mel and Swift, usually involving some kind of Schnapps) with watching killer sets from the likes of GRINDING HALT, LICH (two members of BATTLE plus Rob, Olli and Steve, some of the most-legit dudes I met on tour), RESURRECTIONISTS, LA QUIETE, LENTIC WATERS and loads more. Lars and Sabine (of RESURRECTIONISTS, REPUBLIC OF DREAMS [imminently arriving in the US as I write this] and React With Protest records) put on this fest every year and it is truly a blast. Though I'd attended before, I'd never camped at the venue like so many do. This year I decided I would not retire to Lars' place, instead spending the night with the UK crew and get absolutely hammered (much of this night I spend talking to John of MAN HANDS and SKYLARK, a solid dude if there ever was one) before passing out in their tent, generously offered to me.

In the morning I wake up, roll out of the tent and find that soon I will have to play, once again, back to back. Probably still somewhat buzzed, this seems like no big deal until after it is over and I can't stop feeling like I'm shaking internally for a few hours. Still, the sets went over well and we had a ball. The crew prepares for the final BATTLE set. Someone asks their driver, Rich, if he's going to mosh. "Am I going to mosh? Shit the bed, I'm gonna mosh..." Mass hysteria follows. I get in on the crew's tradition of building a middle-of-the-floor pyramid of fifteen people. The first attempt is a failure, collapsing only three rows tall. The second attempt is a triumph with Francesca raised to the top, most righteously. This is one of those sets where there is just too many fucking people and too much wild shit going on. Each breath feels like swallowing a gallon of water and when someone mercifully throws cold water on the crowd, you stare at them with deep thanks. Fucking drenched afterward, the set has had the glorious effect of knocking all toxins and hangover weirdness out of my system. Tomorrow we are leaving for our last show so I head back to Lars' with my tour mates and hang out with some of the people from HUNGRY LUNGS (heavy German hardcore I would say in the Bremen tradition), sharing beer and cigarettes and staying up late talking.

This is the main thing I want to do on tour in Europe. Touring Europe or anywhere DIY, the best aspect for me is ending up with strangers in their homes and finding out what their lives are like. Punk provides some mutual interests to start with, which helps. I think beer helps to get things really cooking, but my main goal is just meet people, learn about them, joke around and bullshit. I go out of my way to find these times during the whole tour and usually forsake sleep and comfort as a result.

So now I'm in the van, with riffs from the last BATTLE set swirling in my head between pessimistic thoughts and reliving the tour's most glorious points in my mind... Am I drinking too much? Am I a burden to tour with? Mimi - what could have been? GRINDING HALT were incredibly good. I miss the French guys, especially Remi. I should have woke him up. "Powerslave beneath my grundle..." I wonder if the show will be good tonight. Everyone is starting to seem tired and ready to get home. More BATTLE riffs. I hope my next meal is something radically different because my butthole can take no more. I can smell my shoes. I'm tired and want to rest my head on Bobby's shoulder but I think it will be uncomfortable for him eventually. I hope I don't get sick. I hope we make our money back on the van rental and gas. I hope the show tonight works out. I should have brought a book. Preferably a book about music, bands, touring, etc. Those are the best to read while touring because you can compare the experiences you're reading about to your own. Florida is going to be fucking roasting when we get home. We played well last night, but I could

have done better. I made out with no one on this tour. The height of physical activity was probably Robbie rubbing my leg and I wasn't even awake for that. Nevin and Aysia got engaged yesterday. I'm now the only single person I fucking *know*. An exaggeration, maybe. It was great to see LA QUIETE finally. LENTIC WATERS were crushing. We have a show at home about a week after we get back. I'm not looking forward to driving to the airport in the morning. I wish we could spend the night in Bremen. Truth be told, grundle and all, I don't want to go home. Shitloads of records to discuss next time kids! Contact: fahy_john@hotmail.com



Hardliner/sellout

Like most other people, my ethical positions and personal feelings about how to live my life have evolved as I've grown. A person who adheres to the same dogma they decided upon as a teenager *to the letter* is a pretty terrifying person.

Honestly, though, the core conceits of my ethics haven't changed much. I still think bigotry is gross. I still think we live in a deeply fucked-up society that privileges the individual concerns of a few over the basic needs of many, and I still will burn everything down on my way to helping change that. I still believe in a politic of survival —now more than ever. I still believe in DIY and I still believe that corporate capitalism will never be the answer to anything I care about.

There's that conservative chestnut about how everyone's liberal in their 20s and how one becomes more conservative as one gets older—that certainly hasn't been the case for me. What things have become is more complicated in certain ways—looking at the impacts of policies and actions from a practical point of view that takes into account the many different experiences of people who don't share my particular privileges means that I've moved beyond just championing 101 basics (though I find myself sighing and returning to them more than I'd like to just because sometimes conversations never get beyond certain points) to acknowledging the complexity of human life and experience.

I've become harsher in a way, stronger in my beliefs and better at articulating them simply because my experiences and the experiences of those around me back those beliefs up. I used to not have the courage to say what I wanted to say in a certain way because my self-esteem was so low that I was worried about offending people over speaking up for what I care about, which is pretty absurd when you get down to it but totally understandable in a culture/subculture that is quick to rush to judgment and censure about pretty much everything (not saying I haven't done this myself or that it isn't sometimes called for.)

I've also become more open to grey areas when it comes to lifestyle choices. I was vegan for almost ten years and vegetarian for almost fifteen, for instance, and I still support all of my vegan and vegetarian friends and honestly wish I could still do it, but I can't. I know there are some people who view me as a sellout because I'm omnivorous these days. My personal reasons for eating meat have to do with some chronic health conditions (PCOS, which I've written about in a different column, being one of them) and with the fact that I was using my veganism in a really unhealthy way to justify some seriously disordered eating and it was something I couldn't continue to do for my own mental health. Some people can do it; others can't, for a myriad of reasons. I'm one of the ones who can't.

That brings me to the other thing I've been dealing with lately, a thing that it's really hard for me to write about. I've been locked in a lifetime struggle with my body image—I was a skinny kid who gained a significant amount of weight (for her frame) over the years, and I internalized a lot of terrible beauty-standard bullshit about what a "Woman Should Look Like," and even though I knew it was wrong I judged my adherence to those standards (some of them I just don't fit and never will) as a measure of my self-worth. That is something I take apart daily.

I haven't exercised on purpose regularly (other than the walking or dancing that I do normally) in several years. I kind of gave up on riding bikes a while ago because I am terrified of city traffic and found my anxiety was just too much for me (working on that; my awesome partner got me a bike for Christmas this past year and I need to get up the guts to ride it around even a parking lot; I don't trust my body). I tried running and found that my body doesn't acclimate well to it. But I've found myself wanting to go to the gym lately, wanting to be stronger, wanting to be able to help get amps up flights of stairs without feeling like I'm going to collapse. I've had this desire before but every time before this I've started going to the gym regularly I've collapsed back into really unhealthy thinking, so I just stopped. Years later, I think I'm ready to revisit the idea.

I'm not specifically trying to lose weight these days or "look skinnier," which is what separates this from previous efforts. When I was younger, even when I weighed less than 100 lbs, I went on a lot of crash diets, exercised myself to the point of exhaustion over and over again, screwed with my metabolism, did terrible things to my mental and physical health.

None of that works, and I've found that it's unhealthy and absurd and that it feeds back into a cycle of poisonous thinking and self-hate.

I'm pretty sure that my body shape will change as I go down this road just because that's what bodies do, but if I don't lose a single pound—if I gain weight—no matter what happens, I will be proud of myself. I know I'll never be skinny again, and that is *beyond* fine. Part of me wonders what it would be like to fit into my old clothes, sure, but I am infinitely more scared of what happens if I do lose weight—I know I will be looked at differently and the mind-fuck that is losing/gaining weight, especially if you are a woman, in this society is something else. I'd rather just remove all of that from my focus as much as possible and put strength and stamina and having more energy at the center of it all.

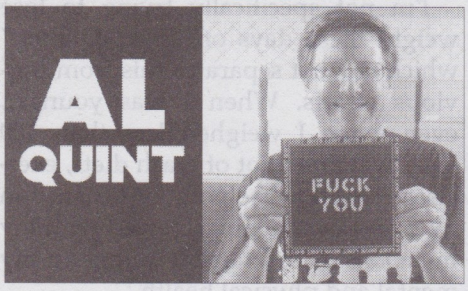
There are people out there who will

judge me for this, I know. I'm not saying that going to the gym and maybe being mindful of what I eat (not counting calories or trying to "diet," no way in hell) is what's right for everyone, or that I'm a better person than anyone else because I'm starting this project—far from it. My body is just telling me that it needs to move more often, that it yearns to be physically strong, and maybe I might want to try eating some different things, and I'm listening and responding (Sometimes it also says, "Hey, dude, let's hang out on the couch and have a snack," and that is also cool).

It's a weird place to be in, a definite grey area. I am learning how to engage with exercise and nutrition in a way that isn't fucked up.

Part hardliner, part sellout.

You can send me whatever messages you'd like to modernistwitch@gmail.com. I've put myself out there, after all.



Summer's here, July fourth just passed and it seemed a little quieter than usual. Not that there weren't people setting off fireworks and the like, but I noticed that there wasn't the giant block party that's been held at the top of the street in recent years. Maybe it's because the holiday was mid-week or maybe there just wasn't a whole lot of interest. I'm not sure—we went once maybe three or four years ago and it wasn't fun. We're from the other end of the street and only know a few people up there and not too many of them seemed particularly friendly. Maybe it's because we don't have kids, so there goes that superficial commonality. They must think something's wrong with us if we're childless. But at that party, one of them said, "Oh, did you just move into the neighborhood?" "Um, no, we've been here for over ten years already, dipshit. You might have noticed the blue Toyota that passes by your house a few times a day?" OK, I didn't say the second thing nor call anyone a dipshit, but it was one and done. I'll have my own BBQs, thank you, and I love them more than ever now that I just bought a new grill—three burners and a side burner. I'm not Mr. Grillmaster or anything, but like to throw some burgers or tips or chicken on there a few times a week. I even managed to put it together myself, which is something of a miracle given my usually pathetic ability to accomplish such things.

As I said, though, it's been quiet. There aren't a lot of kids playing outside anymore. I'd imagine some of them have grown up or have other things to do. There's one who is seven or eight and a bit of a nuisance, but not a hellion or anything. I'm really not trying to turn into someone who yells, "get out of my yard," but I didn't appreciate his riding his bike over the collection of weeds and crabgrass than constitute our pathetic excuse for a lawn, which will continue to grow until I replace the lawn mower that I just busted. Not only that, it died in the middle of mowing it. At least it was in the back yard where no one can see it.

While thinking about the lack of kids playing around here lately, I also realized that things are a lot different in other ways, such as ludicrous levels of over-protectiveness in some instances. To show the level of ridiculousness it's sometimes allowed to reach, I remembered that a couple of Massachusetts towns tried to ban playing "tag" in 2006. That's right—tag. You know, the game where you'd touch a playmate and go, "you're it!" I went back and found a story about a school that "banned kids from playing tag, touch football and any other unsupervised chase game during recess for fear they'll get hurt and hold the school liable." Apparently, dodgeball was under attack, as well. At another school, kids could still play tag, but contact wasn't allowed. The principal of the school said, "If the hands come out to touch, then the supervisors ask them to stop... what we require is that children do not touch each other." I assume a big part of this is the fact the schools fear getting sued and in our increasingly litigious society, that's probably a valid concern.

Still, *don't touch each other?* I mean—what the fuck? It's part of childhood. Kids roughhouse. They fall, they get bruises and scrapes on occasion. Sure, you don't want kids beating the crap out of each other and bullying is always a big concern, but I don't think playing tag or touch football, even if a bit rough, is going to traumatize them for life. I remember we played dodgeball in the gym at my grade school and I don't have nightmares about it.

I'm not a jock, but I grew up playing different sports, both organized and unorganized. We'd occasionally play tackle football. We played hockey on skates or on the street (you know—concrete) with a plastic hockey ball or, occasionally, a hard puck. Guess what? It was fun. No one interfering, not even parents. I'd imagine, these days, in some of the surrounding communities, you'd have to make play dates and show references so your children could get together for a game of whiffle ball.

When I was eleven, I went on a trip to a camp in New Hampshire. It was my first time (and last) at any overnight type camp. It was a three-day trip. The first night there, I was playing running bases. I don't know if people play that game these days, but it's with two people—you each start on one base and race to see who can reach the other base first. So I'm playing against this kid named Larry Lee. Larry charges one way, I charge the other and we collide at the halfway point. He's fine. I end up with my nose practically on the side of my face. OK, I'm being a bit hyperbolic here, but my nose did get pretty fucked up. I didn't know how much until I got home three days later.

The first night, they took me over to a nurse's house, she didn't think anything was seriously wrong and sent me back to the bunk with ice inside a bread bag. I probably could have used a trip to the emergency room, but it felt a little better after a day or so. No big deal. When I did get home and got off the bus, my mom noticed that my face didn't seem to be in the best shape. So she took me to the doctor and he said it was broken and dislocated and that he'd have to fix it. I was scared shitless when I went to Lynn Hospital to have it done. They gave me novocaine and he snapped it back into place. Whenever I

tell Ellen that story, she cringes. Come to think of it, she said she thought dodgeball was mean. Incidentally, I still have a bit of a deformity on my nose from that incident. The doctor who fixed it was a plastic surgeon. Maybe I should have gone back and had it surgically repaired. Nah...if others want to get nose jobs (like my sister), that's their prerogative. She claims it was to fix some kind of septum problem, but I think it was just as much cosmetic. I'm not that vain. Well, not completely. But, although I got hurt, I just shrugged it off. And my parents didn't sue the Lee family or the camp, either.

Ah, that loving sister of mine. One more, quick anecdote about an activity related injury. When I was thirteen, we were up in New Hampshire at the place we had there. We had a couple of our older bicycles and, I forget why, but I borrowed my sister's bike, one with "sissy bars," as we called them, and a banana seat. I go bike riding with two nice kids, David and Linda—David was a couple of years older than me, Linda was my age. This doesn't really matter, I guess. Most of the roads there were dirt and the pebbles would fly up and hit you in the legs occasionally. We eventually reached a paved part of the road and there's a steep incline. I'm going a bit fast and lose control and go over the handlebars. I scraped my right elbow practically down to the bone, my left one a bit less. My sister's bike was mangled. It was about a mile from our house so the three of us walked back there, me pushing her bike and David and Linda making sure I was OK. I'm lucky I didn't crack my skull because, oh yeah, we didn't wear helmets back then. We get back to the house, I'm hurt, bleeding and what does my sister say? *"What happened to my bike?"*

I mean what do you say to that? I was too busy having bits of gravel picked out of my bleeding elbow to come up with a smart answer. I don't know what was worse—getting hurt like that or, the next week, having my newly-purchased record of my favorite song of the summer, Elton John's *Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting*, get warped because I foolishly left it on the back seat of the car in the sunlight. You can imagine what happened to it. *Shit!* I was out 79 cents. My dad did try to iron the warped record flat (!?), but, alas, it didn't work. I was able to replace it soon after, at least. I don't think we replaced my sister's bike, though...awww... what a pity. My dad may have fixed it back up. I can't remember. I'm kind of surprised she doesn't bring it up now—she still loves to give me shit about all the stupid things I did when I was a kid. Come to think of it, she gives me shit for just about everything. I'll stop now before I get into trouble for typing what I'm thinking at the moment.

I'll say this, though... it's a good thing that accident didn't happen on the playground at one of those schools. I'd hate to be responsible for bicycle riding being banned too....

*****

None of the following records are as great as *Saturday Night's Alright For Fighting*, but still might be worth your time. HARABALL are here to remind us that Norway isn't just the bastion of black metal and that quality hardcore still comes from there. It was always the case, of course. *The Rope* is a four song 7" and the band includes former members of FAIRFUCK (who put out a pretty good 7" in the late '90s) and TIEBREAK, an '80s era band. A definite old-school feel although it comes from more of a late-'80s US muse. Economically-delivered aggro, good if not anything overly distinctive. (Fysisk Format, fysiskformat.no)

Next is a cool split from two California bands, BAD DADDIES and WHITE FANG. The BAD DADDIES combine fuzzy hardcore punk with the occasional pop hook and ranty female vocals. And in 30 or so years of writing, they've written the first song I've ever seen about Sergeant Shriver, the 1972 Democratic VP candidate, whose wife was Eunice Kennedy Shriver—so with the Mass./Kennedy connection, of *course* I'm inclined to like this. WHITE FANG's pair of songs showcase solid garage/punk/hardcore (the latter on the second song "I Hate Anything"). A winning primitivism. I like this. (Central District/Finch, www.finchrecords.com)

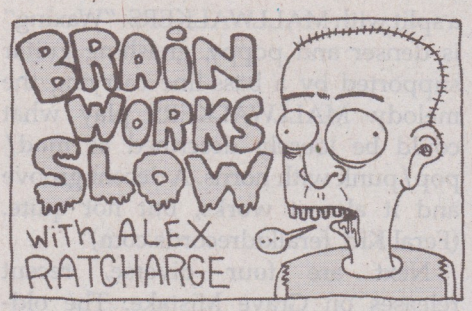
WHITE WHALE has been putting out quality records for a few years now. Their calling card is driving punk with tuneful properties emerging from the fray. They have a couple of new releases, a two-song 7" (No Solace/Waxing) and a split with MALLWALKERS. "Waxing" is denser and poppy, gnashing guitar supported by a bass-line carrying the melody. MALLWALKERS play what could be loosely described as mod/pop/punk with horns. A decent groove and it almost works, but not quite. (Feral Kid, feralkidrecords.com)

Next are four diverse, recent releases on Grave Mistake. The old-school hardcore camp is represented by SECTARIAN VIOLENCE; an international band with Nick from COKE BUST on vocals, three Brits and a Swede. Is there a joke in there somewhere? I know one thing for sure—you won't see this straightedge band walking into a bar. I like this better than COKE BUST as it's straight-on thrash (along with pounding breakdowns) without the powerviolence. Anger and agitation honed to a sharp point. The new 7" by BIG EYES, *Back From The Moon/I Don't Care About Friday Night*, provides some big, bouncy, upbeat pop/punk, particularly on the A-side. Something that harkens back to the FASTBACKS—sweet, but with a kick.

Continuing, BAD ADVICE's four-song *Do Not Resuscitate* EP shows the Richmond band bashing out good hardcore punk with a garage feel at times. This was recorded a few years back and the lineup included Brandon and Eric from GOVERNMENT WARNING and DIRECT CONTROL and it's not all that far removed from GW at times, although Tony Bitch's vocals are raspier. Finally, BLOODY GEARS' new EP, *Frozen Rain*, provides a split verdict. The long title track is moody and down-tempo and never builds much of a head of steam although it's grown on me a little. The two songs on the flip (including a re-recording of "Bite The Hand," originally on their demo) are sprightlier and make up for the semi-tedium of "Frozen Rain." I'll go ahead and play the W(ipers) card, given Jeff Walker's vocal delivery and the melodic guitar trills. (Grave Mistake, PO Box 12482, Richmond, VA 23241, gravemistakerecords.com)

You can find more reviews at my (hopefully now updated) blog at subvox.blogspot.com.

Al Quint, PO Box 43, Peabody, MA 01960, suburbanvoice@earthlink.net, www.sonicoverload.net



Until a few years ago, the first thing I'd do when moving into a new room was cover up the walls with posters from floor to ceiling, thus making the space instantly look like the previous one and like tons of punk rooms the world over. When I say "posters" I mean punk flyers, of course—my rooms during that period invariably looked like some picture lifted from *Fucked Up & Photocopied*, or some kind of advertisement for gigs from the recent past. I still like that style when I see it in other people's places, but now, for my own space, I'd rather keep things minimal, as I've become aware of the virtues of white walls—yes it is 100% hippie BS but it helps to concentrate, y'know?

I also like the idea of being able to pick and choose a select few items I want to see on my walls—helps shape character and define what I like these days. As of now, the only things on my walls are small drawings by local artists Ivan Brun and Julien Dupont, a postcard sent to me by John Morton of the Electric Eels, a Horrible Fest poster by Ben Lyon and a map of the world that I look at when I want to escape it. That's five items; and I try to keep things that way, meaning that if I want to put up something new, I'll take down something else. After all I'm as old as this magazine, so why not act like some kind of adult once in a while? End of story. Now allow me to do something very, very wanky, i.e. quote myself—what follows is a description of NYC hardcore punks Crazy Spirit, which I published a while back in my own mag.

"Desperate, frantic, insane, wild, grim yet playful, you know the story by now: some kid from NYC was sitting behind his drum kit, when he suddenly saw dozens of seven-legged, one-eyed mutant bugs crawling on his half-naked body, with what struck him as a strong desire to get inside his skin and eat himself alive from the guts outwards; so he started beating the shit out of them with his sticks and came up with some strange beat that, if it gets replicated by enough bands, will one day be known as the B-beat, or bug-beat, depending on the inspiration. The bugs disappeared as soon as the beat got steady, but it was no hallucination—his boyfriend saw it too, he was so shocked that it put him into a state that doctors report as a new variation of down syndrome, unable to do anything 'cept rolling on the floor, beating the shit out of his own self, endlessly repeating, 'I'm dead, I'm dead, I'm dead, I woke up this morning and I was dead.'

What could have just become one more dramatic tale of young lives ruined by psychedelics, turned into a punk-rock success story when two young nerds into Brazilian HC and Italian anarchist theories hired the B-beat guy and his down-syndrome boyfriend to play in a band with them, adding a few gimmicks to what was already a recipe for weirdness: creepy-crawly distorted bass sound, riffs exclusively stolen from the BCT tapes back catalog and artworks screen-printed with a mix of ink, piss, cum and blood."

That was a review of Crazy Spirit's second 7", but it applies to their recently released first album as well. That album is almost flawless, undoubtedly one of the five most mandatory records of 2012, yet it doesn't bring much that is new to the Crazy Spirit formula, it just develops and perfects what was already there. The reason why they're such a crucial band is because they manage to create their own universe, a coherent world they seem to inhabit, and everything on their records helps to cement that feeling —music, vocals, sound, lyrics and last but not least, artwork. This is a sure sign of a truly great band—the bands that manage to create their own worlds are the ones we will still need to explore and go back to decades from now. Black Flag did it, the Feederz did it, early Discharge, GISM, Gauze, Void and Flipper did it. More recently Sex Vid did it and… who else? Those bands are both an escape from reality and a crude, merciless interpretation of it. They provide us with ways to embrace the world, accept its ugliness and fight it at the same time. This is what interests me the most in music or art in general.

Someone recently described Crazy Spirit as "a bunch of gremlins," and I think it is a very accurate way of summing up this band, as those Gremlins movies possess an energy that's cruel, creepy yet funny and ironic at the same time. On the second to last song of the album—the sinister, quiet, almost dark folk interlude "What have I become?"—the band expresses a sentiment familiar to most people passed the age of 21, the mutation from a loveable child/adolescent with "golden hair, bright blue eyes, white teeth" to an ugly creature we usually refer to as an "adult" ("now my hair is brown, my teeth are yellow, my gums bleed, my skin's wretched and marked.") In this song, what could have been just a mundane description of something as natural as taking a shit becomes some kind of statement of degeneration, thanks to those ugly as shit vocals straight out of some cheap B-movie for rotten teenagers.

The genius move here is that the next song, the last of the album, actually answers the question previously asked—disgusting and deformed, the song starts in typical Crazy Spirit fashion but ends up morphing into some slow, ugly dirge, with that leprechaun of a singer painfully wailing *"I become a man, I become a man!"* in a manner that really makes the gremlin comparison valid—perfect soundtrack for the mutation from cute furry mogwaï to disgusting, evil gremlin. Anyway, everything on this record fits together; the themes of mutation, decay, nightmares and urban decadence are always present, the artwork is as groundbreaking as on previous records and I can't think of more than a few recent bands that have managed to make a hardcore punk record that sounds as fresh as this one without bordering on indie or psych-rock territories. And I hate to sound like some stupid fanboy but I have to admit I took the giant screen-printed poster that came with the record and put in on my door… Guess I ain't completely an adult yet.

By the way, Toxic State records, who released all the Crazy Spirit stuff, have officially become the world's most exciting punk label. I've chosen to rant about Crazy Spirit here because they clearly are the leader of the pack of that whole NYC, raw, punk scene that

has been hard at work destroying their city for the past couple years, but other bands from that scene/label are just as groundbreaking/exciting. Because I'm late, and you've got the attention span of a mussel, I won't go into details about all those bands, but I have to mention the Hank Wood & the Hammerheads album that was released at the same time as the Crazy Spirit one—it's almost as good, on some days I'd say it's even better. I was really into their 7" but this is something else; better sound, better songs, catchy riffs, memorable lines—this makes me think of a more hardcore, aggro, heterosexual version of The Dicks with great use of a synth that doesn't overshadow the rest of the instruments but only helps 'em do their job, which is ruining your life and making you want to go spray paint a cop's face in the streets of New York City.

Total Punk Things, Bands And Faked Teenage Confusion

Sickoids you are living all over me. I saw you twice and thought it was great. I even did some John-Cleese-losing-his-shit type of dance moves in a pit during your set to receive a beer shower. But fuck, how could you write such a record? Alright, it's obvious. In my head. That it's Mecht Mensch with Hüsker Dü. But fuck this is just brilliant. Total sonic destruction happening, while the sounds are doing a lovely waltz on a distortion landmine field. So good. Desperately beautiful and uncontrollably angry. The rhythm and all those harsh melodies. Manic and unstoppable, restlessness, which actually sounds sweet. Like consumer music if you are selling counter-living. Should have grabbed an LP and wear a pin as an insignia of loving awesome music. Those sudden guitar slayings, which are totally out of place but still perfectly fitting to the mindset of confused people embracing their inner fire, to be against this world that doesn't make anything easy for us in ways of living here.

But we have records at least. I already mentioned Hüsker Dü and Mecht Mensch. And nowadays there are only few things that are better than reading after midnight and listening to my Husker Dü LPs on my headphones in my bed, tired and lonely but still in a volume that is replacing some kind of stimulant. Beautiful collages of broken hearts, broken amps and amphetamine. Knowing that I deserve more and waiting for someone to enter my world. There are so many things out there and maybe I will discover a few with my headphones on, wondering around all alone. Sonic blown-out perfection, like if Beach Boys were a cult's house band for angry people with big hearts. Sunset music for those who don't believe in the sun.

You don't really sense it, cause I don't write like a fat person but I have a big belly and a swollen face and I move slow and I like eating. And what is weird about eating is I guess most of us taste food in a different way. Not every food, but our tongues are different, that's why making out is fun or just interesting. But I think we hear things differently as well, so it's not a big surprise that we interact with our ears in a romantic way as well.

And for me music is sometimes so close to food. It is made by people for people; like traditional food, which is best when prepared by natives. Like punk, which you can't make, just reproduce. It's totally up to your taste and most of the times the more you chew the more you can discover. I had such relevant revelations when I was listening to the second Blitz LP, eating some sandwiches and there was one song where the guitars were just so aggressively beautiful and so distant from everything else while they fit perfectly to the whole song. Forgot which song it was and maybe I will never find that feeling again, but I guess that's the point in finding a feeling in specific times of the night and remembering it for a long time, when it was only me and a sound from decades ago. That moment made me realize there is always more layers in music. I mean, I already knew that, but that's good as well in punk, as in being a fan that you feel like you are a baby. Sometimes bands sound like I hear them for the first time, or I just hear music for the first time. The music that finally fits me.

And what I like the most is my head being a mixtape and bands' complete albums are the tracks on it. During the beginning of summer I love to listen to Super Wild Horses, Brilliant Colors, Grass Widow and the new Broken Water LP. With all those dreamy guitars and voices from a secret cooler world. I always wondered about listening to these bands while riding my bike, but I live on a hill and I'm fat (as I already told you) so I rather spare myself from the torturous biking part. These bands are like cruising with skateboards in a gang or just with another person you might kiss if you fall together. I remember when Grass Widow played here, I was telling the bassist and their roadie that I'm incapable of listening to the Nerves because those songs are so viciously true they make me cry and be angry at people who don't love me. Gosh I want to listen to Nerves again but as I said, I can't.

The new Grass Widow record is so beautiful. I can imagine that when all the people who go to operas in fancy clothes will die out and those theatre buildings will be deserted, we will go to there and occupy them and listen to such beautiful music as internal logic, with grey hairs and bended backs, wearing band t-shirts, balancing by canes. Not to say this is music for the older and pretentiously sophisticated pack, but it's another level of perfect harmonies. Yes, it still is underground music, played by people with tattoos and sunglasses for people who wear junk food-stained shorts even at opera houses.

Brilliant Colors is just so cool. Since I'm back at home and waiting for the sun to warm up the nearest lake I listen to Brilliant Colors and imagine myself back on the beach of the Pacific Ocean, walking barefoot among rotting crabs in excruciatingly cold salty water, wearing my trench coat and mumbling Morrissey songs in my head. They make me spend my weekends with things that are of meaning. Like making flyers for upcoming shows, or just try to be collaborative with amazing people. So raw, thus viscerally cool and fresh like they play these songs for the first time and they work instantly. As good as

novels which feel to be written in one night. There is some kind of melancholia in Brilliant Colors which always makes them sound like they just don't give that much of a fuck about feeling crap. They have instruments, the ocean and themselves to have fun. I wish I had seen them.

All these bands are as beautiful as the weeping guitar sounds of Born Against's *Shroud* and Universal Order of Armageddon's *Mud*. Two bands' two brilliant songs I'm constantly jamming these days, while exploring my inner thoughts and wondering through this dirty city where I live. One such inner thought I dug up is that we just have to listen to guitars a bit more. Or to all the instruments. To find something perfect. Sounds that are telling us something.

A few weeks ago I went to a no-idea-what-genre show but it was supposed to be connected to punk in an alright-why-not-to way. And they really could play their guitars but that was the only thing that they were telling me. Their talent and technical skills. I felt worse than I did during the two years of having our dictatorial ruling party in government. It was this terrible nonsense, pointless musician jerking off. For me, music is about putting yourself rather than your skills into your chords. This way it matters who you are, not what are you capable of. Guess what, everybody is capable of anything. Like with this new Broken Water LP; it's obviously weeded out of Sonic Youth fandom. But there's also something much more as well. They sound more like people who grew up smoking pot and listening to early Sonic Youth, than a band who wants to make it with slacking. These people are like us and we don't want to make it. We just need music to represent the goodness in moments.

Broken Water is what I feel when I stroll around on empty beaches after mowing the lawn at my parent's weekend house, drinking warm beer and watching the wind-surfers eat shit. I feel that my job sucks, I don't really make any money but right now I'm supposed to be happy and relaxed because I'm here on the beach. But the beach is empty because everybody is at work and that makes me feel that my life sucks even more. They are adults and I'm just a dude balancing on a fucked up curb like a free kid. I know I shouldn't be like that but what will happen if I continue being that for a little bit more? This is how Broken Water sounds to me. It feels like there is something they are holding back, pace changes and heaviness. Like having fun while you should be serious. Staying in your bed and letting your smile solve all your problems.

Back to the beginning Mecht Mensch is perfect. They are not just a band who you know have influenced others, their music would also stand out today. Without the context of time, just in context of forever punk. They are just a band that is good because they are good. And I never really listen to bands because they are cool but not good. However, I play Sudor sometimes with the image in my head of a show I went to once at and it was an amazing punk night and one of the guitar players was wearing a Sudor shirt and it was just an irresistibly good look. Memories and fashion.

Anyway, Mecht Mensch is just a crazy-good crazy hardcore band. With smart kids fucking being aware of their shit. Amazing. For some subconscious reasons I bumped into their *Acceptance* EP. I already heard their split with Tar Babies but that time I didn't pay as much attention as it would have deserved. But here it is again to save me hours spent in contempt. No rest, no relief, still it's so much better than reality. It's just another proof of how common anger relaxes us and makes us feel better about ourselves. The more they hate the more we love. Guitars balancing on a wire-walk that could fall anytime, but these guys know better than anyone that they won't. Seems that they even risk some crazy voyages into sonic craziness but there is always that organized, well-targeted hatred which keeps them in the safety of being righteously fucked up. So good! The whole music is a huge blast with the hectic drums and massive teen angst.

I have to listen to commercial radio at my workplace. I guess it's weird that most of the songs the radio is playing are supposed to be songs for having fun but almost all of them have a huge depressive, melancholic hint, which makes me suppose that these hits will push people into the blues unconsciously. I know that ordinary people are happy to hear such tunes but it would make me depressed if that would be my only option. I bet it works vice versa but I like to cherish the idea that even bands like Mecht Mensch or Outpanties could be big hits for us, making us party or feel more alive and connected.

Also, regular people think that they are alright, so why do they want anything more from a song than to break the silence? By demanding more from these songs they would admit that nothing is alright and even these sad songs make them feel a bit better. We know that everything is shit but their "everything" is nothing for us. As always, it will become a bit better because we are making it better. We are embracing the beauty in tragedies and nonsense and creating something out of them that is just the best thing. To cut ourselves out from the shit. So make your noise in any form girls and boys.

PS: I wanna finish my long overdue fanzine which will be in English and also there will be an artsy-fartsy zine in Wnglish as well, for which I provided sentences and one of my best friends did sick drawings. But if you are interested in my previous zine just hit me up and we will figure it out. Also, send me cool shit, because I'm so poor I have to share a room with an eighteen-year-old kid.

American socialism. Now there's an oxymoron, if there ever was one. So, would it come as a surprise to learn that socialism is alive and well in this, the land of the free and the home of the brave, where individualism and competition are valued above all else? I'm not talking here about the US labor movement, the struggle for the 8-hour day and the 40-hour week, the IWW and the CIO, the

Grange and Populist movements, the extensive agricultural cooperatives, the popular unrest of the 1890s, the 1930s and the 1960s, and the like. That's the past. What I'm talking about is real, existing socialism, in the here and now, some of it among the most cherished and honored institutions this country has to offer.

Let's begin with American capitalism, of the corporate variety. Starting with William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man*, published in 1956, there have been numerous exposés—nonfiction and fiction—contending that the American ethic of rugged individualism has been supplanted by a collectivist ethic that values teamwork, commitment, loyalty, risk aversion, and conformity. Amplify this with corporate hierarchies and the complete lack of civil liberties in the workplace. Then, combine this with a phrase that has become common since the 2007 financial meltdown, that American capitalism "privatizes profits and socializes losses" where banks and large corporations benefit from runaway profits but manage to fob off their losses onto the US taxpayer and society at large via government subsidies and bailouts, and you get a condition of state socialism for the rich and cutthroat capitalism for the rest of the population.

Of course, this description is also synonymous with corporatism, which is a polite term for fascism. Even if Israeli historian Ze'ev Sternhell's assertion that fascism amounts to a combination of ultra-nationalism with non-Marxist socialism is accepted, the notion that America's system of capitalism represents some type of socialism is a stretch. And thanks to Occupy Wall Street, a growing number of people disdain corporate capitalism altogether. There is a couple of examples of American socialism that are much more positive and far more popular.

Football, for instance. No, not soccer, which is played by most of the world. American football, which nobody else on the planet plays. Football, the quintessential American sport. The National Football League has 32 member football teams, and guarantees a rigorous profit sharing, an equal division of revenues from TV, ticket sales, merchandising, etc. Comedian Bill Maher argues that the NFL "put[s] all of it in a big commie pot and split[s] it 32 ways," and contends that the NFL "literally shares the wealth." NFL Commissioner Roger Goodell admits that the League "combines socialism and capitalism" in a system "that has worked quite well for us." Then you have the Green Bay Packers, a football team owned by the community of Green Bay, Wisconsin. A publicly-owned non-profit, the Packers are literally owned by their fans. Their bylaws state that the Packers are "a community project, intended to promote community welfare." It's the epitome of communitarian socialism in the quasi-socialist National Football League which, by the way, has legally banned any more Green Bay Packers-type ownership structures. But this community ownership scheme guarantees low ticket prices, sold-out games, fierce fan loyalty, and the Packers' permanent residence in Green Bay.

For yet another example of good ole American socialism, we go big. Imagine an institution with 1.5 million members, with both the individual participants and the institution as a whole under strict government control. A combination of training, discipline and education creates an institutional culture that has a clear sense of both rigorous hierarchy and spirited camaraderie, a collectivist society in which cooperation, teamwork, conformity, obedience and loyalty are emphasized, and where the social unit takes care of its own. It is a thoroughly, racially integrated institution that prides itself on providing equal opportunity and social mobility for all its members. Education and training are available at virtually every stage and age, with career education available for constant improvement, and a system of colleges and universities that are top notch. Housing is socialized, with the lowest ranks living and eating communally. Transport is socialized, as is medicine. Cheap, single-payer health insurance is available for all, and there is lifelong coverage for retirees. Excellent childcare is provided for working parents. And the difference in pay between the lowest and highest ranking members of this institution is only 10 times, quite a contrast to the 300-plus gap between CEO and lowest paid worker in the private sector.

What is this stunning example of socialism in practice right here and now in these United States of America? Why, the US military, of course. Retired four-star general and former supreme allied commander of NATO forces in Europe, Wesley Clark, once said: "It's the purest application of socialism there is □K It's a really fair system, and a lot of thought has been put into it, and people respond to it really well." He also said that the country could learn from the military's sense of mission, and from its emphasis on long-term strategic thinking.

Be all you can be. It's not just a job. It's an adventure! The Few. The Proud. Indeed! The irony here is that this quintessential embodiment of state based socialism is, simultaneously, a conservative bastion of anti-socialism.

I had a junior professor in sociology when I was an undergraduate at UC Santa Cruz, Wally Goldfrank, who told me that being drafted into the US Army was the best thing that ever happened to him. This was at the tail end of the Vietnam War, when the US military was considered a horror and an abomination, an institution that killed babies, perpetrated genocide, and promoted imperialism. Yet, for an upper middle class Jewish boy from Brooklyn, it was Wally's first encounter with people of different races, in particular, black and brown folks. He considered the Army a profoundly democratic and democratizing experience. Now, at the time I attended UCSC, Wally was a full-on Maoist, an admirer of Red China, Mao's Cultural Revolution and the People's Liberation Army. So, there was some affinity between his politics and his evaluation of his military service.

There you have it. Three examples of American socialism. First, a dubious, quasi-fascist, corporatist socialism (Wall Street's corporate capitalism). Then, a communitarian socialism (the NFL's community-owned Green Bay Packers). And finally, a state socialism (the US government run military). No need to disingenuously excoriate President Obama or the Democratic Party as evil socialists. There is plenty of American socialism to go around.

PERSONAL PROPAGANDA... To find out my real name purchase my book, *End Time/ Fim* from AK Press (POB 40682, SF, CA 94140-0682) for $10, or order in Portugese from Conrad Editora (R. Maracaí, 185, Aclimação, 01534-030, São Paulo-SP, Brasil) for R$ 24,90. I can be contacted at hooligentsia@mac.com.

Something is happening in this city, and I don't mean the fucking Olympics. "The Games" begin in two weeks time, and it hasn't stopped raining for another two. This weather is on some serious Sodom and Gomorrah shit—it's freezing and torrential, our house stinks of wet shoe as a result, everyone is plodding through work and waiting for "summer" to finish so things can resume normal service. The faces of the men driving cars for a living through the streets I now go to work in, near the Houses of Parliament, seem extra furrowed, at once laden with the heavy expectations of "the eyes of the world" that are apparently upon us (as if they were diverted every other time) and fuming silently at all those imposed diversions—of literal road closures and metaphorical bait and switch techniques for a government gorging on the poor, most of whom are their passengers. Distractions and events that no one could get tickets for, let alone afford. Any opportunity to break the mega-event consensus has been legislated away, so mammoth is the task at hand that pesky naysayers have to be shut down, and civil disobedience has been temporarily outlawed through a combination of temporary dispersal powers for the police over any unplanned protest and that other convenient sledgehammer, copyright law, which effectively bans people from using (I'm not fucking about here) combinations of certain words such as any two of the following "Olympics," "Games," "Silver," "Gold," "Bronze," "2012" (yeah, the name of this actual year got copyrighted) in any content for public consumption.

Meanwhile, though, the punks are all falling in love. Not me, I'm all set with that banana creep in the header, I just mean a lot of 'em. Pretty sure it's so we have someone to apocalypso with when the pressure cooker that this city has become finally bursts like a blister squeezed from all sides, someone to lock eyes with as our lungs fill up with a tsunami of pus.

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I got some cool stuff in the mail. Let me tell you about it. I got this zine from Mike, a man I have never met or seen who runs Inflammable Material distro and is a big reason I felt able to stop doing the label (oh yeah RIP Dire recs etc, etc...) because he was getting everything I wanted in anyway! Excellent. Lots of great bits and pieces to check out, including a zine called *Overdosing in Republican World* apparently by someone called Kevin who also makes music as Pink Reason. Disclaimer: I spend the vast majority of my musical time these days repeating single songs by bands I know nothing about from twenty years before I was born, so suffice to say I have only just ascertained what Pink Reason is, let alone that it's actually something different to Ariel Pink. Sorry. Regardless of all this deeply uninvolved not-knowing, I am now pretty intrigued. I liked this fanzine a lot because it covered a bunch of subjects I am interested in, that you don't get to read about in publications that look like this very often, while still teaching me about some stuff I had never heard of (esp. in the case of a reprint of an interview with Hungarian art agitators Inconnu, from an '88 issue of this very mag, no less.) It's always obvious when someone has chosen a subject matter that they care about for interviews and write-ups, rather than cherry picking whatever boring, permanently interviewed band for another snoozefest. There are interviews with Røsenkøpf, write-ups on 10-96 and Bobby Sox! Lots of a-ha moments, lots of wry smile-inducing commentary and sideways takes on many good records and many weird situations. Even this guy's whole drug-man vibe, that I'd normally baulk at, doesn't dampen the deeply charismatic vibes that end up sort of making you want to go do acid anyway. In short, a punk fanzine made by someone who doesn't stop there. Hope there are more of these.

We've been jamming the Won't Belong demo tape mercilessly. Feel like I've been crying out for something like this for a good amount of time. In brief, it's a piss-and-you'll-miss-it chunk (I always come back from the bathroom to find my tape has stopped) of yet more bulls-eye-hitting hardcore from the Western Mass cartel of apparently infallible humans. Members of literally everything, this is super no-frills all-rage, with the added differentiator of Meghan Minior (lady punk heroine in her own times) reigning down vocal justice on the bad ones with absolute aplomb. From the line up it sounds like it could be a project band and what not, hope they do more!

Speaking of lady punk heroines and earth-shattering howls of the netherworld, Permanent Ruin put out a flexi. Yeah! Who doesn't love a flexi? This is gut wrenching stuff as you might expect from the combined forces of previous In Disgust personnel meeting head-on with Condenada and *MRR* (Coordenada?!) force of nature that is Mariam, although sound wise this has a personality all of its own and a mean, ill-tempered one as you'd hope. A top quality release and bendy as you like!

I've said a lot about the London-based band Woolf in this column in the past but I want to draw people's attention to the existence of their LP on La Vida Es Un Mus, which has been out for a few months, for the purposes of ensuring that you hear it. I was discussing with someone the other day how, in local circles at least and I am pretty sure it would work with the record, the band have become a sort of taste litmus test, like you know if someone "gets it" in the general punk sense (i.e. is maybe a switched-on person with cool ideas) if they turn to you after a Woolf set and go "holy *shit* this band is unreal" or words to that effect, and you know to smile and mentally note 'berk' if they have, well, any other opinion. The recording on this LP is not perfect by any means in terms of capturing the sound they have live, but it gets their sense of melody and not-quite-like-anything-else-ness quite right. Do you wanna sit in the Venn diagram spot where Scissor Girl, Teddy and the Frat Girls and Elastica overlap and drink Jagerbombs? I'll meet you there.

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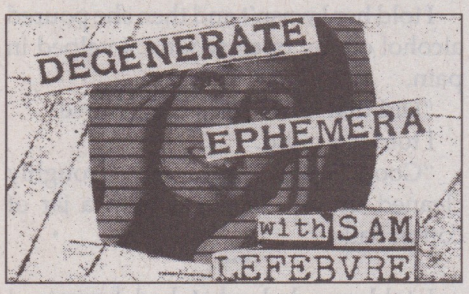

Every time a vehicle rushes by me on the street while my gaze is affixed to some piece of paper or the stained concrete, I am overcome with the sense that my body is going to be struck. No matter how enraptured I am with a thought or sentence, the approaching buzz of an oncoming vehicle makes my heart lurch. If not struck directly and plummeting grotesquely through a windshield, I might feel as if my elbow is about to be clipped, sending the rest of my body careening until I can focus on the white bone protruding from my flesh in abject horror. Inevitably, the sound of a vehicle drawing closer conjures the most morbid possibilities in my mind. I've never been hit by a car, nor have I endured a dramatic vehicular accident, although a palm reader once insisted the contrary (false psychics are the worst), so I don't believe that my imagined injury is the manifestation of any post-traumatic damage. Rather, the sensation likely has more to do with my formative adolescence and young adulthood spent inundated with punk.

Take, for instance, the kind of language used to describe punk and hardcore. A quality record might make listeners' hearts skip a beat or get knocked out. A punk 45 might leave listeners in a curbside puddle with the evening's garbage dumped on top. When we refer to punk as savage, brutal and fierce, it's a good thing. It seems that one criterion for good hardcore is how much injury it metaphorically inflicts upon the listener. It's certainly true in my case. I've always gravitated towards unnerving and difficult punk that sounds ill, because it resonates with my state of mind. When I was younger, I must have become accustomed to the sense of impending injury that now crops up when a car draws near.

Savage punk makes me feel like I'm about to endure some injury. If readers have woken up from a dream in which a rusty aluminum bat was about to crack their jaw moments before contact, they are familiar with the sensation I'm speaking of. Adrenaline, clenched fists, irregular breathing. It's similar to drugging, which could explain why I enjoy punk more as a sober person. I'm compelled to make these connections, draw these parallels and commit the words to paper because I don't usually write about how music makes me feel. My music writing is often detached. Even operating so heavily in first-person perspective with this column is uncomfortable. It's partly a learned journalistic technique, but others have noted the emotional detachment and my tendency to substitute my actual feelings for analysis and deconstruction in every instance.

San Francisco's criminally under-appreciated post-punk group Factrix has been resurrected by the Superior Viaduct imprint with a reissue of their only studio album, *Scheintot*. Normally, I would describe the record as a murky and neurotic soundscape for desolate urban evenings, that conjures crawlers from their crevices with icy synth, dissonant guitar and peripheral noise but that's not necessarily how it makes me feel. *Scheintot* makes me feel like I'm underwater, asphyxiating and watching the ritual sacrifice of my friends against my will. It makes me feel itchy, brittle and something akin to how I imagine the effects of bath salts. It also makes me feel glad that I didn't know about bath salts when I took drugs.

In the last issue of *MRR*, I was assigned a stack of records to review that elicited phrases about dystopian ritual marches, oblique deathrock parallels, industrial damage, post-atomic dreamscapes synth-sliding into swamps and the like. No offense intended, assigning reviews is a laborious and thankless duty, but sometimes it seems like record reviews are assigned by methamphetamine-addled gnomes who've commandeered a train caboose that's about to topple off the edge of our flat planet and want nothing more than to taint my turntable with asinine garbage before the plummet. For that month, I palmed off a baggy of speed and got four excellent and positively maladjusted records to review. The positive reviews were comprised mostly of bizarre imagery. The images were mostly negative, as a reaction to the music's surface-level sentiments, but the descriptions were framed positively at the end. Reviewing is indeed about describing, criticizing and passing judgment. Yet, none of the reviews directly articulated how those records made me *feel*. Does it matter? The merits or hindrances of detachment in punk criticism are really the topic of this column.

Recently, I was at a show and one of the performers was discussing music journalists before her set. Considering that I was in attendance to write a review, it was awkward but I stayed and listened. She wasn't aware at the time that I was attending as a member of the press. By her assessment, music journalists should be strictly concerned with what sort of emotions and feelings songs elicit. Her example was something akin to feelings of the "riding down a hill on your bike with the wind rustling your hair" variety. Overhearing that began my inner dialog about the subject of feelings in music writing.

While assessing the merits of emotional detachment, I became conflicted, made a concerted effort to write more "personal" reviews, penned about half of this column and then consulted the text of some other music writers. With "feelings" in mind, I determined that the writers I admire most are able to embed their feelings within objective description and then administer coherent criticism afterwards. Raw emotion is a significant portion of punk and such a thing really evades articulation. That's the reason that rock or punk criticism isn't strictly concerned with "feelings." Composing reviews entirely made up of emotional descriptors is futile. Words will never quite summarize the essence of a life-changing record, so it becomes our duty to provide objective description, obliquely inserted "feelings" and sensible criticism. Neither bleeding-heart emotion nor dry analysis is the most effective approach to reviewing, but a combination of the two is a good start.

Write me at *MRR* c/o Sam Lefebvre or at degeneratezine@gmail.com, for more visit degenerateephemera.blogspot.com

About a week and a half later I run into Simon in the hallways between fifth and sixth block. He's limping.

"What happened?" I ask him.

"Bobby Kessler" he replies.

"Did he kick you?" I ask, feeling my anger well up inside of me and wanting to kick some black-holed ass.

"No," says Simon.

Then he tells me what happened. About the left hand. And I must admit I almost didn't believe him. Almost.

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But I became a true believer two days later. It happened in the computer room. When I was alone with him. Mr. Oppenheimer, our teacher, who at the time, was teaching us "basic," had left the room because of an urgent phone call. There were supposed to be two other students in the class that day, but they were brother and sister and as it turns out, had the chicken pox. So it was me and Bobby. Alone.

"Your brother Simon is dickless," Bobby tells me.

I ignore him hoping he'll vanish like his eyesight.

"All you Tabbs are fags. In fact," Bobby Kessler says, "you're Jewish Fags. Matzo eating cocksuckers."

I tell Bobby to shut his mouth, and that Mr. Oppenheimer will be back any minute.

"That's enough time to kick your ass," he replies and hits me in the face with his right hand. Closed fist. At first I'm in shock. A blind kid just hit me. Next, I'm not sure what to do. If I hit him back and hurt him I'll be the total creep of Parkway Elementary School.

"What's the matter Tabb," yells Bobby, as I dodge my way around the room, trying to hide behind him so he can't feel me with his out-reached hands, "scared of a blind boy?"

I tell Bobby I'm not and to not hit me again or I'll tell Mr. Oppenheimer.

"Well then tell him about this," says Bobby Kessler and then he used his left hand. Well, I guess it wasn't really *just* his left hand. It was also what he carried around in it. Suddenly Bobby picked up his heavy-as-hell Braille type-writer and hit me in the fucking head with it! The next thing I know I'm sitting on the floor with blood leaking out of the top of my head.

"Ow," I say, then start crying.

"Baby," says Bobby, as Mr. Oppenheimer walks back into the classroom.

"What happened to you George?" asks Mr. O, as he looks at my bleeding head.

I tell him.

"Don't make up lies," yells my teacher at me, "you were probably doing some stupid stunt like balancing on a chair or something. Go to the nurses office and never lie to me again!"

I protest, saying I wasn't lying. But suddenly Bobby starts crying.

"George was scaring me," Bobby says, now trembling, with no tears falling from his eyeless sockets.

"Get out of here, now!" exclaimed Mr. Oppenheimer, and with that he pushed me out into the hall and I made my way to the nurses office.

"His Braille machine?" asked the nurse in disbelief, a few minutes later.

"That thing is really heavy," I tell her, tears drying up on my face.

"You know George," says the old lady nurse, "you really shouldn't make up stories about people. Especially *special* people like Bobby. It's not very nice."

I try and tell the nurse that I'm telling the truth, but the more I tell her, the more she hates me. So I give up, get my head cleaned with alcohol and cotton balls, then make my way to my next class.

My next go-around with Bobby is that day Jimmy Foster ate the squid shell and sheep eye in biology. After I puked and after he hit me with his damn Braille machine in the boys bathroom, I again ended up in the nurse's office telling the same story.

"You really shouldn't lie," explained the nurse, "you can end up in Hades forever for that."

"What's Hades?" I asked her.

"Hell," she told me in a mean voice, "a place where you'll probably end up. Bobby is great kid. I can't believe you are jealous of him and make up stories."

I told her I wasn't and then she poured alcohol on my open wound. I yelped in pain.

"Did that hurt?" asked the nurse.

I told her it did.

"Good," she said, then roughly cleaned up all the blood with a jar of cotton balls.

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I told my dad what had happened with Bobby one night at the dinner table. Simon told him almost the same story.

"My God," said my father, "my sons are such pussies that a blind kid beats them up! Go upstairs! No dessert for either of you!"

So Simon and I did, realizing that life just wasn't fair and that we were fucked. Or so we thought.

A week later I became hell bent on revenge. Not only did no one believe me that Bobby Kessler was a bully, but now he was telling everyone that I bullied him. Then he'd cry. He told lots of my friends that when we were alone I'd tease him and call him awful names. It got to the point where I'd be walking down the hall in the new wing of the school and girls like Amy Hudson and Jennifer Sirrot would walk up to me and slap me in the face, calling me "a bully to the blind." So I had enough.

One day, after recess, and after being hit once again with Bobby's Braille machine, I went to Dr. Perkins office. I told the principal that I'd had enough of Bobby and I'd prove to him that the kid was a bully. And that I had a plan.

Dr. Perkins, for some reason, went along with me on it. Why? I'll never know. Maybe he just wanted to see me stumble and fall, or maybe, deep down in his doctoral heart, he believed me. But most likely he was probably just bored. There weren't too many "bad" kids like The Tabbs in Greenwich Connecticut.

So I set it up that Bobby and I are called to the principal's office at the same time. When we arrive, Dr. Perkins is sitting behind his desk. As quiet as a mouse.

"He's not here," I tell Bobby, "I guess we should just sit down and wait."

"That cocksucker will be back soon," says Bobby, "but in the meantime, maybe I'll just kick your Jewboy ass!"

I look over at Dr. Perkins and he has a look of total shock on his face.

"Well," I say to the blind kid, "If you

are gonna kick my ass, you gotta catch me first!"

I then run quickly around the room and stand behind the principal.

"Over here," I say to Bobby, as he extends both hands forward, grasping the air for my blood.

Suddenly he grabs onto Dr. Perkins. First he feels his jacket and tie, then reaches up and feels up his face. His forehead, eyes, nose and mouth. With his smelly empty-eyesocket stained fingers.

"Uh-oh", says Bobby.

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And that was about the end of that. Except of course for the time I re-arranged the desks in second period, so when Bobby Kessler went to sit down, he fell on his ass. Hard.

Or the time I put super-glue on the handle of his Braille machine and it took two nurses to cut his skin away.

Or when I replaced his pint of milk at lunch with a pint of my piss.

Or when I told him the school bunny he was petting was actually a rat I brought to school.

Funny.

I never seemed to get in trouble for any of it.

Take My Life, Please.

Endnotes:

1. Like this story? Wanna read more *exactly* like this one? Check out my first book, "Playing Right Field: A Jew Grows In Greenwich". It's chockful of cheery little tales like this. It even won some awards and stuff. And the best thing about it is it's all true, all me and all Punk Rock! Get it on Amazon or your favorite book store (they can order it for you!).

2. Glamour Girl from L.A. rule! This band is gonna be *huge*! I think this is because their first single, "Rerepresentation" is the Who's "My Generation" of today's kids. That's you! Don't you hate phoney girls who spend their way to being beauty queens? Or guys who blog about how sad their life is, then don't do anything fun except complain? Me too! Or those jerks twittering, tweeting or twating or whatever it's called all day, acting like they're the queen or king of the world? Glamour Girl is *the* band for you! Really!

3. Am I the only person in the world who hates Siri, that annoying voice on my iPhone? She can't tell me things like who played guitar for the Ramones or who sang for the Sex Pistols without searching the web with you. But she can tell you where the nearest whorehouse is. And when you curse at her she says "I'll pretend I didn't hear that, George!" Actually, maybe she's okay. She just pulled up a good search on how to make crack. Still, that voice...

4. Hopefully my health will improve and I'll be able to finally start working on my third book! Hope everyone has a great summer and push a crusty in a pool for me. The world will thank you.

This month's column is gonna be all about *Hardcore*—even though I've been spending most of my time listening to less disciplined, rigorous and tight-assed music with a little more sexuality conceded in its undertones. I've spent more time focusing energy on playing in a band latently affected by hardcore's hysteria, so I've been reluctant to indulge too much in stewing in similar sounds, for fear of getting disgustingly pedantic. But recently I spent some time in my room playing some of the bands that immediately spring to mind when I think of my favorite moments in Hardcore on the stereo, and tried to think about what made 'em so special. (The answer? Loud, cutting guitars, raw power, vocals that convey reckless abandon and a constant wriggling grapple between tension and release). Before I get started, all readers with discerning tastes should be concerning themselves with picking up the WHITE FENCE FAMILY PERFUME double LP, the new KING BLOOD record and all the new Toxic State releases. Hot shit. Onward...

Out of all the noise I'm about to write about, the new WARTHOG demo has me the most thrilled. This is some real top-shelf violent maniac hardcore music. Thick with the dirt of the recording, injected with two guitars playing chunky riffs and a pair of stomping boots for a rhythm section—it's very simple, obvious sounding hardcore, but not in the grossly predictable, tiresome way. It's "obvious" as in anybody listening who has spent time playing hardcore will feel ashamed of themselves for not being able to display such raw power. The vocals are bald-headed, wide-eyed and blood-curdling screams—throat shredding hysteria metered into a compressed, singular shriek that acts as a highly flammable solvent when spit across the short-sharp-shock meat-scraps of riff heavy hardcore.

I listened to this demo repeatedly while setting up a new deck, it felt just right. This is the kind of sick, infectious hardcore that should travel with its owner and be thrown into whatever boom box or tape deck is available. Kids in beater cars with skateboards in the trunk and beer cans on the floor should rip out their POISON IDEA /REPOS/ STAINS mixtape and shove this into the malfunctioning deck. Scream along at pedestrians. To get pedantic for a minute, they sound like POISON IDEA in between *Pick Your King* and *Record Collectors*, but screaming and stomping out of the shattered glass windows of an abandoned factory in the neglected areas of NYC.

Not quite hardcore, just straight mutant crawling scum, the HANK B' NASTY AND THE HUMANHEADS tape will degenerate you into complete mental retardation. Nine idiots (guess which bands they are from) wrote two songs in one day and recorded them. These are all about the lurking, crawling, wide-eyed vibes that come with the terminal hangovers and bad-trips of the young citizens of New York City. Sounds like it was recorded in a zoo.

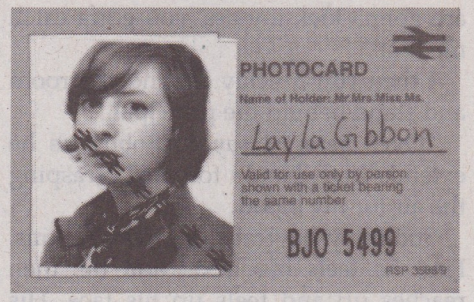
The bands I initially intended to write about this month were AMDI PETERSEN'S ARME and MODERN WARFARE. I recently rediscovered how much I love APA after spending half an hour drawing the needle back to "Hardcore Del II" over and over again and wondering how the fuck three dumb nerds managed to make such a colossally good hardcore song built solely around a riff. Nothing else. The complete lack of vocals makes it even

better. You wish some freak was just screaming his throat out and dragging it along the riff at times, but the completely mechanical charge of the whole thing keeps it all the more tense. The song "Dodt Liv!" functions in a similar way, but with vocals, so there is more tension-release give and take to chew on. The band oozes with the urgency and tightness that makes hardcore seem so appealing when you first hear it—they dawn images of suburban frustration, brick walls, beat up skateboards, shaved heads, pimply faces, glowering young eyes, tribal spirit—and I admire them quite a bit for that. They also make me feel agitated and filled with the urgent desire to stomp myself into the pavement and flail on the ground. The second 7" has these major hits I mentioned, but I recently scored the first and appreciate the more raw, primitive and minimal feel that it gives off. Those nerds really knew how to write songs and that's what distinguishes, excuses and elevates them away from the thousands of other bands made up of self-indulgent pedants. Refer to the SF born 12" from a tribe called CULTURE KIDS for a similar raw, simple and urgent approach to playing hardcore, but without a single conscious nod to relics.

MODERN WARFARE is a relic band. They released two 7" in the eaaarly '80s, before the HC sound was completely disciplined and codified and had more sneer and weirdo inflections, especially in Southern California, where they are from. I snatched their second 7", which got the reissue treatment from a bunch of Australian archeologists who play in bands like FLESH WORLD and the INSURGENTS. This thing kills. The first song starts off with deranged howling and a rhythmic bludgeoning of a guitar with a brutish clean-cut tone. The whole thing dips its toes into B-movie horror obsession and twitches around until it gets cut abruptly by the knife's edge. I have endless respect for hardcore bands that slash up and abuse their guitars, understanding the merits and value of sounds other than power-chords. MODERN WARFARE is one of those bands. The other two tracks are more snotty, upbeat freak-outs that sound more like suburban frustration hopped up on pills, like some of their SoCal brethren, and less like psychotic basement rituals. Because of that one writhing mess of a horror show, they emanate a similar cultish presence to bands like UNITED MUTATION, VOID, CCM, DAWN OF HUMANS, SPIKE IN VAIN, CRAZY SPIRIT, RUDIMENTARY PENI, CONDOMINIUM…weirdo deviations on a straight-laced formula. Crooked.

SPIRITUAL WARRIORS is crooked as hell. They come from the Northwestern woods of Olympia, WA, a town known lately for making rough and lively music with a little more subtly to its affect—accessible, but more honest sounding than that may connote. SPIRITUAL WARRIORS is not accessible. They play loose, uninhabited, freak-outs of hardcore, untouched by the chunky stoicism of "meat and potatoes hardcore," naturally flailing and slashing around blindly, frothing at the mouth. The hearty, sadistic gurgle of a distorted bass sits at the center and the flailing, cracked drums and squealing howls of knife-like guitar work spill all over the place while piercing banshee shrieks beat their heads against the low hanging roof of tape hiss and overworked low-fidelity soundwaves. They don't cherry-pick parts and aspects of other people's sounds, they just naturally adopted the most ferocious, mentally unstable aspects of raw hardcore music and smear it all over the place in a blur of prolonged intensity. The whole mess drips blood, sweat and raw power. They record raw, play loose and with an abundance of feeling and sound altogether vicious and repulsed. This is not the sound of flagellants channeling their self-loathing into music; this is the sound of people who were lashed by others. The more impacting half of their demo tape was recorded live for the radio, I cannot imagine what an unknowing listener must have felt like upon being sonically assaulted by this malevolent mess. I imagine them being a marvel to watch live. The combination of this demo tape and the WARTHOG one makes me excited and a little nervous for the future.

2012's punk music corresponds well with the desire to throw oneself at the pavement and flail around screaming in a stupor of real feelin'. It's real fuckin' cool innit? c/o eggmangel@gmail.com



A few years ago Alternative Tentacles reissued a demo tape onto 10" vinyl that the Melvins had sent into them in the early '80s that Jello had rediscovered in his archive. To commemorate the occasion they performed the record, in the style of so many bands nowadays, "performing" records from years ago like they are theatre. It was at the Great American Music Hall in SF, with Jello as support, I got to go for free as my boyfriend works for the distribution company that AT go through; I think I even wrote about it in this space, about how the sound was too "pro gear pro attitude" and didn't match up with the scrappiness of the essentially HC demo at all. And about Jello pantomiming to a song called something like "Coffee Plantation" about all the laptop droids that are taking over coffee shops in cities, and their barista/server overlords. Well, as you may or may not know San Francisco is in the middle of another dot com boom; Twitter and Facebook and a million other start ups and app creators are infesting our beautiful formally bohemian city and Valencia Street, once center of the anti-yuppie anti-dot com movement is now totally filled with young people wearing made in America denim with Lil House on the Prairie mustaches and sitcom blank eyes consuming all they can... I haven't lived in the Mission for five years, and even when I lived there it was clear things were changing, Valencia has been gentrifying for over twenty years at this point in time, but it's apparent the onslaught of the dot com deluge is final and complete. Walking past Adobe Books and seeing the closing sign in the window felt like someone had finally taken the air out of the tires of what this city was. Abobe is a local cultural institution, a second hand bookstore that lets day laborers and itinerant types sleep on the many chairs, that hosts art openings and readings by punks and

others who don't fit into San Francisco's Literary Brunch scene. It truly was a magical place, somewhere to disappear for a few hours, and it's so gross that it's probably gonna be some gnarly reclaimed wood steam punk douche hang out that serves artisan pickles in a few months. The city is on its knees begging for corporations to take huge tax breaks and turn this place into an extension of the suburbs in which they should be existing. People that are unfortunate enough to have to work in Silicon Valley still get to live here, and get driven out on company busses sometimes further north than Sacramento to their places of employment. It's not longer "cool" to live in the safety of the suburbs, so the tactic is to transform San Francisco into such a place...

It's clear they have taken the city bar a few undesirable neighborhoods, but give them time! Give them time; the entire city shall be theirs. Maybe even the foggy desolate ocean-side neighborhood I live in. Right now they are invaders, but maybe they'll wanna make it home soon? Hopefully not! It's a good seven mile cycle to the Mission, eight miles to North Beach, so maybe a bit far from the authentic Victorian barber shop recreations, pour over coffee and selvedge denim emporiums. All you need to do to change the world is change the channel. The old beer vats that punks once squatted are now condos, and reading about old existences in the city fills me with nostalgia and melancholy... Radical labor movements from the early part of the last century have ceded to this?!

Today I was walking around hitting up all the thrift stores, which is what I like to do on my day off, and it reminded me of living in lower Manhattan in the late '90s/early '00s, when it started to feel like I was living in a mall rather than a city. SF is much smaller than NYC and the neighborhoods are separated by huge hills, so it's easy to stay in one neighborhood and never venture out of it, sorta like the uptown/downtown dichotomy of NYC I guess? But the globalness of cool, the insidiousness and ultimately meaninglessness of hipsterisms, where everything is a commodity, especially ideas, culture, clothing, anything that someone can attach meaning to and use to sell a product to kids who want more more more of something new new new. This hyper real hyper endless culture: blurred amoral bathtub drugged out times, Jane Birkin-ed out girls, every boy just stepped of a yacht in a Carly Simon song, it feels like that "hot tub yuppies in Marin on coke" era of post-'60s radicalism: the seventies of Steely Dan blandness, mellow "authenticity" with no sharp questions about race or class. Just for the feeeeling, don't step on anyone's toes. Everyone loves post-glam-beachpunk-surf-garage fuzz and is fucking boring and an oblivious yuppie consuming lifestyle like it's coke in a golden bowl. Tumblr blog desolation. Got the outfit, got the cash, let's blow it all on shitty music and a bland time! As Esmeralda of Noh Mercy stated in these pages a few months back, Valencia Street (and all the other similar streets of shame) are full of yuppies, not "hipsters."

Anyway, teenage tantrums, nostalgia, DIY, off the pigs and up the punks. Whatwewantisfree.blogspot.com layla@maximumrocknroll.com

How fortunate for leaders that men do not think.

—Adolf Hitler

I like to consider myself a thinker. And by this I do not mean smart, no, no doubt there. Just that at all times, save for when I'm dreaming, I think of things. Think about them, think them through and think them over; think why things are and why they aren't; how one thing is different to another and how they relate. I think of people and problems and questions and doubt.

I think about why I think what I do and what my way of thinking means; do I overthink or not think enough? Do I maybe think for others, enough of others, maybe wrongly of others? Is it wrong of me to think that what they think is wrong? What do they think of what I think and does what I think really matter? Does merely thinking of something validate its existence? If a fly sits on shit does it make that shit more likeable to others and why do we believe so much yet know so little?

Εν οιδα, οτι ουδεν οιδα: all I know is that I know nothing said Socrates. Taking a leaf from his parchment, I perpetually expose my brain to as much information as possible, generating possible answers and combinations of solutions, while endlessly forming new questions, ideas, plans, grand schemes, scenarios and hypotheses—I admit sometimes I short-circuit (you can see side effects of that in this here column), but only in an effort to fit it all in before I 'die of death.'

Galactic entropy and elementary particles of existence aside, I think I've managed to balance myself relatively scratch-free, given that we're riding a flaming wave of destruction through an infinitely fluxing universe of possibilities and stardust. Once you make peace with the unbearable, encouraging fact that no matter what the cosmos will go on without you, you can get on with your fifteen minutes of shame called life.

Some are compelled to say that life is insignificant, disposable even. That we are nothing more than a drop in the ocean and so life is a big joke with a disappointing punch line. I suppose that the constant, unpredictable cycle of life and death, and oh, say seven billion people, might confirm that concept. Also, the undeniable fact that the wretched 1% has figured out a highly convenient and yet highly complex way to cheat and buy us out of everything (eh, money), surely suggests that the rest of the 99% is just stupid! I suppose the education and legal system the 1% wanted eventually worked. The masses (apparently) can't fix the numbers and the growing populations who are trying are getting battered into submission and silenced in prison cells.

The rival concept: that life is a miracle, that each and every one of us beat the odds and the best way to make use of our limited time here is to love one another. While I agree with this on an elementary level, love isn't really much of a weapon when dealing with guns, tanks, bombs and land mines. Love can drive us but it

won't stop bullets mid air. What people fail to question is why do bullets even exist?

Yes, life is depressing, but only because people are so fucking clueless as to what to do with it; wasting time watching TV on their cell phones, praying to God and fearing their own mortality, fanatics drunk on their own bullshit, part of a collective disillusion… I'm not blaming anyone here—I'm just angry. I understand that we're all different products of our respective times and surroundings, bound to both our nature and nurture—or lack thereof I suppose. I understand the inescapable misery and painstaking exhilaration of being alive and the blinding anger and sadness of facing death.

That's why I'm constantly swaying to both melodies of existence, swerving from one end of the spectrum to the other, stumbling along, falling down, but always pushing myself to get up; constantly reminding myself that "it's all just a ride," a fascinating, horrifying trip. I have found myself so erratically on either side of any given spectrum, that I realize there is no escape: I am a slave to duality and so cannot always defend one or either side easily and with passion; I can't but remain a skeptic—and trust me I've tried to be otherwise.

It's not easy to maintain a clear head when the world around you demands answers and opinions, everyone wanting *Everything, Now!* I enjoy a good discourse as a means of (re)discovering things, including language, identity and reality at large. This process of revaluation is what keeps me quiet and often times when I do get asked about something I say all the wrong things in all the wrong ways—just like when I'd be asked to the board to solve math problems, I'd get put on the spot and spin and crack under pressure. I still get that fear.

Yet, I have my rare good days when almost nothing can touch me and I feel like Wonderwoman and try to remain as optimistic as I can, but—you know, sometimes I just hate people. I do. Sorry, but it's true. There are days when I honestly think this planet would be better off without us all and vision a toxic hailstorm shredding us to mud and bones. Then some other days I feel I want to be the magic punk daemon that can solve everyone's problems and save the world. I find the best position on this messy-looking diagram is at zero: researching, discussing, thinking, doubting; no plus or minus for ultimately I am both all the time, at different ratios each time; hence my reluctance to commit myself, or anyone else for that matter, to a single, unchanging, everlasting nomos (law), unlike most constitutions and conventional ways of thinking, which is where a large part of my problem lays.

It remains however that the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Perhaps this coming December the shift ancient cultures talked about will finally occur. I don't believe it will be one big, distinct event or phenomenon; more a series of chain reactions which will eventually result in a major change. Like with any energy, we will only see its effects after the fact, though no doubt people will tweet the apocalypse. In whatever hindsight I have up until this point, we're a jaded, disaffected, backward, cruel bunch. If free will does indeed exist, then people willed for all the wrong things and now we have to face the mutant spawn of evil that we let grow in our back gardens. Hmm, that sounds an awful lot like that story with the apple and the snake…

Only two things are infinite, the universe and human stupidity, and I'm not sure about the former—Einstein. I take it from the man himself: the one thing I can rely on is an idiot to do one idiotic thing too many; truly great people have suffered and died from it and the system relies and thrives on it. It's a shame really, that humanity is doomed to demise instead of greatness...

I can't help but be a lover, but realized early on that I have to be a fighter as well or else I'm as good as dead. And what use am I to anyone or anything then? Since I am now here, I might as well make the best of it. I may hate people some times, but I'm fucked if I'll give in to death because of them! No, I will be armed to the teeth when the zombies come crashing through my front door!

Contact me at nemesisknox.com for info on *Nowhere* zine, or at lydia@maximumrocknroll.com for anything regarding this rag. I prefer an honest cunt to a lying sweetheart. *"Segui il tuo corso, e lascia dir le genti."*

Although most of the material we review comes to us via mail, sometimes people will hand off something that they would like you to review at a show, event or on the street. The first summer I was *MRR* coordinator someone gave me the zine *Never Nothing. Never Nothing* is an 11.5 x 17 full color newsprint photo zine out of Australia and the US, featuring photographers from the aforementioned countries. This first issue Vol.1/No.1 has an interesting interview with Rich Jacobs and Tim Kerr, and color and black and white photography, some of which is badass. The next day at the *MRR* compound I pulled it out while several people were gathered and someone said, "We can't review that." Probably like many of you, I do not respond well to the word "can't," especially in conjunction with "we," but I knew why this person said that. When I came home from the show the night before, I flipped through the zine and when I opened the first page, right there on the first spread was a picture of Mike Thorn staring back. I laughed some, but I didn't think much of it except the general, "What a chump." After the pronouncement of *MRR* not being "able" to review this zine because of Mike Thorn's presence within it, the discussion erupted into a debate about whether or not he had actually done anything wrong. Knowing little of the story myself, I didn't have much to add, but as the new coordinator, I had a ton of questions.

If you are wondering what the fuck I am talking about, let me lay it down for you… Mike Thorn was one of the coordinators of *MRR* though the '00s when money was more plentiful and print media was not in the state of accelerated decrepitude that it is today. Now we scrape by to keep the magazine going and that is no exaggeration. If you have questions about the inner workings, my policy is pretty much full transparency because when it comes to

the outside world, *what we do is secret*, but for the all the punks all over the world that keep us going, there are no secrets… Anyway, Mike Thorn left in a big shadow of controversy around here and it was said that he was fired for stealing money from the magazine. Some people say that he stole a ton of money, some say less. The "official" reason that he left according to his column was that he was burned out. He has apparently denied stealing anything. Well, that's the short version, the same version I knew before I became coordinator and this photo zine came into my possession—the version that left me caring little about the past.

Having no information aside from anecdotal about what went down with Mike Thorn and then having people protest my reviewing this zine because of his contribution to it, left me with a dilemma. I think it's a wrong move to not review something because of the past of someone involved in whatever material is being reviewed. That is as long as it doesn't fall into the major label and corporate affiliation policy that *MRR* has—our only real rule that has been in place since the magazine started thirty years ago.

Even though I personally believe that you are the company you keep, the past or other projects of one band member or contributor to a project does not exclude the whole project / band / zine etc… With that said, I also think that avoiding the discussion or ignoring the obvious connections to questionable people and actions is not only irresponsible, but lazy. If you are in a band with someone who has done something heinous, whatever degree of severity it may be, you had better expect some criticism. Understand that this is an all-volunteer run magazine, so dedicating the amount of research that some things should require, like say RAC affiliated material, is a lot to ask of most reviewers, often impossible. Luckily, I am a multi tasker and for better or worse I am a coordinator, and while I can't track down every RAC affiliated punk band, I can damn well try, but I sure as hell better know the full history of *MRR*.

I went about searching for the full story about Mike Thorn and his leaving *MRR*. It took me about three months to get all the info from people involved at the time, at least those who responded, and I tried to track down whatever paper work I could. I have made my conclusion based on all of that research. Now, I know that you may be thinking that this is some smear campaign against him, but this is not my intention. What can we do with this information now?

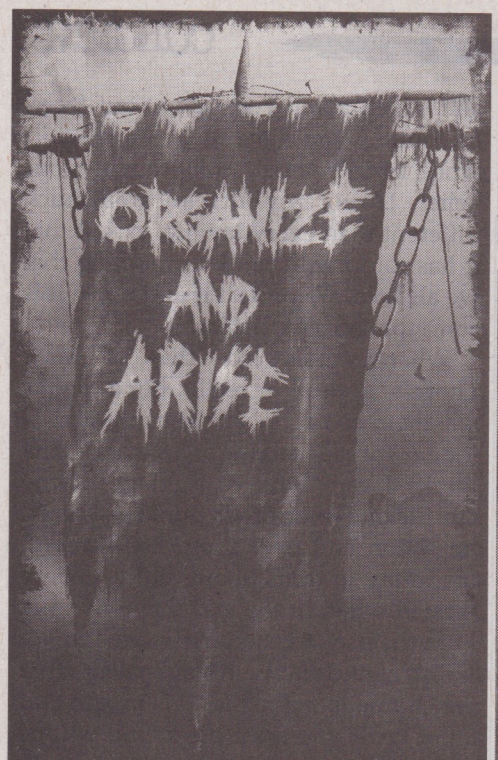
I am not suggesting some sort of dramatic Count of Monte Cristo revenge hysteria where one's life is consumed and overtaken by hate, but I do think it's important to learn about the past, not forget it, but be critical and move on with what you have learned. I know I am flogging a dead horse of sorts, but I really try to apply this to punk and what it means to be a punk. If you act shitty on tour, people will hear about it. If you are a thief, people will hear about it. If you assault someone, people will hear about it. This is not a matter of "policing," it's human nature. People love to talk, but at the same time people will protect the people and things that they believe in and love. There are definitely instances of "inner circle" punks that are somewhat untouchable, but that shit tends to break down at some point and even if those people don't give a shit about what others think, that's fine. Why should they? My point is that the shitty things you do will come to light.

I don't believe in heaven and hell, karma, etc., nor do I believe that bad deeds will be punished. People get away with terrible shit everyday… But I do believe that if you are looking for trouble, you will find it. Once a thief always a thief and a liar is a liar and some day you will cross the wrong person and then what will you do? This isn't a threat, it's more about the general nihilism that punk seems to be associated with—no future, man. I live to shock. It's cute until you realize that life is harder when you lay waste in your path.

A friend once told me that he was a positive nihilist. I laughed and some people reading this will recoil at the idea of some sort of theory with no real structure (relax), but I understand the term. Not giving a fuck about certain things works for me; preoccupying myself with what others do does not work for me, but knowing the history of the places you choose to be is important and we choose punk. Being at *MRR*, you hear a lot of shit, you get a lot of shit talked about you (not to our faces, of course), you have to be diplomatic, while trying not to compromise your beliefs. It's not easy but it's not that much different than everyday life, except that it has to do with punk, something that we all love. We protect it and when it is compromised, we defend it.

When stories like that of Mike Thorn's appear, I really hope punks use them as cautionary tales instead of fodder for shit talking. There are a few punks I can think of right now who are fucking over other punks—all talk, no action and only tough in a crowd. It's funny to think about all the energy wasted when in the end they will only hurt themselves; because even though we all contribute to this subculture that we choose to belong to, it is bigger that all of us. If you are a prick, you will be remembered as a prick, but for only a second and then, *poof*, no one will give a fuck about you as a person, but at least your failure will be legendary.

mariam@maximumrocknroll.com



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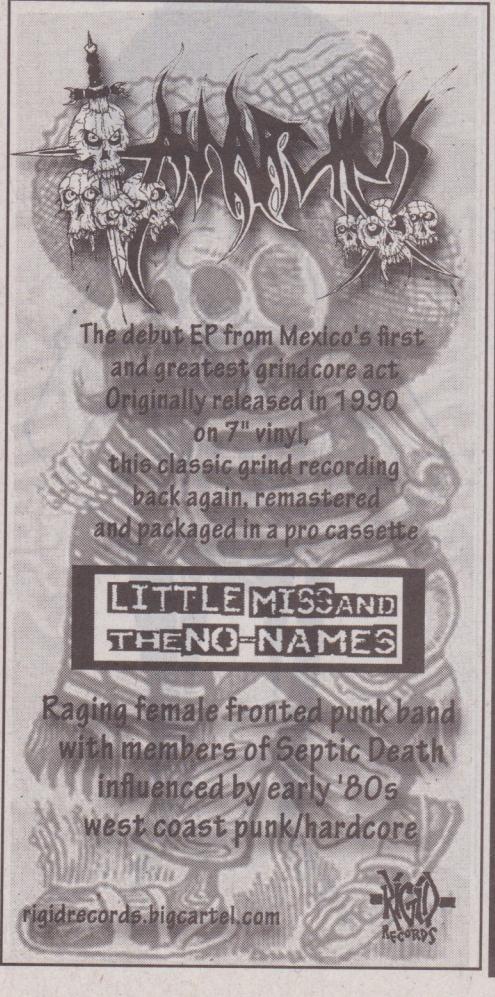

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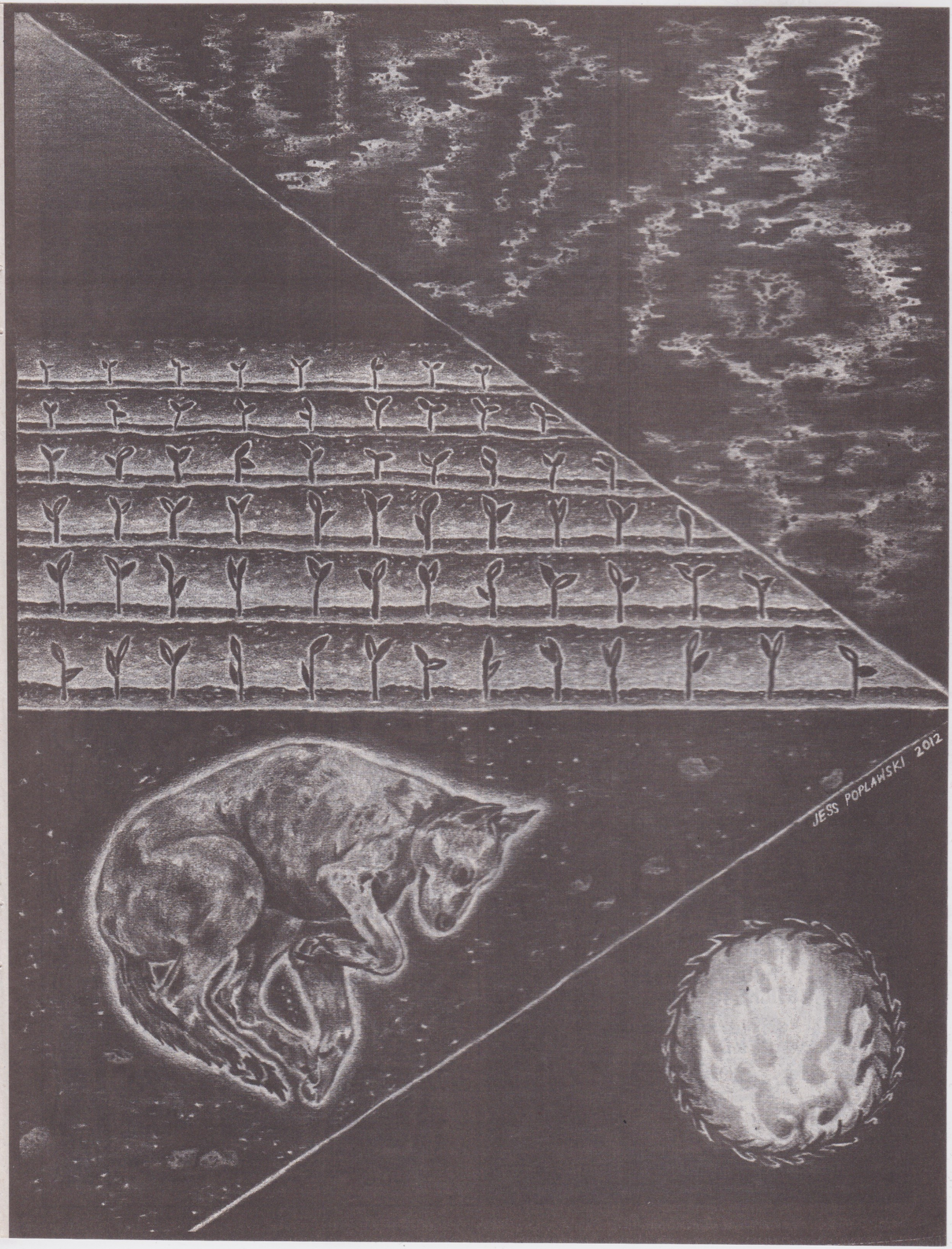
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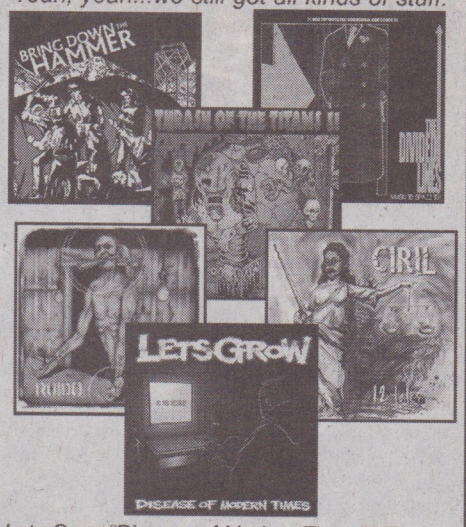

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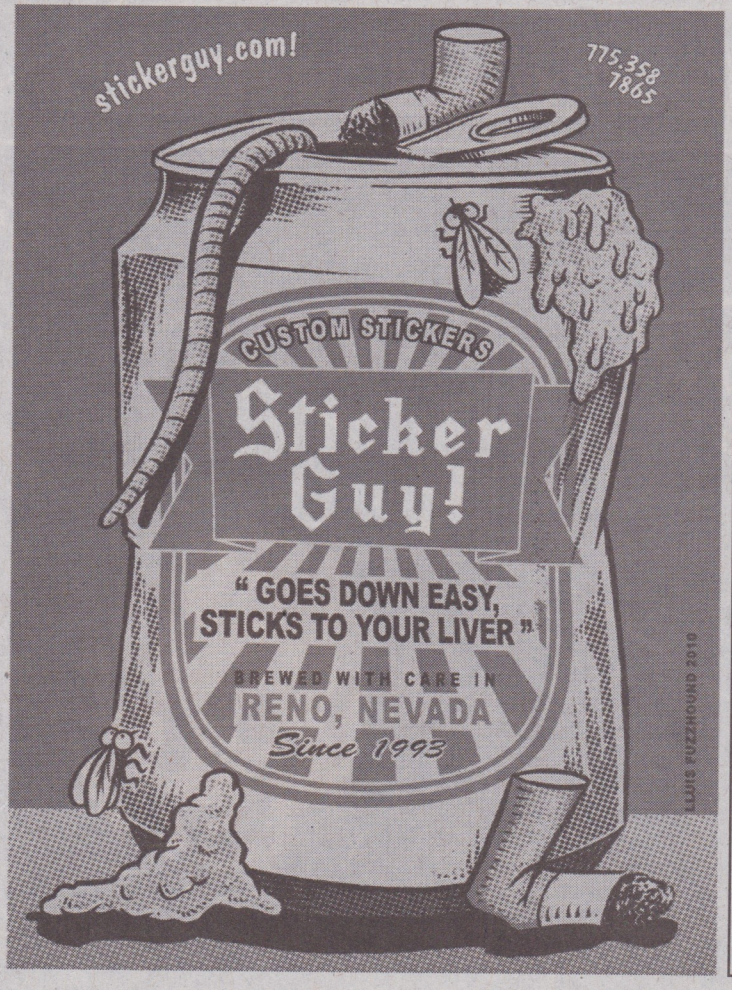
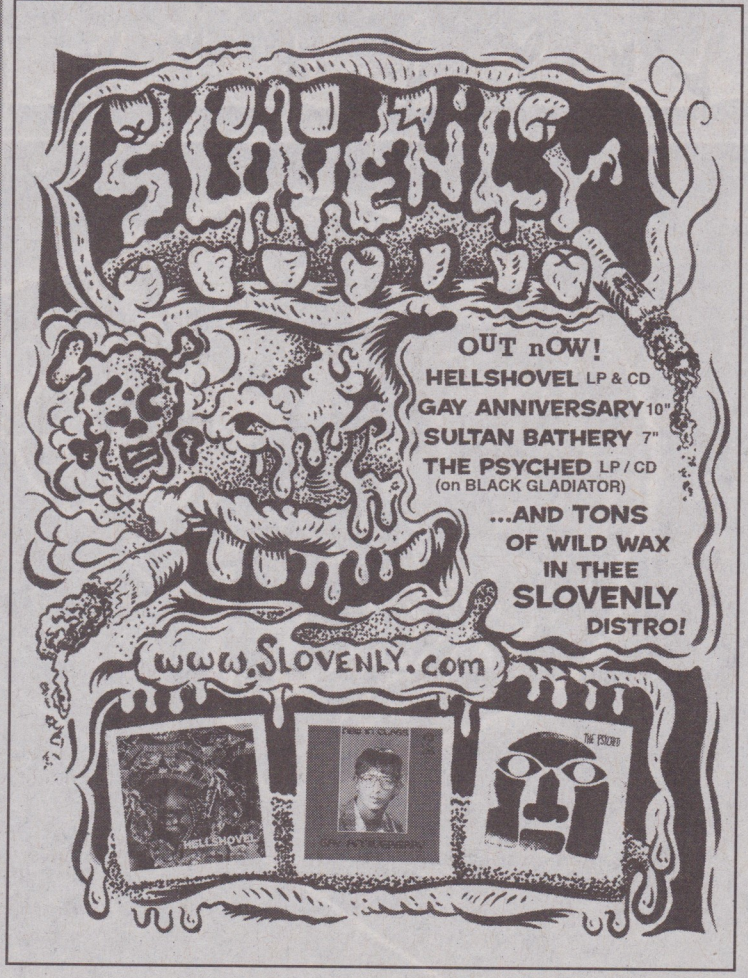




NEWS

CRASS COPYRIGHT COMPLAINTS CLOSE ANARCHO-PUNK.NET

by Donny

Anarcho-Punk.net was essentially shut down on July 16 after complaints were made about copyright infringement by the popular music-sharing website. Southern records filed complaints with Mediafire, a file-hosting service, about seven Crass albums that were available to download for free at Anarcho-Punk.net. Mediafire then closed its accounts with Anarcho-Punk.net, making Anarcho-Punk.net's entire library of thousands of albums inaccessible.

A person who helps run Anarcho-Punk.net wrote Southern records through the Crass facebook page that it operates, looking for clarification. "Crass" (really someone from Southern records) wrote back, stating that it did not want Crass music distributed for free. "Crass" said it felt filing this complaint using copyright laws was the only way to stop Anarcho-Punk.net from continuing to allow people to download these albums. Anarcho-Punk.net responded that it would have appreciated being contacted directly by "Crass," instead of having "Crass" work within a legal framework that negatively affected the work of thousands of bands. "Crass" fired back that it was hurt by some long-running negative sentiments toward Crass and Southern records from Anarcho-Punk.net, and said some things to further antagonize the situation. Hence, a controversy was created that has many punks claiming Crass to be "capitalist traitors" and sell-outs to its anarchist ethics.

This story has spread like wildfire since Anarcho-Punk.net published its perspective on July 18 (you can read it at the following link http://www.anarcho-punk.net/viewtopic.php?f=6&p=61407). Southern records has deleted many negative comments on the facebook pages of operates for itself and Crass, choosing to silence critics, rather than issue a statement.

Steve Ignorant, a member of Crass, has also been verbally attacked for his perceived role in this snafu. Ignorant took a band on tour last year to play Crass songs, which was seen by some as a way to cash in on Crass' legacy. Ignorant maintains that he simply wanted to play the songs one last time.

In an age where almost any band that's ever been a band seems to be reunited and currently active, it can be difficult to differentiate which bands are doing it more because they want to play music together, and which bands are doing it more for the money. In fairness, Crass is still long-broken-up, but Ignorant's recent tour and a spate of remastered bonus versions of Crass albums have fueled speculation that someone is looking to get paid from the legacy of this notoriously anti-capitalist band.

Meanwhile, Anarcho-Punk.net is seeking to make its files available again, but it claims it will need an additional $200 per month to fund a new server. While it admits it doesn't typically ask bands for permission before posting links to free downloads of their music, Anarcho-Punk.net maintains that it has and will continue to remove links after bands ask that their music not be available for free.

There has been considerable contention within the DIY punk world over whether DIY punk music should be widely available for free or not. Some bands and labels feel they should be paid for their work and compensated for their costs. Others are just happy to have people hear their music and spread it around. It's maybe not as ironic as some people think that arguably the biggest anarchist punk band in history is now at the center of this debate. However, it is still unclear as to what extent certain members of Crass—or their record label—are spearheading the drive to use the system they railed against to keep the money coming into their coffers.

Do they owe us a living? It seems it depends who you ask.

SPECIAL REPORT

SUPPORT NEW YORK

Support New York is a DIY collective working in the punk and anarchist communities to heal the effects of sexual assault and abuse. We're a group of friends who got fed up with the way our community handled abuse and we decided to do something about it. After six years of this work we've learned that we, the buddies, the band members, the travel partners, the sexual partners and everyone in our communities, not experts, are the best people to create a safer community. To us, that means meeting the needs of survivors, holding accountable those who have perpetuated harm, and having honest dialogue about our own experiences and our capacities both to harm and to heal.

Interview by Cindy Crabb

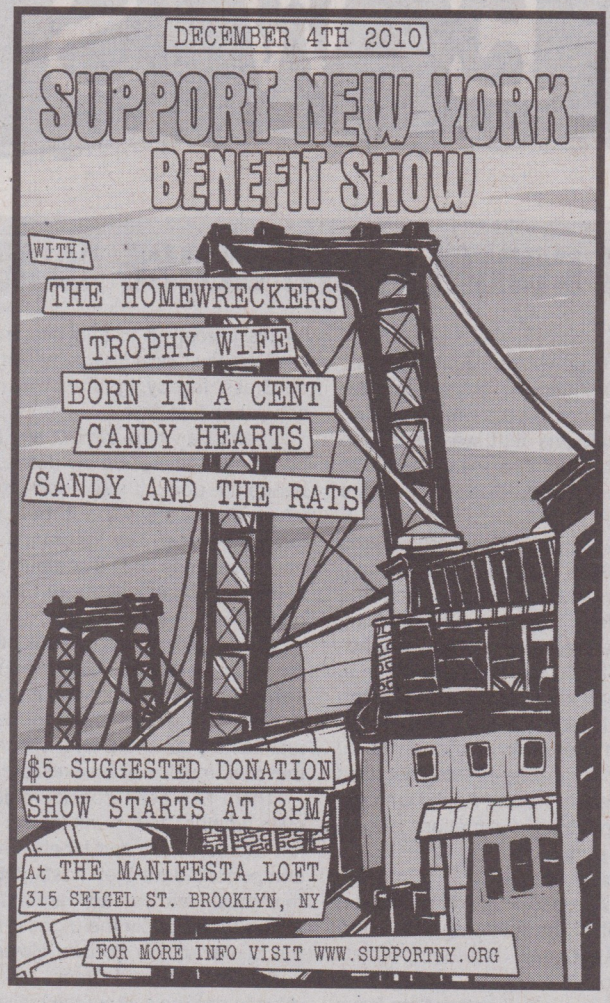
MRR: Can you tell me a little bit about what Support NY does?
Milo: We do survivor support and accountability processes.

MRR: For sexual assault survivors?
Milo: Right, survivors of sexual abuse, sexual assault, intimate partner violence, that sort of thing.

MRR: You figure out what you need to do to support the survivor and set up an accountability process?
Liz: If the survivor wants that. Sometimes people will come to us and just want to share stories, which is a lot of what we do. Other times they want really practical resources, like how to look for local therapists, and we'll help people identify local free and cheep resources. Sometimes people come to us for legal advice and we try to help how we can.
Kat: It's really survivor led. We would only prepare an accountability process if a survivor asked for it. And that is the bulk of what we are doing right now, because survivors have come to us and asked us to do accountability process for someone who has abused them, emotionally, physically or sexually.
Liz: Often when the survivor is trying to regain a sense of control over a traumatic situation, we see a mirroring of the criminal legal system where there are these ripples of retraumatization. There's a bunch of

professionals running around saying that they know more than us. A lot of us are imbued with self-defeating feelings of inadequacy, it's one of the ways we internalize victimhood. One of the ways we can combat that is by helping each other. Talking with friends and finding ways to appoint specific roles is really important in creating that bubble of community support. I like that we put a lot of effort into training other folks to support each other.

Milo: We use a transformative justice approach, which focuses on everyone's capacity to transform from abusive dynamics to more healthy dynamics. The survivor has a process of healing, the person called out has a process to transform their abusive behavior and the community around them has a process to come together to support that change. That's the goal anyway. It's a very positive model and, although we are careful not to tell someone what to do, we have a lot of boundaries about what we are willing to do.



MRR: Why do you think it's important to have groups like Support New York?

Liz: I think it's personal for a lot of people and the personal and the political are always smashing up against each other, but for me, I want to do survivor support and accountability work because there are not a lot of other options. What we often see is survivors getting forgotten about and ignored and left behind, and that's really fucked up. So I feel like I need to do this because I don't see anything else happening. And I think it's important in the larger scale for combating rape culture and combating the secrecy that underlies trauma.

Milo: It would seem like the best people to deal with these things would be the people closest to them, but it is generally very messy. Intimate violence is often enabled by the dynamics that already exist. There's usually not a healthy community situation where if only people knew about what was happening they would do what needed to be done. It usually escalates with this structural stuff–I call it scaffolding–that helps enable the abuse. A common thing is a perpetuator will keep their partner away from their friends, so there are these ways they don't have to be accountable. Generally they don't have a structure to deal with it in their world. So one of the first things we help do is take stock: for example, how do your friends relate to you, and what is going on with your family and community and why is that? We can kind of temporarily hold up this artificial structure of healing and accountability where it's absent.

Kat: We are almost always stepping in at the highest level of escalation. We're usually not called in when things are a little tense and there have been a few instances of abuse. We're often called in when there's a community completely falling apart because someone's been called out and refuses to be accountable. At that point people are usually taking sides and the options seem to be either kicking the perpetuator out or ignoring the survivor. The only thing I see that can possibly rebuild that community is finding a way to both support the survivor and find some accountability for the perpetuator.

Milo: If everyone hates each other at that moment, they don't necessarily hate us, so we can act as liaisons. We can advocate for the communities healing. A lot of people are wrapped up in villainizing the survivor or the perpetuator, we don't have that attached to us, so we can act as a bridge. It really is this temporary place we hold, because we have to vacate eventually after everything.

MRR: Did you have certain training or skills you came into this with?

Everyone: laughs

Liz: One of the things I really love about Support New York is we are staunchly non-professionals. There are people in the collective who are going to school for social work or this or that. But I've found that where I've learned the most is just from talking to people.

Kat: I think I've learned the most from making mistakes and then learning from them. Also, we've all learned a ton from great groups doing transformative justice work, such as Philly Stands Up and Generation 5. There's a lot of amazing information out there.

MRR: Does Support New York mostly work in the punk community?

Milo: Punk, anarchists. More anarchists. We hang out with punks and have processes with anarchists. (laughter)

Kat: It started with more punk processes and expanded into the anarchist community. It's something we talk about a lot; working with a community you're a part of, where you have all these connections and abilities without being too insular. It's a challenge we think about a lot and talk about a lot. We don't want to go into a community that we don't have roots in and tell people what should happen. But we also don't want to be this insular group that works with mostly white, mostly middle class punk and anarchist communities. One way we're working on that is doing more training and outreaching to other people who are starting groups like this.

Liz: That's one of my favorite parts about not being experts. We're able to talk to people and tell them how we do things and they can build on that and expand it to however they need and however is most appropriate for their situation. I think that fluidity allows for really radical change as opposed to having these really formulaic, clinical paths and ideas about how to solve a problem.

MRR: Do you think the work is changing the community as a whole?

Kat: I definitely think people are more aware of intimate violence and people talk about it more and that's a really important change. Also, I believe that emotional abuse is really recognized more. It's something we talk about a lot and have a zine on. It's hard to gauge a shift, but I think the language is out there in a way it wasn't before.

MRR: I've seen a lot of situations that are really focused on demands and not much education about how we create a structure of support.

Kat: Right, there's the old story of the survivor leaving the community because everyone stands behind the perpetuator or has no idea of how to handle it. Then there's this middle story, where there's these really intense public call outs that start with a list of demands, while the survivor is just waiting for the perpetuator to get better and for the accountability team to get it together, meanwhile the tension just keeps escalating and the community keeps splitting. My feeling is that we are never going to be able to undo the abuse that happened or return

things to the way they were, so I see success in the new story as more of a harm reduction strategy, where instead of either person being completely kicked out of this community, we work with the person called out to be as accountable as possible and with the survivor to get as much of their needs met as possible. To me, there are lots of small successes just because the story of how we deal with these issues has come so far from how it was dealt with in the past.

Milo: And there are so many places for success and failure. You're dealing with so many different people and experiences—you have the person who's called out, the survivor, the community members. I've had a really surprising process where the perpetuator was really not accountable. It was a worse case scenario. But the survivor support was so thorough that at the end of it the survivor felt resolved. Likewise, this is even more common—we feel like we've made so many strides with the perpetuator, but the survivor has long since shut down in terms of being open to accountability; because the timing wasn't in their favor, they didn't get the things they needed, in the way they needed. And then there are communities that have learned important lessons, even if the people involved didn't feel resolved. So there are so many places for success and failure.

MRR: Could you talk a little more about the training, or give some advice for other people wanting to start a group? It seems like good friends—that's important to start with.

Kat: Yeah! I want to encourage people everywhere to start these groups. I've moved around a lot and I don't think I've lived in a town where there wasn't some situation where someone was called out and the community was torn apart. Although I feel like it's not ideal to start with an emergency situation, it's really good motivation, so if it's there, I would say use it to start. One thing we learned that's key in this work is keeping the survivor support and the perpetuator accountability processes completely separate.

Milo: One of the ideas for the survivor support is: You've survived this thing and you're outside of it now, but your success and how you feel shouldn't hinge onto what this other person does with their life. You're not responsible to them the same way that they're responsible to you. So we work on separation for the survivor so they don't reduce their healing to caring about the perpetuator, because that sometimes carries on abusive dynamics where the survivor is taking care of the perpetuator and trying to make them be a better person. And as people who do this work, we need separation as well. When I get off the phone with a survivor, I'm fuming. I feel so much for them and if I bring that into a room with a perpetuator, that's just really unhelpful. One of the nice things about the structure of the group is that all of us do all of the work. We all talk to survivors and we all talk to perpetuators pretty much, so we have those feelings and connect, but not in the same process.

Kat: One thing I've seen is groups that start strong, but then fall apart pretty quickly—it's really hard to make them sustainable. So a big part of the work is self-care. The separation piece is something that helps make it sustainable for us. Also, being as good buds as possible, supporting each other—even when we need to step back from the work—and being really honest with each other about how we feel about all these things. Working with perpetuators is definitely a two-steps-forward-one-step-back kind of process, where you feel like you're really making progress with someone and they're showing empathy for the survivor and really listening, and then the next time they're like "well, was that really abuse?". It can be really frustrating and so knowing that's a pattern really helps me out—to know that's normal and there're gonna be these backward steps. Then the survivor process is more circular, where you're going around the same place and you're getting a little deeper each time. You feel like you're getting better and you're completely over it and then it comes around again and hits you. It's important to remember that there's nothing wrong with that. It's a normal part of the healing process.

MRR: What about therapy for the perpetuator?

Liz: One thing I think is absolutely essential is that if someone during a process tries to turn you into their therapist, you just have to have them get in to therapy.

Kat: At the start of every accountability process, we have a contract with the person called out. The contract roughly says "We meet every two weeks, you come on time, we are all respectful of each other and you will get therapy." It's a central agreement that we're all consenting to. Therapy is vital because it's not our job to be therapists. We're not therapists. It's a difficult process. We want them to have our support, but we also want them to have a place to go if they say "my abuse of this person brings up my own abuse." Then we can say, "That's so insightful and this is not the place to talk about it. That's for your therapist."

MRR: It's so confusing to me because I was perpetuator-support for a couple friends of mine who had been called out and I told them they had to go to therapy and both of them went to therapy and their therapists sort of concluded "Oh, that wasn't rape."

Milo: Oh, we get that all the time. People saying "my therapist told me I shouldn't be here." Therapists are generally working to meet their client's needs. So if you want your therapist to not like this process, they're not going to. Just like your friends. You could ignore the friends who are challenging and just find ones who go along with you. So I tell people "There's a reason why all the people around you are expressing this to you. It's because they're mirroring where you're at." This is generally a defensive strategy and it usually shifts as a person becomes more invested in their process.

Kat: Unconditional support is great, but you can't use that to define what the survivor's experience was.

MRR: Do you have readings within the group or readings you give the perpetuator?

Kat: Absolutely. We have a syllabus that we're working on that we hope will help other groups who are starting out—something they can start with and then change for their own. We have a very specific reading list for the entire process. They start with dealing with defensiveness and then various other issues that come up.

Milo: The first section is really just trust building; so there are basic readings on entitlement and we deal with the dynamics within the group and boundaries around how perpetuators discuss their own experiences, how they discuss the survivors experiences and we sort of get to know the lay of the land. Then we usually have one on gender and socialization, then usually something on sexism and heterosexism. What's next?

Kat: Survivor power and control.

Milo: Right; then the body and physical boundaries. We're trying to incorporate some bodywork exercises with that one.

Liz: Survivor empathy is next—part of that is talking about the ripple effect of trauma within the community. Specifically how the lack of community support really increases that sense of traumatization for the survivor. I think that was a really awesome turning point in processes, for people to see that it's not just an interpersonal situation. It's an easier way to understand the larger impact of violence. It usually ends with an apology note, if that's what the survivor asked for, or a note to the community and, ideally, meetings with the perpetuator's community, to give it back to them, saying "this is your continued work now." There's no point where we can say it's OK. You never say that. However, there is an end point for us where we can say that we accomplished A, B and C and we can trust that there's been some absorption of some of the ideas and goals.

Milo: Plus we generally write a letter to the person we worked with in the end, saying, "This is everything we see in you and the good that you've done and what you need to continue doing." It is a snapshot in time and they're going to hopefully continue having a lot of good conversations.

MRR: How long do you usually end up working with people?

Milo: It gets shorter the better we do it!

Everyone: laughs.

Milo: The longest one was our first one; that was two and a half years.

Kat: That was way too long. We're at a year and half at this point and we're trying to get it down to a year. There are also some people who we know just won't be willing to meet. There was one particular person who was not willing to meet more than four sessions. But I felt like at one point there was a moment of success, a light bulb moment, which, in a harm reduction way is what you're looking for. Something is possible; the seeds are taking.

MRR: So if people want to start a group... What do you suggest they do?

Kat: So if you get a group of friends together and you decide to do this, you would hopefully have some pillars, some agreements you all believed in, like transformative justice or whatever else. You want to all be on the same page. When someone comes to you, be sure to focus on the survivor needs. Don't try to fix things so much that you take it out of the hands of the survivor. Find out what their goals are for a perpetuator process and for themselves

Milo: I'd recommend the accountability team check their relationships with the person called out. It's usually not a good idea to be very emotionally invested in the outcome because there are so many bumps along the way in a process and it's way easier to get frustrated if you know this person and you need them to do good.

Liz: We generally recommend that people have three group members to one perpetuator in a process. And the reason we do that is because group dynamic is this precarious beast. If it's one on one, it becomes too much like this really creepy therapy thing and then there's all this befriending stuff and it can get really wild really fast. With two people you get this weird 'good cop, bad cop' thing where one person gets pandered to in a particular way and the other person turns into the ultimate enemy. That third person, we've found, is like a wild card that disrupts all these tendencies.

I also found that boundary setting is so critical when working with folks who have a tendency to break people's boundaries. We set clear boundaries from the get-go that some things are not OK; like being late to the group, handing in assignments late and so on. Things like that are really helpful to gauge when your boundaries are being crossed and whether or not the process is going well. You're not necessarily friends with this person, so you're not seeing them in their day to day life, but if they're repeatedly late to your group or if they refer to you in a language that is uncomfortable, these are ways you can say 'You're not retaining this. You're not listening to what I'm saying. You're coming to this group but you're not listening.'

Kat: The boundary thing is a really important point for both processes. For perpetuators it's vital to keep everyone safe and to keep things sustainable and also to teach them how to respect boundaries. For survivors it's also important to lay down your own boundaries, say "you know, I really can't take calls at 2am. I need to sleep." Not only does that help sustain the support you can give, but it also models the setting of boundaries that is so difficult for many survivors.

Milo: Another technique is making the person in the accountability process do most of the work. I think there's a tendency to try to hand them things and that sometimes replicates abusive patterns. If I say all the right things, it's still me saying it and not them. So within our process, we have them run some of the meetings. They bring the reading and ask us questions. Otherwise it gets mixed up, who's doing this for whom?

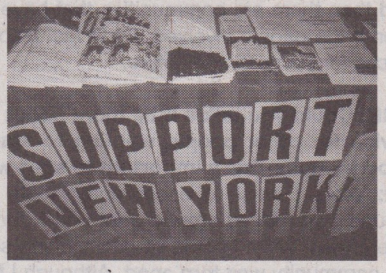
Liz: It's also a great way for the perpetuator to prove to themselves that they're learning things. You only retain a little of what you read, but if you *teach* someone something you retain most of it. It's very different when they can come in and say "This behavior is fucked up for these reasons..." instead of me saying "Don't you see!? Don't you understand!?"

Kat: And it's really rewarding watching people develop that understanding and empathy, and it makes it worth the pain. I've had so many moments where I've actually seen someone get it. There's this turn around where the perpetuator will start from a place of blame, defensiveness and resentment and come to a place of empathy for what the survivor went through. That spark of compassion and feeling for the other person leads to all this positive change, and it's a really hopeful thing to watch.

Milo: At one of the final meetings, someone told me that when they were called out, they were inclined to just push it aside as fucked up drama, and now they see things that were invisible to them. A lot of it is giving people awareness of space that for whatever privilege or reasons, they don't have access to. And although that's hard, generally once they see that, they can appreciate the world in a much deeper way.

Liz: It's a learning process not just for the perpetuator but also for yourself. You learn a lot about your own tendencies and dynamics, because you can't talk about this work or about violence without thinking about what types of violence you yourself have committed. How are you accountable to your friends, your lovers, your family? I think that being really clear in your head about what that looks like to you is really hard and a huge thing. By doing processes, you do get more insight in to your own bullshit and you can be working on those things in tandem and holding yourself up to those standards. It's really difficult but really powerful.

Kat: And finally, I would like to tell people that they can always email us. We would love to talk to anyone who would like to start a group or wants more information on what we do.



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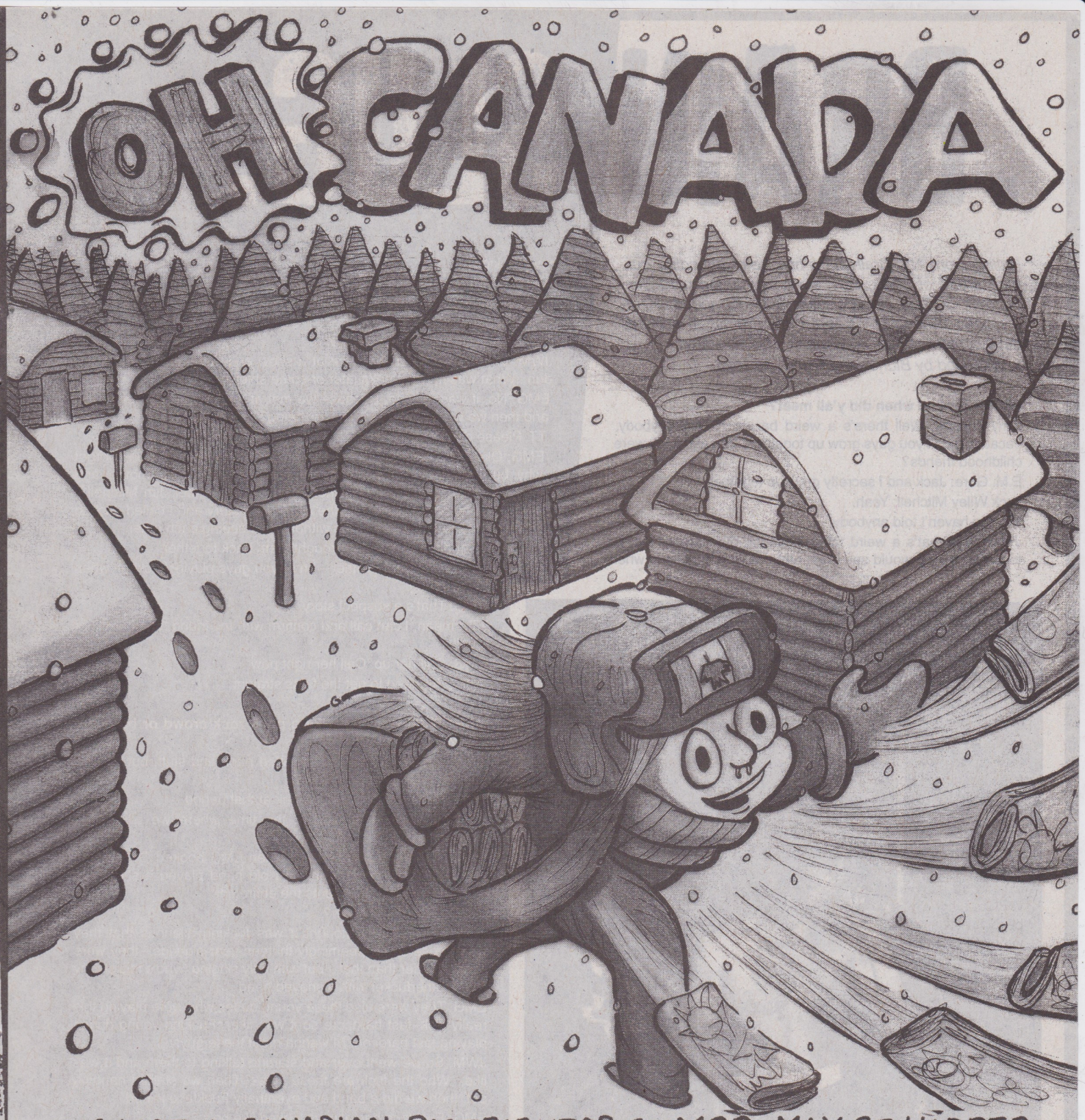

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.BRAIN SLUG.

Hailing from NY, Brain Slug has been pounding out their brand of bleak, frustrated, fuzz laden hardcore for fans of East coast classic '80s HC sound. Here the band talks to MRR *about their formation and the development of their ugly, mean, chaotic sound.*
Interviewed by Bidi C. and Black Out Mike.

MRR: How and when did y'all meet?

Tony Toupee: Well there's a weird backstory to everybody, because didn't you guys grow up together? You and Jack were childhood friends?

E.M. Gore: Jack and I secretly grew up together.

Jack Wiley Mitchell: Yeah.

TT: You haven't told anybody?

JWM: Well that's a weird thing, because our parents worked together. So we would see each other at work functions where they had kids.

EMG: And we're the same age, so...

JWM: So we would hang out at picnics and shit. And my Dad claims we did a three-legged race.

EMG: He *claims* he has pictures of it.

JWM: Then, years later, we were at a show and just talking...ba-da-da-duh...What was it, two weeks later or some shit?

EMG: No, it was a while. Because we met at a Celebrity Murders show and then we were chilling, you know, being bros and all.

TT: Please don't say "bros."

EMG: Okay, we "became friends" for a couple months and then, I forget why, but I mentioned "my friend Jack Wiley Mitchell" to my mother and she was like, "Jack Wiley Mitchell? Do you remember Jim Mitchell?" and I said no and she told me the whole backstory and I called Jack to confirm. We went like ten years without ever seeing each other.

Fuckface: And then hardcore brought them back together.

TT: You and your brother—I met you guys playing kickball when I was young.

EMG: That's a suspect story.

TT: I mean, I can call and confirm with my friend. I can give her a call.

EMG: Call her up. Call her right now.

JWM: We need to get the facts straight.

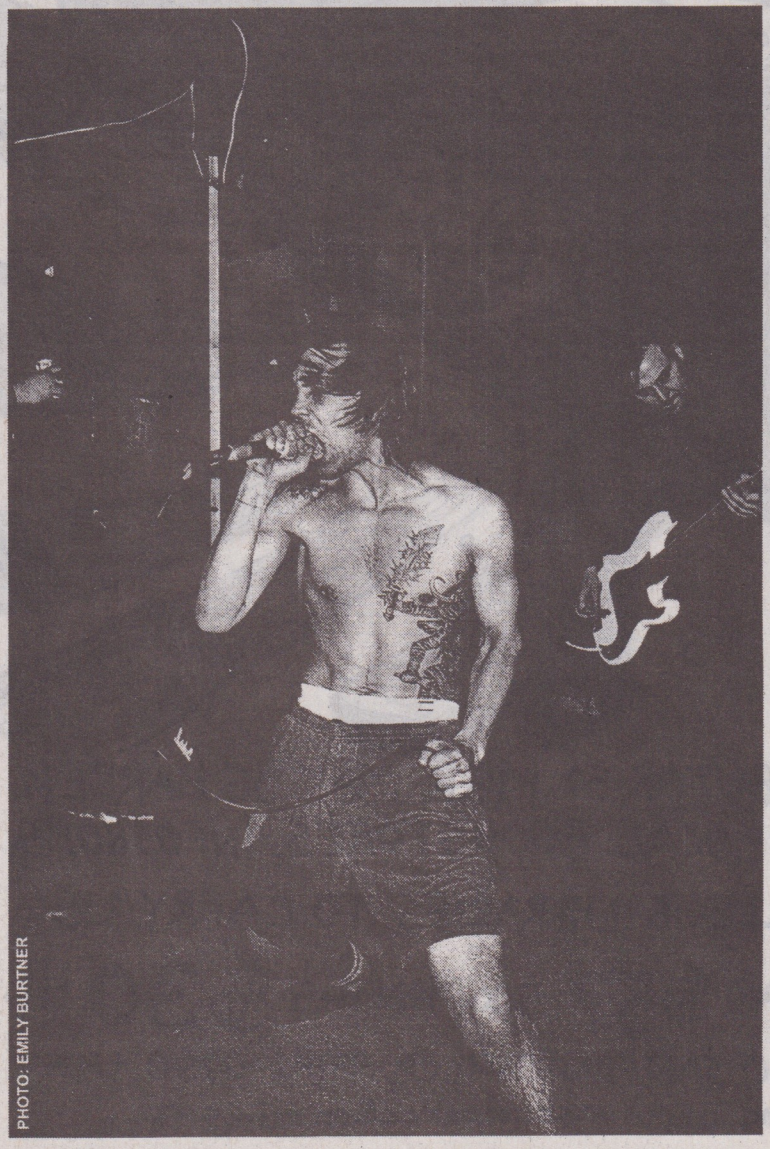


PHOTO: EMILY BURTNER

MRR: What was that, like a punk rock crowd or hardcore kids?

TT: It was like townies. They liked punk and stuff, but not like how we are, or how I am now.

EMG: I was definitely not a punk at that period.

TT: Yeah, I think it was at the time where we all started discovering it.

JWM: We met Fuckface back when EMG booked Tricked Out and that's how I met them. His old band played a show and talked in all English accents the entire set.

FF: Oh was it that show?

JWM: Yeah, and I thought it was fucking hilarious that they were these small, seemingly thirteen-year-old kids—they were actually older than that—but with Billy singing, who's this skinny little motherfucker with a shaved head.

EMG: They were also these young dudes who were playing this really sick, fast hardcore so it was like, "Fucking young dudes playing fast hardcore? I wanna meet these guys."

JWM: So we went over and starting talking to them and it was like, "Who the fuck are these kids?" Then we started hanging out, then we did a band and eventually Fuckface joined.

EMG: Fuckface has always looked like he's 35.

JWM: Or fourteen.

FF: If I shave my face I look like I'm fourteen.

MRR: So you guys all are from Long Island and have definitely been listed on local flyers as "Long Island hardcore." It seems weird since you seem to have more of an amalgamation of Boston hardcore and '90s NYHC sounds. How do you feel about being classified as "LIHC"?

FF: I'm okay with the label of LIHC, obviously because we're originally from there.

JWM: Really? I feel the exact opposite.

PHOTO: JOSH SCHAFFER

FF: Yeah, I guess I feel like it's okay to rep us as LIHC, but we are also a New York band.

TT: I'm fine with our band being the representative of Long Island on flyers, because I *want* our band to be the representative of LIHC because everything else sucks. So, if we *are* the one good thing that supposedly comes from Long Island that would be cool. So we're LIHC for the fact that we're the best LIHC band hands down. But the NY thing—it's all just location. It doesn't really matter.

JWM: The flipside for me is that I don't like being called LIHC because you automatically assume things about that. So for someone who hasn't heard us, they just think we sound a certain way. That's why I like the general New York hardcore label, because that encompasses so many different things, so many different time periods. Like when you hear NYHC, you think Agnostic Front, you think Warzone, you could think Sick of it All, you could think fuckin' Madball, you can think of all these different things, and you can't focus in on it. People always think like Silent Majority, but we're the complete flipside of that.

EMG: When people put on flyers "Brooklyn hardcore," that just drives me crazy because I don't think we have any kind of "Brooklyn sound" and we only have one member that's actually from Brooklyn. Then we've got somebody from Queens, we have someone from Nassau County and we have someone from Suffolk County. So when people call us "Long Island," sure we've got people from Brooklyn and Queens, but those are on the island. I think it's very rare for people to refer to a band as being NYHC or LIHC when referring to their sound. I don't think we sound anything like a straight NYHC band or Brooklyn hardcore. To me it's just a location thing and for me we just default to NY because we're spread out. What are we gonna say, "We're four counties hardcore?" We should start saying that—it's actually kind of cool.

TT: Fuck that. That's a bad idea.

MRR: Is there anything you try to convey in your songs? I like that you mention NY a lot, it seems that it's definitely seminal in your music. Is this a general theme in your music? Is this peaceful style resonating throughout your music? Is it just a mechanism for catharsis?

EMG: I think lyrically I don't have any kind of whole overarching… thing. I'm not doing a Ray Cappo kind of entire dogma of thoughts and feelings and beliefs that are all tied together. I think that every song I pretty much just write about a different topic that just sort of randomly fits in some sort of way. But I try to stay away from being really blunt about my belief system or how I really feel about anything other than just really basic emotions. Because I don't want to put something out there that's a really deeply felt belief of mine, that the rest of the band isn't into, because the band isn't about my belief system, it's about us as a whole. Lyrically I write things that these guys can also relate to and in most cases I think they feel the same or would back me up. They've never come to me and said, "Yo, you can't put that out there."

JWM: His lyrics make me think, too. Remember we had that conversation about "My Rites"? We had a whole conversation about being afraid of death because I always say as an atheist that the only thing I fear is death, because I feel I want to keep living, I'm enjoying life, whatever. And Drew has this whole thing where he doesn't fear death because... Well, you should explain it.

EMG: Well, the exact conversation was about Jack freaking out online looking at conspiracy theories and end of the world theories. He was like, "This shit could actually be real."

JWM: It definitely is real, by the way.

EMG: And I am with Jack in the belief that crazy shit could go down, like conspiracies and whatnot, but I'm comfortable with people saying the world's gonna end in 2012, for me there's a certain level of comfort in that whole thing. I'm not trying to be a hard guy, but number one—only death is real and I'm not really scared of death because I personally feel I live my life by a sort of code of ethics within myself and my principle concern is staying true to that. Then whatever happens in my life I have a certain comfort that I've always stayed true, so to speak. [laughter] Always talking in hardcore-isms...

MRR: All right, this is one using your taste buds and your ears as well. Describe your sound using foods.

JWM: Oh shit. It's like a jalapeño pepper with rye bread. Jalapeño peppers, Alpine Lace cheese.

TT: It's a fuckin' bowl of spaghetti! It's your mother's fresh meatballs! It's great!

EMG: Jack really hit the nail on the head. It's like rye bread.

TT: How'd he nail it on the head? How the fuck do you nail that on the head? That's crazy.

EMG: Nah, really it's like rye bread, some Swiss cheese, a tomato in there, jalapeño as well and then you just fuckin' grill that shit. Right? Bam!

JWM: Bam! That's it!

TT: How is that it?

MRR: Fuckface, you don't see that?

JWM: What is it, then?

FF: Is that where the pupusa thing comes in?

EMG: No, you're right! I mean that's definitely how the drumming is. The guitar work is definitely a pupusa. I would say so.

TT: Why is that?

FF: It's cheesy.

EMG: As far as the bass playing is concerned, you ever see—

TT: It's like a lot of pierogies and kielbasa.

EMG: You ever see the movie *Demolition Man*? All right. When they're in the underground and Sylvester Stallone eats a fucking rat burger? That's the bass playing right there! It's some nasty, dirty shit, but it's still delicious. As far as vocals go, I'm not gonna say because I do the vocals.

TT: It's like a kale salad with lemon juice and flax seed crumpled up into it.

MRR: What are the NY bands you guys are most psyched about right now?

EMG: We're all pretty into what's going on right now.

TT: Overall, everything, in a real way. Everything that's coming out of NY right now is really exciting and really interesting and pretty different from every other band. Even if it is a raw noise punk band, hardcore punk, or otherwise. They all sound pretty different from each other, but collectively all the bands are good and are releasing things of substance and so NYC on the whole is really interesting at the moment. Other new bands outside of NY I'm kind of unsure of, maybe out of the loop I guess. Like New Jersey's good, too. Altered Boys and stuff? Ugly Parts is really good too.

EMG: I just got that Nuclear Spring demo tape. It's super good.

MRR: So, do you think of hardcore as more of a way of life? Like a 24/7 thing?

FF: Hardcore's meant for the nighttime.

PHOTO: ADAM JURESKO

PHOTO: ARION TOLES

TT: No, no, no, no, no! I'm saying performing and going to shows. I don't wanna go to a show in the daytime. I don't wanna play music early in the daytime. When the sun is down, the volume turns up and you shred.

JWM: That's right, that's right.

MRR: All ages matinees for instance, though. You guys wouldn't?

FF: I don't think our music would fit.

TT: I think we would do it. If we got asked to play a show at ABC, I'd be down to do that, because it's a legendary space and it's cool to be a part of it.

FF: Well, yeah...

TT: It's just not gonna be as fun or—there's a potential for it to not be as fun as some late night, rowdy fucking scenario.

EMG: I would like to introduce as evidence the Breakdown video in Tompkins Square Park. Broad daylight and one of the sickest sets I've ever seen.

FF: But that's Breakdown!

JWM: I mean, c'mon.

TT: One day we'll be at that status, but as of right now we're not there yet. The only time I feel normal is past eleven pm.

EMG: And, by the way, hardcore is a fuckin' lifestyle!

TT: Yeah, yeah, yeah...

EMG: I have seriously been thinking about this lately because I have a "normal" job, I guess. I deal with normal all the time and shit—dudes who are seriously into hardcore to the point where it's a lifestyle for them—they seriously do function differently than normal people. We do shit and act certain ways and just have ways of acting towards people, that when it gets taken to "normal" life, people are always either really confused by it or they're really appreciative of the values inherent in it, ya know? I've just been thinking lately about how happy I am to have found this in my life, because there are a lot of people out there that could use some Youth of Today records in their life just to inspire a little bit of honesty.

JWM: (laughs) "Honesty!"

EMG: A little more straightforwardness, a little more, "pick yourself up and get the job done" when the world is bearing down on you. I just feel like I meet so many people who are non-hardcore types who just have no core of values.

TT: Unintended.

EMG: Yeah, but they have no strength inside of them or set of values that they use to "stay true," so to speak and shit.

JWM: You're dropping like every quote! (laughs)

EMG: I'm sorry if this shit sounds cheesy, but like I said, more people need some Youth of Today records in their life!

MRR: I understand that. So "the spirit remains." (more laughter)

EMG: You could say that "the flame still burns."

TT: This is perfect.

EMG: I could do this all day. What's the next question because "We Gotta Know."

MRR: How do you guys go about your recording? Do you save up a budget and split everything evenly when you do stuff like this?

FF: He records it.

TT: Yeah, Jack.

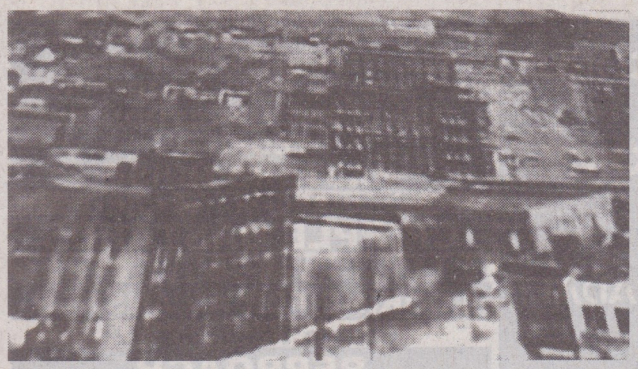
MRR: You do all your recordings?

FF: DIY.

TT: This is all internal.

JWM: It's too annoying to do it with other people. I mean, maybe it's not, but it's just so much easier to say "We don't have a good schedule. Ahhh, we gotta do vocals." Maybe we can't just go to a studio for an hour, so sometimes it's good to just have the mobile shit.

FF: I don't wanna name people, but there are certain bands that record with certain people for a certain sound. Bands like



"so and so," and bands that are affiliated with that scene, go to certain people for a certain sound that we don't want anything to do with. So we go with our own guy.

TT: Which is Jack.

FF: Yeah, because he knows what's up and we don't wanna do that other shit.

EMG: Well, hold up. 'Cause I don't like to say that we want nothing to do with that, as much as that we don't want to sound like every other band.

TT: Creative control.

EMG: So we don't want our production values to be exactly the same as other bands. Despite the fact that I think we all agree on that, the shit that we're talking about does sound cool.

TT: Yeah, we just want to do it on our own.

EMG: It's not that it doesn't sound cool. It's just a little overdone.

JWM: When you start doing that shit, it just becomes the thing that you're doing. You hear that recording. It's not like you hear the music after a while.

EMG: Too many people rely on that.

JWM: You put it on and you're like, "Oh, that shit's blaring out" and you focus on that rather than the music.

FF: Like, "Cool effect on that dude's voice" instead of "Oh, that's a good song."

EMG: It's super easy to be a hardcore band and get specific production values. You can have any song you want if you put those production values on it. People are automatically gonna think it's cool.

MRR: So you had Don Fury master it?

EMG: Yeah, but we want to make it clear that we did not put his name on the record to try and rep him for some reason to get attention.

FF: Because you'll see a record and the sticker on the cover will say "Produced by Steve Albini, who recorded Nirvana." I'm not gonna pick this up just 'cause I saw that sticker. I wanna listen to the music. And we try and stay away from that. We're trying to focus more on the music itself rather than the name-dropping or the cool things people claim are going on.

EMG: Jack's in this other band Everything Sucks and had worked with Don Fury before, so he knew Fury would do a good job. That's why we chose to go with him, because we knew he'd do a good job and do what we wanted him to do and, ya know, make it sound hot.

FF: He had known him, so it just worked out perfectly.

JWM: And he knew the style of recording I did, because we did two releases with him before that. So I said, "Yo, I got this new band that sounds more like the shit you recorded in 1980 and I think you'd be perfect to master this." He just said, "Lemme hear it," and that was basically it. It wasn't like we were trying to gain notoriety from a name; we're just giving credit where credit is due.

MRR: I wanted to ask about that song "Crunch Time." It definitely channels SSD for me. What's it about exactly? I just want to give you a little side note—I can't understand any of the words you are singing, so this is actual ignorance when I ask you.

EMG: I wrote the song immediately following an incident in which some douchebag was trying to provoke me into a fight, because he thinks that he's this tough UFC fighter type guy, wearing TaouT shirts and shit, but he's really just a fat loser. I basically took the high road and didn't get into a fight with the guy, didn't let him push me into doing something that I'd wind up regretting and I wrote a song about it because being tough is cool and fighting is cool, but you know what's really cool? Being a prince of peace is cool. And that's what that song is about.

MRR: That's really funny because that song's so violent sounding!

JWM: I have it in me to fight you, but I'm not gonna give you the benefit of actually taking it there. What do you say at the end? "I'm the farthest thing from tough, but I've had enough of you." It's like, if I reach that breaking point, maybe I'll get there. But I'm trying not to do that for both of our sakes.

PHOTO: SARAH COULTER

MRR: Nice, a well-rounded band with heads on their shoulders. It's good to see that people still have this simple way of life, but an abstract way of thinking about things. All right guys this is officially O-V-E-R. Thank you, *Maximum Rock'n'roll.*

TT: I wanna give a shout out to Reed, Ian, Adam, Hardware Records, NYHC and punk as a whole.

FF: Shout outs to Greg, Kiran, Nihal and DJ Vic.

TT: Keep it freaky. True real shit!

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Frozen Teens

Minneapolis' Frozen Teens have been honing their melodic, straightforward and infectious punk for a few years now. In the beginning they tossed out their self-recorded, self-released demo tapes to anyone who wanted it, but many times the listener was treated to a blank tape with a spray-painted cover, since the band often forgot to actually dub the music onto it. Last year, they put out two perfect songs on a split 7" with Street Legal on Shut-Up records (still available).

Early in 2012, they released one of the best LP's of the year (in my humble opinion). Perfect punk that is melodic, distant, dark and engaging. Pick one up from Do Ya Hear We or Mauled By Tigers and see for yourself. This interview took place in a bar in Minneapolis on a cold February night a few days after the release of their LP.

Interview by Julia Merle-Smith and Shivaun Watchorn. Photos by Julia Merle-Smith, Ryan Maddox and Adam DeGross.

MRR: When and how did Frozen Teens get started?

Ski: I think it was in 2009 in the summer.

Will S: Right after Ski and my band Cortez the Killer had broken up.

Wil O: We started as Will Can't Ski, then Will to Power…

Ski: Wil Olsen and I were already playing with our friend Casey and he was going to move.

So I said, let's get these two Wills together and start a new band.

MRR: Have you guys all known each other for a while?

Will S: Uh, Wil and I actually met at our first practice.

MRR: What other bands have you guys been in?

Will S: I've been in Cortez the Killer, I'm in Brother Nature and Wisconsin Nightlife right now.

Wil O: You Can't Win and before that Dear Stabby.

Ski: I've been in a million bands: Cortez the Killer, Dead Lights, Dirt Yard, Hello Shitty People, Shit Splits, Deuce Boldly (another Minneapolis band), Totally Chaos, Future, Dogs.

MRR: Can you talk a little about your records, the split 7" with Street Legal and the LP you guys just released? Can you talk a bit about the process of getting those recordings together?

Will S: Originally, before that, there were the Gas Money Demos, which were just two CD-R demos we took with us on tour.

Wil O: Yeah and they were all blank.

Will S: Yeah, we're cursed.

Ski: Those we recorded by ourselves in the basement, just on a four-track, with just one microphone.

Will S: A lot of those first songs were ones we'd been working on with our previous bands. I guess there were a couple new ones right away. The next thing was the split 7" with Street Legal.

MRR: How did you guys hook up with them?

Will S: I guess we met them through Cinque.

Ski: Well, Dirtyard played with them before Cinque was in the band in Kansas City. I guess I met George and Robin that way and then Cinque moved to Kansas City and joined that band. Then we decided to go on tour together. Our friend Brad Lacky from Shut Up records in Portland wanted to do a Street Legal record. He heard us and said, "I want to do a split with you two guys." He's an old friend of mine and Cinque's from Florida. We got together with our friend Matt Castore in St. Paul, who has a studio in his basement called A Harder Commune Studios. We recorded four songs, two for that 7" and two for a local compilation, where they only ended up using one song.

MRR: *Punks Win* compilation?

Will S: That was the first time we recorded with Matt. We all worked really well together and we could tell something was budding there.

Ski: We got to know each other better. Matt is a really quiet guy. He started to get more open to how we thought and how we explained what we wanted to record. The LP was the longest recording I've ever worked on personally. I think I'm most happy with it. I think it came out exactly like we wanted it to sound.

MRR: Did you start Frozen Teens with any bands in mind that you wanted to sound like?

Will S: No, I think all of our influences were so different. Probably still are.

Ski: I wanted it to be more vicious than Cortez the Killer, because that was a real a pop band, which was very fun, but I wanted it to be more vicious. (Laughs all around) I don't know what the word is really—efinitely darker, more minor chords.

MRR: You just had a record release and the show was awesome. Can you tell us any cool things about that show?

Wil O: Yeah that was really fun.

Ski: A lot more people than I thought turned up..

Will S: Cool things?

Ski: We got to see Nature Boys again, who are really good friends of ours from Kansas City. All the bands were really good. We did our show at Modern Times Café, which is a new, locally owned cafe here that I work at. It was kind of out of necessity because we couldn't find any other place, but I'm really glad we did it there because it's a very community oriented place. It felt really comfortable and people could bring their own stuff to drink and hang out and there weren't any weird bouncers or bar scene. It was a really diverse crowd for Minneapolis. It's nice when that happens.

Will S: It was a really great turnout for an early show, which can be tough to do sometimes.

MRR: So it didn't start earlier because Ski has a baby? (chuckles all around)

Wil O: Actually there were two other late shows that night.

Will S: Yeah, Luc Parker, who had his birthday that night, had planned his birthday show and called me a few weeks ago to say, "Uh, so could you guys maybe reschedule that?"

Ski: Nature Boys had already planned on coming out to do it, so it worked out pretty well.

MRR: Do you guys want to talk about getting together with Do You Hear We and Mauled by Tigers?

Ski: I used to live in Gainesville, Florida and made a lot of friends in Chattanooga. That friendship has lasted for twelve years. They have a label now called Do Ya Hear We, which they started and wanted to do a 7" with us. My friend Jesse Jane who does Mauled by Tigers and whom Cortez the Killer met on tour and become friends with, wanted to do a 7". She went to Chattanooga and they were all like "Well, why spend all this money for

two 7's with a couple songs? Why don't we just get together and do an LP?" They asked us and we said okay.

MRR: Did you guys go on tour recently?
Will S: We haven't been on tour in about a year and some months, just with Ski adjusting to fatherhood and I've been doing a lot of other things.

MRR: Ski, what's it like to be a punk dad and play in bands too? You and Stella were in Dead Lights together?
Ski: It's awesome and it's really hard. Actually she hasn't really been playing a lot of music since then, because it's a lot harder for her. It takes up a lot more of her time. We play about twice a month and practice once a week. It's hard to do that, I work full time. When I'm not working I have to give Stella a break and balance that with doing a band too. Being in a band is like a relationship also. (Huge laughs all around). You have two relationships and a kid and a house.

MRR: How do you drum for so long and so fast?!
Ski: I don't know, I'm crazy. I've been playing drums since I was thirteen. I taught myself. It's the way I get out a lot of shit.
Will S: I've been playing drums since I was 1thirteen too and I'm not any good.
Ski: Yeah, but you're a good guitar player, I'm not. In our first year as a band, we went on three tours, pretty much the entire United States. In our first year we probably had fifteen songs, I've never been in a band that's that productive. The last year for me has flown by really fast. I'm in baby zone.
Wil O: I miss going on tour.
Ski: I'm most happy when I'm on tour. Everything seems to just go right. Even when shit's going wrong, it's better than clocking into a job. You have a goal at night, you have to get there and play a show, then you have to get up in the morning and I can clear my head and drive all day. You get to hang out with your friends all over the country. And you get to see the country. It's great.

MRR: A lot of your songs are written with Minneapolis in the lyrics. What is it about the city that triggers you to write about it?
Wil O: I think there are only two that say Minneapolis in it. (SH: Hah!) It's weird that they would end up on the same record and somebody would notice. I grew up on St. Paul and started hanging out on the West Bank and going to Mala's and stuff as a teenager. Which is probably when I met Ski. I remember you seeming friendly. I don't know, there's a lot of really cool stuff here that doesn't exist other places.
Ski: You never really lived anywhere else.
Wil O: Yeah, I feel like most people my age have messed around and seen other places.

MRR:
Well, I know you
maybe lived by the train tracks
down by the river, a couple years ago?
SH: Are you a cop or something? Strike the record.
Wil O: No, that was like a camp, campfire thing... I don't know, it's frustrating being stuck somewhere...

MRR: Reading the lyrics, especially to "Hopeless City," it sounds like you're not wanting to be defined by where you are, but at the same time making the best with what you have in the place where you're living.
Will O: Yeah.
Ski: I feel like that's good advice anywhere you live. You just need to live wherever you are. And try to enjoy yourself. What else are you doing, ya know? It sucks to be down all the time, you got to find things that make life bearable.
Will S: Unless you live in Reno, Nevada. Then get the fuck out.

MRR: So that seems like a theme with the LP?
Ski: I feel like we didn't set out with a theme; it just kind of came through. That's a thing with being in a band, the longer you're around, the more you end up defining yourselves as a group, even if you're not trying to, it just comes together, all the personalities and different outlooks.
Will S: We noticed the other day that there are a lot of "religious" words in the songs.
Ski: Not on purpose, just if you read the song titles in a row, you think "What kind of band is this?" But we are not religious.

MRR: And is it Wil and Will who write the lyrics?
Will S: Ski's got a couple songs that he wrote.
MRR: Who is the song "She's Cute" written about??
Will and Ski: Uhhhhh. That was originally a Cortez the Killer song.

MRR: Was it written for the ladies?
Will S: It was kind of just a joke. We were at the Fest and I wrote this stupid love song.
Ski: You know, you do a bunch of drugs with your friends for three days, watching bands constantly, you start to get a little delirious.
Will S: Your heads swimming with mermaids and tigers.

MRR: So back to references about Minneapolis and Minnesota. Does that have to do with an investment in the local scene? Do you guys have an ambition to also get out of that and tour, be part of the larger scene?
Ski: I think we already have. I think it's all interconnected. To me the punk community is my culture, that's my life. I've been doing it since I was a teenager and touring. I had been in high school and really into Chickenhead and now I'm friends with most of the members of Chickenhead. It's things like that, which make you realize, it starts to become more of a smaller world when you start to branch out and everybody's traveling. We all get together for different things around the country. Not necessarily things that have to do with punk music but it's like the rock that brings it all together. It's definitely like a culture. Minneapolis has a really diverse scene and it's all based on punk music. It's really cool. That's why it was so cool to see so many different people at our show last night. That doesn't happen very often. We've toured three times and I know a lot of it was kinda new to you guys [the Wills]. I know a lot of people doing the shows were good friends of mine.

Wil O: It was really fun because it's a lot of people who have been playing for a long time and who I idolized as a teenager and now we're playing shows together and staying at their house—it's really cool. I wonder sometimes if the same long-standing connections will happen in the digital age... (Tape gets fuzzy with background noises)

Ski: That's interesting because we would maybe converse through e-mail with a lot of the people I met, but there were lot of phone calls. The way we would find out about music was through the mail, like *MRR* and thank you lists on records and stuff like that. I would get into a band and read their thank you list and see which bands they thank. We had a punk house in Fargo, where I'm from, and we did a show for a couple Minneapolis bands and then they gave our number out, so then we had a couple Havoc or Profane Existence bands and then they gave our number out and so on. There used to be a publication called Book Your Own Fucking Life, which was really useful. That was pre-internet, when *MRR* would publish that. Anyone could send in like "Hey I live in Fargo, North Dakota, we have a house and we're doing shows, here's our number." And yup, that's online now.

Will S: My first band went through that.

MRR: How did you guys come up with Frozen Teens as the name? What does it mean? Is it a literal or more universal feeling of angst?

Ski: I think it's both.

Will S: Who thought of it? Sarah P. thought of it.

Wil O: The other members of Dear Stabby used to call me a frozen teen.

Ski: We were just at my house coming up with a name. Coming up with a name is the hardest thing as a band.

Will S: Yeah, at the end of the night I think Wil left and Sarah was like, "Frozen Teens!"

Ski: A light went off and we're like "that's the one." Or at least it's better than anything else we had come up with.

Wil O: The day of our tour kickoff show for our first tour, there was a story in the Star Tribune [local newspaper] that two frozen teens were found in a pond in Fargo.

Will S: I've always associated it with the literal meaning because that happened all the time in Fargo to college students.

MRR: What do you guys have next?

Ski: We are gonna do a seven inch with Starcleaner records. It's two songs. It's the cats from Shellshag's record label.

Will S: I think we are five or six songs away from another full length.

MRR: Any tours coming up?

Ski: Maybe a couple small ones this summer. Here and there.

Will S: There are a couple things brewing.

Ski: It's still hard for me to go with the baby.

MRR: Come on, punk baby tour. I'm sure you have babysitters all over the country.

Ski: Then these guys would have to deal with the baby. I don't know; we're all in a relationship together remember!

Rachel Stedman

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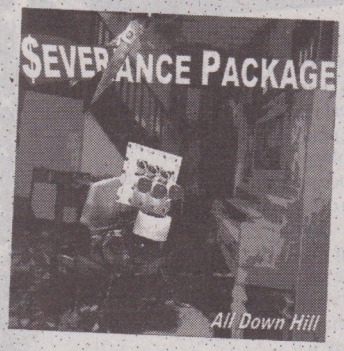

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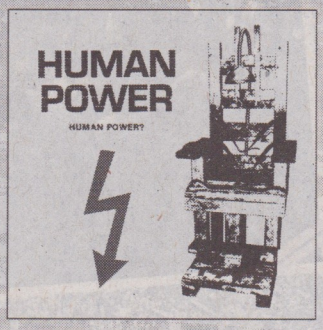

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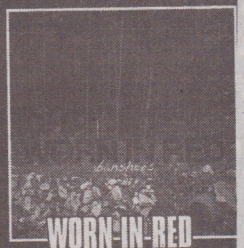

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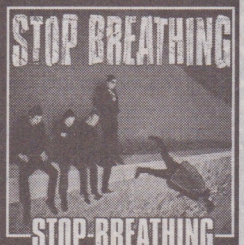

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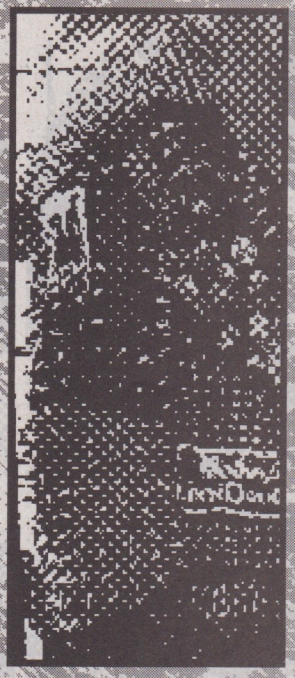
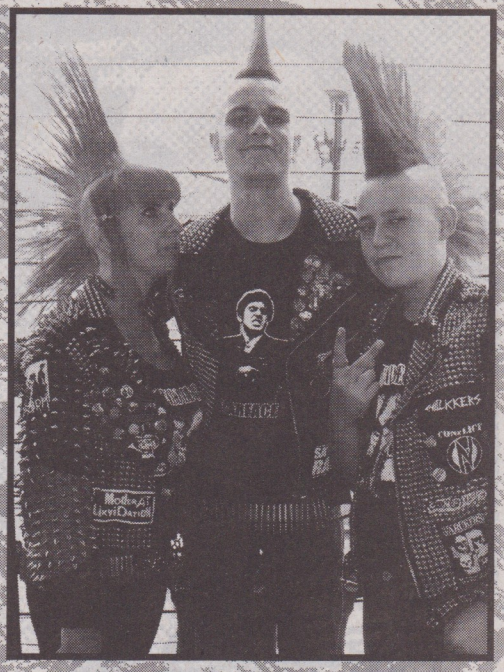
Rawpunk from São Paulo

LUTA ARMADA

Interview and photos by

[Nene Altro]





***Luta Armada** is a Dad, Mum and son who play fast raw punk music. Besides playing, they run a punk house, help raw punk bands on tour, run a studio for newer bands and make a zine. I spoke to Jaaka and I'm happy to present to you one of the most active punk bands in São Paulo.*

MRR: Well, let's start talking about the Vidativa Collective, the punk house, Casa Punk Resiste and of course Luta Armada.

Jaaka: Luta Armada (Armed Struggle) was formed in 1996 by Jaaka, Renato and Luis, who are from the punk scene in eastern São Paulo. At the time we were just three kids with no recourses, but were eager to make a fast and heavy sound which (besides the characteristic visual image of punk) became the "brand" of the band. At that time is was uncommon for bands to play with low tuning and get off the stage and get involved in the chaos that happens during the pogo. We were known in the local scene for our ability to create a lot of mess and noise in fifteen minutes (laughs).

We had many different backgrounds and each member had their own values and contributed to the band in their own way. In 1999 (with Jaaka on guitar and cries, Fredii on bass and Marcia on drums) the band released its first material as a raw punk group with the self-titled K7 tape and a 3-way-split with Atrocidade and Pós-Guerra. Then in January 2000 the band released the K7 tape *Rawpunk As Fuck*. Some of those songs were later re-recorded for material in other albums ("1999" in *12 Songs With No Fucken Guitar Solos* and "Suburbio" in *Rawpunk 4 Life*). In 2004, Marcia started playing bass, C.L. joined on drums and with that lineup we released the *War Songs* CD in 2006. This was the first material with the Casa Punk records logo on the CD (Brazilian edition). The songs from this session yielded several contributions to compilations in Europe, USA and Asia. It was definitely our primary release to that point.

After C.L. quit, there was a rapid departure of two other drummers (Paulinho and Luis ex-Ódio Brutal), but since 2010 we have been pleased to have Gordinho, our son, on drums, "the rawpunk mascot ZL" (laughs) and former drummer of the band Estado de Guerra. In the beginning it was a bit strange to play as a family. I felt like ABBA or some backcountry people (laughs!), but we were without a drummer and he wanted to try. Nothing makes us more proud than to have our own son in the band. With this lineup we recorded the 12 Songs With No Fucken Guitar Solos (a split with Gordinho's band Estado de Guerra) in 2010 and Rawpunk 4 Life (this is a French release and not yet released in Brazil).

The band members do all the work. It is the essence of DIY. From fixing the instruments to the construction of 4x12 cabinets, to loading gear for tour, the t-shirts, patches, stickers, recording and the release of the records. When we have no resources to achieve what we want, we make it ourselves and that is what keeps us active as a band, as punks and as human beings. With calloused fingers on the rusted string, until the heart stops beating, vibrating every punk shouted chorus ... We're STILL PUNX!

Vidativa was a collective and punk fanzine created from the ashes of CPAF in 1997 and had as its goal to maintain the objectives of the previous group, which included improving culture and politics, as well as the exchanging of information between local punks. Within the punk house, the Vidativa Collec-

tive functioned as a study group with the punks choosing a theme, organizing research and exchanging information. There were lectures in this space, a library, a fanziteca, plus access to punk music (at this time there was no mp3 or internet). From the meetings and discussions started the fanzine of the same name as the collective.

Casa Punk Resiste (Punk House Resists) was the punk house created in Poa, east of São Paulo in early 1999 with the purpose of housing the punk musicians of the group, who months later would form the "rawpunk" sound. A number of punk bands practiced at the house initially, including Luta Armada, Pós-Guerra and Atrocidade and later bands like Likainen, Boots and Bristles and Dislove. Fanzines were also created and edited there, including *Toskeira, Abiose, Musta, Vidativa, Another Punk Rock Day*, etc. Also, Casa Punk promoted meetings, lectures and debates about politics, punk culture and so on and the space also served as a distro by distributing materials from Pau da Lääska distro.

MRR: How did the idea to start a punk house come about? How does it work today?

Jaaka: The idea arose from the need for a space for meetings, small lectures, video shows, bands and testing production of zines, made by our raw punk collective. We already made use of the space since 1996/97 for meetings of the defunct collective "Ação Libertária", but only in 1999, with the collective Vidativa, the place came to be called Casa Punk.

After four years of activity and the end of the collective Vidativa, we switched to using the space as a place for bands to test raw punk. The meetings and other creative productions continued to happen, but not on a regular basis. In 2004 we opened a rehearsal and recording studio. I am a former musician (it seems like a joke) and CL (drummer for Armed Struggle at that time) was also, so we gained a quick reputation as a good studio for heavy bands and started working commercially (as a form of subsistence, informal work) with bands from other genres, as well as continuously recording punk bands for label releases.

As a label, Casa Punk continued the work of the defunct "Pau Da Laaska" (stamp that we kept from the mid-'90s), and since then we launched our own albums or bands of our friends, always in the most simple and sincere spirit of "do it yourself". Besides the label, Casa Punk also helps with the organization of punk events and the distribution of T-shirts. The space and activities are run by members of Armed Struggle with the support of other members of the raw punk scene.

MRR: Before I even knew the work of Casa Punk Resiste I heard talk of Chaoz Day. What was Chaoz Day?

Jaaka: We organized a festival in 2006 with bands from various places, the capital and interior, São Paulo, and from other states. We chose the name of the festival because of the big mess that punks do around the world. "Chaoz" written with the letter "Z" is deliberate, a statement of the organized mess of punk culture. The festival was so successful and had an impact so great that it gave us the idea of an even bigger festival, lasting three days, for the year 2007.

The proposal was first a compilation CD with ten bands, followed by a show (two days) and one day just to socialize, with 24 bands, shows videos, fanzines fair, lectures and camping on site. The compilation CD was recorded in the studio of Casa Punk (no recording costs for the bands) and released with the pressing costs divided among all participants. For the event we also decided to hire a crew to transport the equipment from the studio to the venue in order to later release a live DVD collection. This edition of Chaoz Day was talked about worldwide and was being considered (even by *MRR*) as the biggest punk event in South America that year. Unfortunately, to the despair of everyone involved, the event was vetoed by the DECRADI (the police anti-gang conflict department) and the site was sealed four days before the date of the show. The shutting down of the event was based on allegations of "incitement of intolerance," which were rooted in some episodes of death and assaults involving punks that had happened about a month before the event. Remember that none of the organizers of the Chaoz Day were involved in such unfortunate episodes.

Our organization (Casa Punk) had to be responsible for all expenses that had already been hired (the venue, security staff licensed, artwork, etc.) as well as reimbursement of ticket sales and legal expenses. You try to organize a structured cultural event and it ends with the police on your doorstep taking you to the police van, while worrying for the unsuspecting punks from other states and countries. After this "thwack on the back" (not only financial but also emotional—working 11 months for an event and have it canceled four days before the event), we decided that in the years following, the concerts would be low-key, which actually happened through 2010. In 2009 we launched a second CD collection (*Chaoz Day Vol. 2*), this time with 11 bands and the same standards of the 2007 edition. In 2011, was the first time we took Chaoz Day to other states on a mini tour (seven shows), with Luta Armada and the Bloodclots (Seattle, USA). We are planning to continue organizing Chaoz Day festivals and to launch a three-volume CD collection in the near future.

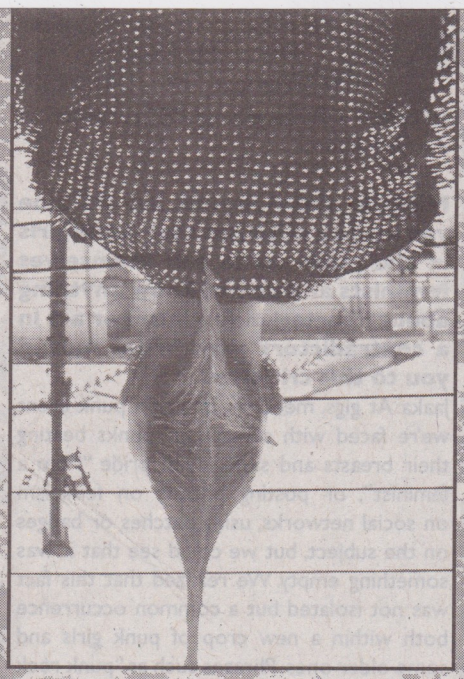
MRR: In the *Rawpunk Sub #3* zine you make a criticism that some girls in the punk scene call themselves feminists and do not know anything about libertarian feminism or act in a contradictory way. What moved you to this criticism?

Jaaka: At gigs, meetings, or just a punk event we're faced with several girl punks beating their breasts and saying with pride "I am a feminist", or posting photos on feminism on social networks, using patches or badges on the subject, but we could see that it was something empty. We realized that this fact was not isolated but a common occurrence both within a new crop of punk girls and some older ones. Phrases such as "punk rock panties" and wanting to rely on feminism for intrigue; famous ideas like "sexual freedom" is what many girls thought of as feminism. The article "Feminism in Reverse" wanted to bring the questioning/dialogue to the forefront, instigating girls to read and deepen their understanding of feminism. Nothing is better than knowledge. The aim of criticism is the search for self- improvement and self-knowledge, the desire for quality not just quantity, an exploration of what's going with feminism in the national punk scene. We need new blood in the punk culture. Certainly, if there is no new punk culture it will die when the old punks die.

Punk girls are now so present in our country, before there were only a few in all Brazil and could be counted on your fingers. The internet and easy access to information helped bring girls into the punk culture, but many are lost without a goal and are only a cliché. If you want to be a feminist, then you *really must be a feminist* in your day to day life. Feminism, as well as all processes, involves change, developments, contradictions, advances, setbacks, disappointments, joys. In theory it will always be easier to talk than put in practice. Criticism is an incentive to change habits. Libertarian feminism helps promote the very question of equality among human beings.

MRR: How do you see the punk scene today in São Paulo? What do you think are the best things and what can be done to improve?

Jaaka: The punk scene in Sao Paulo is undoubtedly the largest in South America and one of the largest in the world (behind only a few locations in Europe and USA in terms of output). Always shows, always someone uneasy in a room writing a fanzine, a lyric, or organizing a cultural or political event. We have contacts with various groups and gangs of friends and are sometimes surprised to



get five or six flyers for a concert the same weekend. We have the internet, which on the one hand is harmful (info provided too quickly, without accuracy), but on the other hand offers quick contact between those who seek productive communication whenever something good happens (the *PEST* zine is a good example). You can always improve. We believe that episodes of violence and intolerance should end and it comes from the general sense that we should approach those who have different affinities, rather than stay separate. What is a scene of 5,000 worth if everyone is an enemy? We would have 5,000 different scenes, but none of which would be strong enough to stay alive, structurally, politically and culturally speaking. If you completely turn away from mass society and everything associated, the punks in the scene are not given the chance to become and conscious and better people. Do it real!

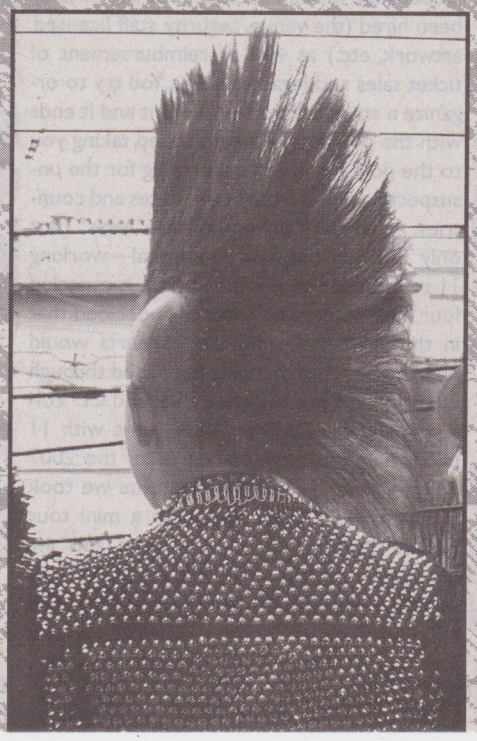
MRR: Many people criticize raw punk for defending the visual culture of punk music above all, and I've read in your zine that this caused a split between groups.

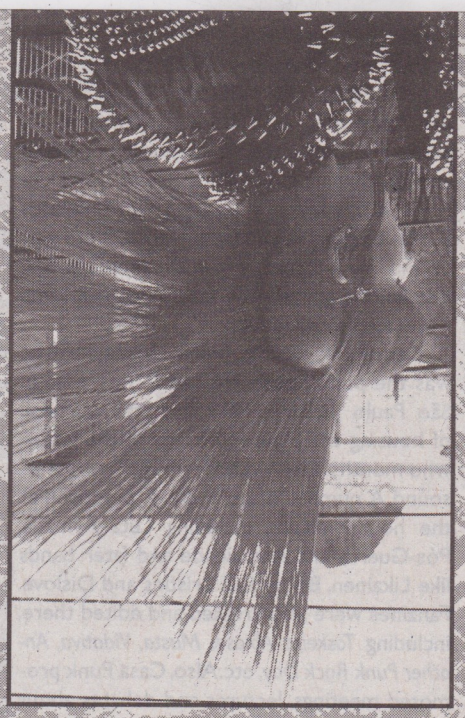
Jaaka: It is a complex matter (laughs). Some people believe that to dress punk, spiky hair and wearing jackets, is part of adolescence and are shocked to see punks with "day-to-day responsibilities." I am 30 years old; Marsha is 39. We work seven days a week. We maintain the house and raise a son (our drummer). We have problems and responsibilities as any human being in the "fucked up, poor third world." By no means would most others give up their lives to be like us. I can say that someone living as a spiky hair "megatrópe" among the sub-rational masses of São Paulo suffers at least twice the social prejudice compared to other minorities. The prejudice is straightforward and transparent, to do with being "different."

When we speak of the proportion of the punk scene that keeps the visual punk characteristic, it is very low. Some left the visual side due to social discrimination, others never dressed the part so do not feel the desire. But there are also those that are troubled by the "visual punk characteristic," stating that the visual has become too large and repetitive. In my view such "statements" are incorrect. Just go to the Season of Light at peak times and count how many punk characters are there. In contrast, there is no shortage of people in "shirts and wide pants" or "jerseys of football teams" (garments common in São Paulo punk shows).

As I say, everyone can be seen how he or she chooses. Countless times we heard statements like "punk is not music," "punk is not visual," etc. Saying what punk "is not" seems too easy, but if you ask the same individual what "is" punk, the answer will certainly be a political buzzword, which itself does not define a culture or set of habits. In conclusion, some are dressed in green, others blue and other have jackets with rivets and it shouldn't bother anyone. After all, going to a punk show and colliding with a mohawk is like going to a nudist beach and being upset with the old man sitting naked (laughs). We dress as we are and as we feel and everyone is doing the same (punk or not). Bothering with the approval of others regarding their dress is somewhat futile and childish. And for those who say, "Punk is in the mind," forget it, after all no one deserves to live under arrest!

MRR: If someone wants to record their band at Casa Punk Resiste studios or wants to participate in the events you organize, how should they proceed?





Jaaka: The Casa Punk studio (where every release of Luta Armada is recorded/mixed/mastered) started its own label in 2006. It is also open as a commercial recording studio (not only for punk bands or bands with releases). With respect to punk bands who want to have their material released by Casa Punk please send a demo to our physical address, Luta Armada, Caixa Postal 25, Poá/SP, CEP: 08550-970, Brazil or via email: casapunk@hotmail.com. The bands that participate in our events (shows, zines, etc.) are mostly our friends' bands, but we also give opportunities for new bands to play live. If you are interested in participating in any of our events get in touch. New friendships are always welcome.

MRR: What are the future projects of Luta Armada? Leave a message for the readers.

Jaaka: I will take this opportunity to thank you, Nene Altro, for the support, friendship and the interview. The punk scene needs new blood and the diffusion of music and materials like this are what help keep it alive. Readers know that we are here to contribute and not divide, we see many good punk bands and many who are starting on the road with long years ahead. We will support them by going to gigs, buying their materials, publicizing materials, meeting and making new friends. Do not be disheartened by the lack of convenience. You can be punk for life. Punk culture is much more than words!

About our future plans, we are finishing the mixing of a split CD with the American punk band the Bloodclots (five songs from each band plus one bonus track). We are looking for a partnership to launch the CD *Rawpunk 4 Life* in Brazil. This year we will launch a new volume of the *Chaoz Day* compilation and a new edition of the fanzine *Rawpunk Sub*.

5 THINGS TO KNOW ABOUT BRAZILIAN RAWPUNX

(as answered by Jaaka)

1. What is Rawpunk is Brazil?

In the simplest form, Rawpunk is a group of punks in eastern São Paulo focused on cultural production, who encourage the appreciation of punk as a culture. Rawpunx eventually formed groups in other localities of São Paulo, as well as in other states, who try to produce together and keep newsletters about their respective scene/locations.

Within the struggle, we act as a family, benefiting from friendship and fellowship among the "group members" (if one of us has a problem then everyone has a problem). Clearly, poetically speaking, it all sounds like mere rhetoric, but the fact is that in a modern society (and often within the punk scene), where basic values such as friendship and respect are forgotten, it became difficult to find loyal and sincere friendships. Rawpunk is my family. Within it I found friends that I know I can trust in any situation, whether it is going to a concert or hours of "raising a wall" in the Casa Punk. We are "one family" forever.

Rawpunk as a philosophy believes and maintains its culture through *passion*, not just a as matter of being punk, but to maintain a sense of being and feeling. Categorizing punk as a "youth movement" is somewhat bourgeois or religious, as is summarizing punk as a "mere teenage phase" within the context of the modern capitalist cycle: birth, playing punk (laughs), work, have children, grow old and die. Some of us Rawpunks are 30 or 40 years old and have children, work from Monday to Friday and still maintain the "visual characteristic," with bands, zines, organizing concerts etc.. Some "pseudo intellectuals" critique Rawpunk as being a cliché/caricature, but compared to other cultures, there are similarities. If a native who maintains, distributes and appreciates their culture (clothing, food, dialect, arts etc.) is worthy of applause, then a punk who does the same also deserves respect.

2. What is the difference between Rawpunk and other punks?

There are numerous groups of punks, each having their own importance to the scene, objectives, affinities and peculiarities. Roughly speaking (keeping with the topic of the previous question) Rawpunk is a group of suburban punks who work to spread punk culture in all forms (including sets of habits and not only art) and steams its collective "code of conduct" around the evolution and survival of these values. In comparison, some other groups of punks (not all) have political objectives only. However, remember that we do not believe in "absolute truths" and thus do not support any type of segregation (within or outside the punk scene). We all live well in any environment, where there is respect and tolerance. If we divide society by lack of affinity or inconsistency, we would be left with not even an atom.

3. Are the Rawpunks political? What is the connection within the Rawpunks and the anarchist culture?

Any minority group that remains alive when confronted with the imposition of social standards is a political participant. This is no different for Rawpunk. We are libertarians in our daily habits and appreciate reasoning and questioning. Politics is not simply created from group of "books with phrases" and it certainly is not created in the rooms of city hall or the senate. Politics exist in daily life; it begins at home and extends to working and choosing between buying or making something of and for yourself.

4. How was Rawpunk born?

In the late '90s in São Paulo there was a decline in events associated with punk culture. At the time, punk was also not using many of the visual characteristic and even the music itself was losing its value, as it was replaced by other genres that had more political questioning in their lyrics. The zines had less artistic content, both in terms of reviews and interviews with punks and with drawing/pictures that related to the origins of punk. Some zines even replaced that type of content with political philosophy. Punk was being "politically corrected," with some groups focusing on joining with groups of non-punks and participating in "social integration" (adaptation of habits to facilitate socialization with various political organizations).

In 1999, after numerous discussions among members of the "Casa Punk," we decided to keep our work focused on political issues, but these would be in the form of "social intervention" (instead of adapting or adjusting to other groups). And so we decided to form a new "dimension" that included politics, but focused on the production and dissemination of the raw (root) punk characteristics, with the goal of returning value to punk culture. The name "rawpunk" (raw punk) served well to guide that goal.

Note: The name was inspired by the Swedish term "råpunk" (the same translation) that refers to bands that play simple punk music. The term Rawpunk is still used to categorize the musical genre but after the creation of the group mentioned here, it is also associated with them.

5. If I want to learn more about Brazilian Raw Punk, whom should I contact?

Today, the fastest way to initiate contact is undoubtedly the internet, through Casa Punk Records at casapunk@hotmail.com or by contacting the band at lutaarmada@yahoo.com. Also available is the online magazine, *Rawpunk Sub* (the 3rd edition has a detailed article on rawpunk), which you can find at www.issuu.com. For the more "traditional" and those that prefer the "romance of the post office queue," our address is: PO Box 25, Poa/SP, CEP: 08550-970, Brasil.

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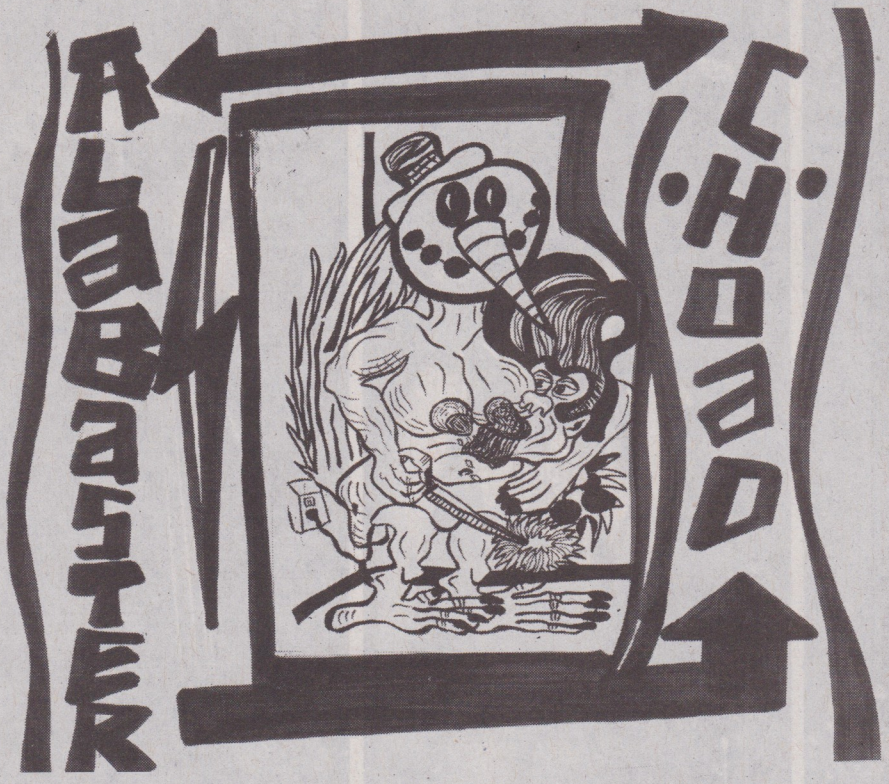


ALABASTER CHOAD ARE A SAN FRANCISCO QUEER NOISE PUNK BAND WITH A PERVY DARK DOG FACED HERMANS SOUND. I INTERVIEWED FOUR FIFTHS OF THE BAND IN APRIL IN A SAN FRANCISCO ACCORDION REPAIR SHOP.

INTERVIEW BY DAN GUDGEL
PHOTOS BY VICTOR ANDREWS
DRAWINGS BY ORSON WAGON

MRR TELL ME YOUR NAMES AND WHAT YOU DO IN THE BAND

Orson: I'm Orson Wagon and I play upright bass. Electric upright.
Andrew: Andrew Wingler, I play cornet.
Crissy: I'm Crissy and I play drums.
Orson: Sy will be here in a minute. She's one of the twin singers. And Mason is the other twin singer. I don't think he's going to make it here tonight.

MRR HOW DID YOU ALL START PLAYING TOGETHER?

Crissy: Orson basically put the band together about two years ago by stalking me at my job at Rainbow, selling me zines right out of his hand. Stalking Andrew and just kind of getting us all together and then having us play.
Andrew: We already had a show. We had a show before we had a band.
Orson: I was already playing with Mason, the singer, and I brought Andrew in, then stalked Crissy. I just knew her at Rainbow and heard the style of drums that she played. Everyone was afraid to stalk Crissy, but I'm not afraid to stalk her. We all played together and then I brought Sy in. Sy and I have done a lot of projects before, like murals. We were also in this project that was a performance art music project. Barry Fembot and Iraya gave us a space to start off, which was really kind, as we probably wouldn't have been able to do it without that. Everybody was really broke.
Crissy: Oh, yeah, I forgot about that practice space. That was really cool.
Orson: It was very cheap; it was like nothing. So we were really helped along the way. We had our first show and it was great and it was fun. We met some other bands, like Creamy 'lectric Santa. They became our friends. They got us a show and then I don't know where our second show was.
Crissy: The Luggage Store. That was our worst show ever. Was that what we said about it?
Orson: Oh, I think the Stud was the worst, when the amp blew. The amp stopped working because of the bad electricity. I think it's haunted there. I knew that I wanted to play upright bass and that was sort of gonna be interesting. I don't always play through distortion now, but through distortion and tube amps and Pogs and everything, that it would just be this strange instrument. And it would be different than a regular bass. I actually like upright better, and then I liked the twin vocals. Andrew playing trumpet is like, I guess Andrew is like the guitar. We don't have a guitar, we decided we didn't want guitar.

MRR WHEN PEOPLE ASK YOU WHAT YOU PLAY WHAT DO YOU SAY?

Andrew: We don't really know what to say.
Orson: I think it's demented scum rock, but I don't know...
Sy: I liked when someone called us a weirdo pervert band.
Orson: We're a weirdo pervert scum dub band.
Crissy: It kind of depends on whom you're talking to and you can kind of get a read on what their cultural contact with underground stuff might be. So sometimes you might say art rock, to some people I say we're punk and to some people I say we're like pervert transsexual underground scum dub. Whatever. So it depends.
Andrew: I've always felt like our songs are sort of ordained somehow. They come out very, very quickly. It seems like San Francisco, like the Bay Area, deserves it. However well we do, there's a place for us. I really don't think a lot of people are filling that place. It's like we're hanging on to the shreds of scummy San Francisco. And I think we're definitely hanging onto it, but we're also creating something new.
Orson: Yeah, Andrew and I, we've been here for a long time.
Andrew: Twenty years.
Orson: We're kind of like mold that's just sitting around the city and they can't get rid of the mold.

Andrew: I walk around San Francisco, looking at it and constantly thinking about what it used to be like, and what kind of people used to be walking down the streets, and it's a completely different place. It's like the same buildings are here, but you know, it's a new generation and it's a different kind of music scene, but it seems that no matter what show we play or what I think it's going to be like, I'm always really happy about it. It's always really fun, if it's like ten people or a hundred people, all those people have a really good time, which is why I've always loved San Francisco, because I knew so many happy people, even if they were miserable. They were always happy together. So, that's still going on.

MRR I SAW YOU PLAY AT THE CRYSTAL HEART WAREHOUSE LAST DECEMBER AT A KILLED BY QUEERS TAPE RELEASE SHOW IS QUEER CULTURE OR IDENTITY IMPORTANT TO YOU DOES IT INFLUENCE WHAT YOU DO?

Orson: For me, being queer is a big part of my life, though I've been out of the closet for several years. I'm 47, I know so many kinds of people, genders, sexualities, I don't care. I just care if they have something good to say, or a good thought in their head, or they're nice people, not total douche bags. And what I do in my own bed is my business. I don't really feel all the time that I, as a bass player, am fully coming from just that aspect. I didn't really know if I enjoyed a lot of queer bands that were out there in the '90s. I really didn't think I liked a lot of the music that was coming out of the queer culture. I went to go see bands for music. I want to be a musician. I don't want to be known for being, "Oh you're queer, so there, it's your ticket." No, I want to be a musician and I want to be a good one. I love being who I am. I'm very alive and in my life as a queer.

Crissy: I feel that way too. The queer musicians that I like don't necessarily make their queerness underscore their whole message. The extreme example is, like, Pansy Division, who I don't care for at all, because there's just no depth to it. I sort of feel like most of the queer music, particularly the queer punk, queercore stuff that I've encountered, I didn't find much substance to it beyond that. That really turned me off to it. I think that it's a dual thing because I think it's an important part of existence—I think it's good for us to be showing off that we're a really queer band.

Orson: I think lyrically we do show that off.

Andrew: Somebody at one of our shows recently said that, and they prefaced this with, "I hope this doesn't sound corny," so I kind of had this feeling that it was kind of a heart-felt thing, anyway, they said, "Your music's really gay." And I think that's because it's very extreme, but it's not macho. It's very exciting but it's not tough. It's hard as hell, but it's not a pose.

Orson: You're making me think of one good gay band: Limp Wrist. That's a very good gay band.

Andrew: But, the way that our songs come together from every single person participating in it, is really just every single person participating in it, and nobody being told what to do, which is basically freedom. That's not the process of being together as a band and practicing and everything that you have to do to stay alive, be human beings together. But while we're playing the song,

it's freedom. That's also part of the anarchy that we experience. Because on my part, I'm not a trained musician. When I hear Mason and Sy's vocals at some points, what I imagine and what I feel is that they're screaming and falling off a cliff. So I play "falling off a cliff" at that part. I think that's what people experience. Not being told. It's not like we're telling people, "This is how we are and you should be like this, everybody rah rah rah." We're actually just doing it.

Crissy: I think in this day and age it means two different things. It means associated with queer culture and gayness and trans and whatever, but also just your mindset. Nowadays it seems to mean more how you think about things.

Orson: I think it's a word that's been used for a lot. It needs a new word, because I don't actually feel like I'm something else, but I can't, I won't, put a label on it. I don't really like identifying with things, at all. Identify with nothing and you can be much freer. I hope to never get put in a box. I mean, queer is a sexuality, a mindset, or a fashion. It's a vague word.

Sy: Well, it used to be a sexual thing and then it became a political identity and now it's a fashion. So it's all those things in a lot of ways.

Crissy: A lot of things go through that same kind of arc, it seems like.

Sy: Yeah, it's true. It's time for a new word, because it's gone into the fashion realm. That's unfortunate. I think queer people have different ideas than straight people in general. I think it's probably a very important aspect of our band, that we are all different ages and some kind of queer, because that means that we have compounded more ideas. I think that's really cool.

MRR WHEN YOURE WORKING ON MUSIC WHAT MATTERS TO YOU DO YOU PAY MORE ATTENTION TO THE SOUND THE CONTENT OR IS IT THE PRECISION FEELING MESSAGE?

Sy: Different songs start out in different ways. Sometimes they start with something Crissy or Orson cooked up and then we figure out what to do with it. Or sometimes it starts with some words Orson came up with, or an idea for a song.

Andrew: It's complex in the sense that it's a little movie or something, like a movie-song. I've seen a lot of them start from a few sentences that are written on the wall that somebody thought was funny. It's definitely, definitively, visionary. They just seem to know about this song. Like they built a house, you know? And I basically show up and paint the house or something, but the house is built. When Crissy and Orson and I are playing, I feel like it's the three of us keeping this alive, in a very classic sense, like a jazz sense, the three of us keeping this thing together. Then these two vocalists do something, it's very much like we're backing them up, but it's a very intrusive backup. I feel the trance that they're in and also the way they don't choreograph their movement or anything like that.

Sy: Except for the "Suck a Cop's Cock" part. We did choreograph that.

Andrew: Really?

Sy: I mean, we try to.

Andrew: I almost never see them when we're playing. I see Crissy and I look at Orson sometimes and I maybe see some audience, but I have my glasses off a lot and I don't see. Then I see photographs, or a video, or whatever, and it's like a completely different experience because you it's like a sideshow that's going on and I'm missing it. There's a lot going on up there.

MRR WHEN YOURE SETTING UP FOR A SHOW IT FEELS A BIT LIKE AN ORCHESTRA TUNING UP HOW DOES THE PHYSICAL ACT OF PLAYING IN FRONT OF PEOPLE WORK INTO YOUR EXPERIENCE?

Andrew: They call it sports.

Orson: Sports and recreation. Like football.

Sy: To get ready for a show I'd want to get some good stretching in, jumping rope, do all these push-ups and stuff. Get kind of pumped up, you know? I definitely feel like it's not right if the song's not really grueling or something. It just doesn't feel right if you're not exhausted at the end of the set. When we were first playing, we would kind of just play and play, until we were all exhausted, which I think used to take longer. But it definitely feels really important, like it's pouring it out of ourselves, in an intensive way.

Andrew: I feel like we all try, we all give 100%. So when a song's done I can feel that we're all taking a rest for a second. I think that's part of what the audience experiences. It's kind of like a big ordeal and we all try to do the best job that we possibly can. We never play the same set twice. We just always work on a new set, so some of those songs are a challenge. Each one of us has a part that's really hard in the song, that's hard for us personally.

Crissy: I'm glad you noticed the kind of ceremony/cult aspect that we have. What I like about it is that there was always the kind of idea that in underground music people are supposed to be approachable and they're supposed to be like regular people. I feel like we want to have both. We're approachable, nice people, but we also have this stage show and we sort of have this frame around it that we're doing art, we're doing a performance. So I like that we can try to have both of those things, like performer-wall thing. But also, you know, we get nervous. I think part of the ceremony that we do at the beginning is just nerves.

Sy: Well, I know for me, I like singing in the Choad; I feel like I'm tapping into something that's not in my body. I'd say that getting ready is more about being prepared for this weird thing to come out of me that doesn't really feel like it's me. And just trying to somehow focus my body and to be ready just to hold that and let it come out. I don't get nervous because I'm not really trying to do something that's hard. Because it's like it knows what to do, I just have to be ready to let it out. Andrew: Yeah, it knows what to do.

MRR YOU PUT OUT A RECORD RECENTLY HOW WAS THE RECORDING EXPERIENCE?

Crissy: I don't think we were fully ready to let other people into our creative process. When we had people come and listen to us who were gonna be prospective people to record us, a lot of times they would be throwing in ideas and stuff of what we should do and what we could change, and I think it made us pretty uncomfortable to start. And then actually going in and taking all the music apart just made it feel really unnatural, but it all came together and I'm really happy with the record that we made. But I think that it almost messed up the band a couple of times and I think it was because we weren't ready for that experience and how different it is from playing music at all. It's so different.

Orson: Oh yeah, it's such a learning experience. I thought since I'd been in a recording studio as a bass player, I kind of thought I knew what was going to happen, but, no, I didn't. You think of producing and you think of not producing and then you think of hi-fi, lo-fi, what is that? We took this studio because it had two-inch tape. It did make the record warmer and heavier.

Crissy: And I think we also just didn't know what we were doing...

putting it out ourselves. It would have been so nice if we'd had a little indie label who could have said, "You need to do this thing now with this person who is good here and not a junkie or whatever." That was probably good for us to survive that experience, but we didn't know what the fuck we were doing, so that made it more difficult.

Orson: We did get a song out of it called "Fucked Feet." It's a true story about me being in a mixing room.

Andrew: I think we're definitely a live band, for sure, but I actually like the idea that there's this record that, if it weren't for all of the difficulties, it wouldn't be the record that it is. It's something that exists almost as an abstraction of us. We could have tried to do that and probably not been able to do it on purpose. Now it's something that's a little bit more distant and cold and I think it sounds good, too.

Orson: I like the way it sounds, too. I like the outcome and I feel like it was a big learning experience. I think it was worth it because now I feel like if we got recorded again, we'd all probably know what we want more.

Sy: People should experience us live, but I think that a lot of our creative energy comes through in the record. Somebody that's hearing the record that's never seen us would have an idea that they want to see us, just from the record.

MRR CAN YOU TALK ABOUT SOME OF THE PLACES YOWE PLAYED WHATS IT BEEN LIKE AND WHAT ARE SOME OF YOUR FAVORITE PLACES TO PLAY?

Sy: When we were first playing shows we would take any show that we could get our hands on and we were weaseling our way into all of these really weird shows, like places we shouldn't have been. We weaseled our way into LitQuake.

Orson: That was fun.

Orson: Oh, and Dan Nobacon show at Gilman. Yeah, Iraya knew him and got us in there and she got us LitQuake because they asked her to read and she said, "No, have them read." We were the bomb she threw at LitQuake. That was fun.

Crissy: Yeah, being the bomb was fun, but the show at Gilman was fun because everybody hated us. They were there for a bunch of folk punk acts and nobody liked us. I read a review of that show later and they were like, "This band was too weird for me." That was one of the only times we've ever played without any of our fans there. I'd play any kind of show. I really like playing at houses, or places with good sound systems.

Orson: I love the Purple House.

Crissy: Yeah, the Purple House is my favorite. I love playing shows there. There are always more people and they're always really fun.

Orson: I think we should play Capp Street. We should ask them if we can play a show there.

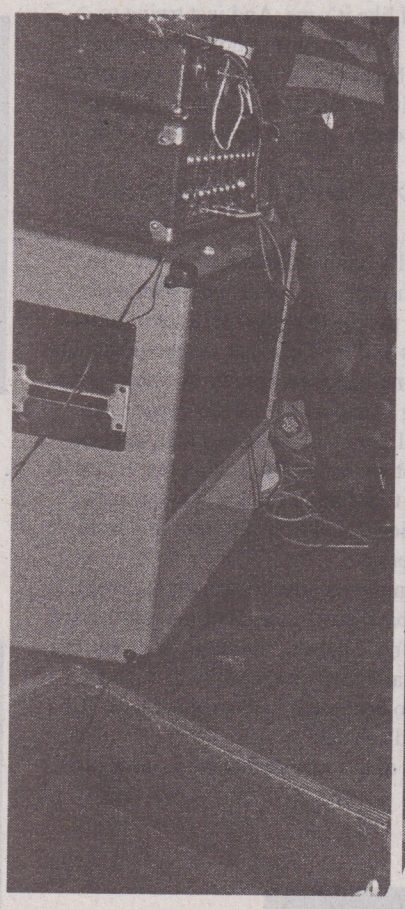
Sy: Oh yeah, they want us to play their eviction show.

Orson: They're getting evicted? Oh god, we should double the amps. I can put A/B switches in and we can play in stereo and the drywall will fall off. That's the whole thing about playing live music, to make the floor move. We did that with a cement floor, at the LiPo Lounge in Chinatown. The basement floor at the LiPo Lounge was moving.

Crissy: Oh, the LiPo Lounge! That was a great show. That's a little gem in Chinatown.

MRR LOOKING AT YOUR RECORD I WAS CURIOUS ABOUT THE PLACE VISUAL ART HAS IN YOUR LIVES YOUR RECORD AND FLYERS HAVE A REALLY ACTIVE PRESENCE

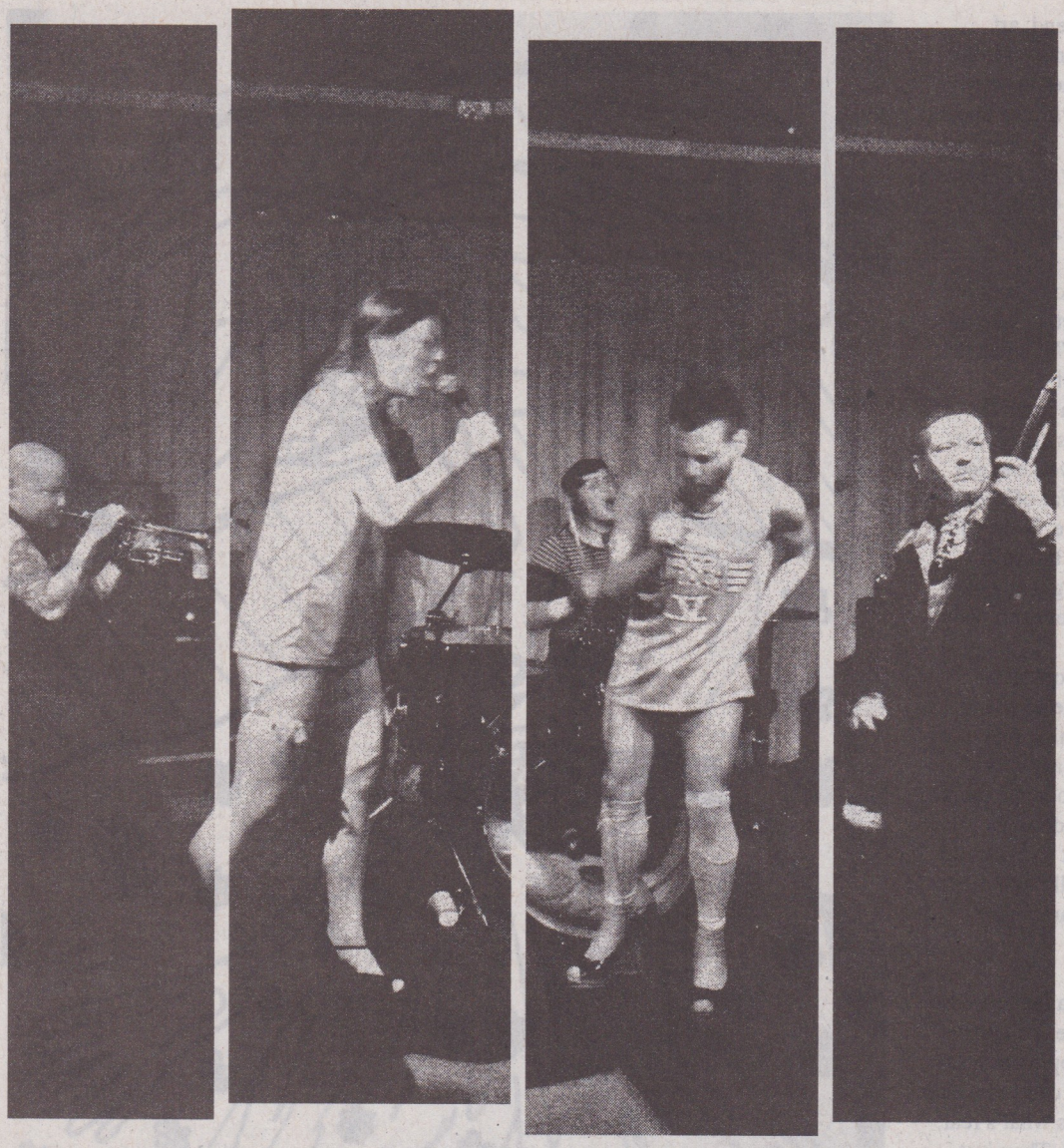
Crissy: That's mostly Orson's art. A lot of the stuff that's really busy and full and every inch of the page is a lot of Orson's art. And I think his—I'm just gonna tout you for a second—but I really think your art informs a lot of the aesthetic, but our aesthetic is basically around butts and farts.



Orson: Sy's been my art friend, art partner, before. So has Andrew. Sy did the back cover and it matches up pretty well with the front cover, with the bodies without pants and all that.
Sy: Well, you know, I'd say that Orson, you're our inspiration. You definitely embody the ideal of Choad art.
Orson: Oh, no.
Andrew: We're not trying to do any of this stuff. We don't say "Let's make this really fucked up and crazy," it's just that we really are. We just like it.
Sy: I think that the art has a lot to do with the songs, because this crazed art and these weird ideas that you can see in the pictures are not that far off from the stories that the songs are. None of the songs are just made-up bullshit. They're all about something that's very real and very bizarre and very seriously disturbing.
Orson: Yeah, true stories, sort of.
Sy: Whatever it might come across to anyone as—nonsense—I think that the underlying feeling that actually something is really real about it, I think that also comes through and maybe confuses people. We're not trying to be serious about something silly. It's real. These are real stories that are really horrifying and creepy.
Orson: Other phenomena.
Sy: Yeah, other phenomena that need to be communicated to people, or deserve to be communicated to people because they're so strange and you can't make up things that are as strange as what's real.
Orson: Yeah, these are real. They just happen to be the strange part of reality. This flyer is from the last show. I collected trolls when I was a kid and said I was from Beebusland, so they sent me to a psychologist. Then I told them I wasn't human and then they asked me why I hated men and stuff. Then it never ended. I was in the psychologist's office forever. This is my self-portrait as a leprechaun because, you know, I have some Irish in me, pooping out some gold nuggets. And at the end of the rainbow is a port-a-potty and it's in a forest on a new planet. Everything has a story, kind of.
Andrew: A lot of them are old stories, too. They're like legends.

MRR WHAT ELSE DO YOU DO WHAT ELSE EXCITES YOU OUTSIDE OF THE BAND HOW DO YOU PUT YOUR LIFE TOGETHER AND HAVE TIME AND SPACE FOR MUSIC?

Crissy: I work a lot. Most of the artistic stuff I do is for me and friends. Art and teaching music. Teaching music is something else I do that's really important to me. I hate that whole idea of being a teacher as a failed artist because then I guess that's what I am, because I love teaching. I think anybody with any kind of talent should teach. What else do we do? Hang out, try to keep each other company.
Andrew: I do black and white darkroom photography. I went to the San Francisco Art Institute and I started doing mostly collage and sculpture for three years, seeing as I had done so much photo stuff for a long time. Then I built a darkroom in my studio and when I went back to actually start doing this stuff again, I basically found that everything was gone, it's almost dead. It's still going on but all of the shops are empty and dusty. It's a weird thing to be freshly embarking on something that's like, doomed. I spend my time, when I'm not working my job, feverishly trying to get as much of that done as possible. And take care of my dog.
Sy: What do I do? I have an office fetish, so I have an office and I have all these things that I do in the office. I put out a lot of zines and comics, both of my own and other people's. For almost three years now, I've been putting out *Baitline*, which is a free advertiser. People send in ads for things that they want or need or are looking for or have to offer. That started out as an easy project. Over time, *Baitline* grew so now it is extremely time-consuming, but it's also grown in importance, it gets it out to a lot of lonely people. There are a lot of success stories. It's not just an art project. It's real, real classifieds. I've really been enjoying doing something that's real and worthwhile in some way. Having these certain weirdo/loner/hideaway people's addresses, and being able to put something into their mailbox every month makes me feel like I'm doing something good and important. I have a test kitchen in my office where I make a lot of medicines. I



try them out on people, see if they help. I'm also working on a non-toxic boot polish recipe.
Orson: Somebody made lube.
Crissy: Oh, yeah, I made a homemade lube/hair gel. It works as either thing. It's made of flax seeds. It's in *Baitline* issue 33. Sy, you keep bees.
Sy: Well, I'm learning to keep bees. I haven't kept them yet, because they keep leaving. They're harder to keep than you might imagine.

MRR DO RELEASE BEES?
Sy: I've temporarily housed many swarms of bees. And I'm working on this crazy art show that a lot of people are doing and making a free cafe that's gonna happen every single day for a month-and-a-half. We'll see how that goes.

MRR DO HAVE A FIFTH MEMBER WHO COULDN'T BE HERE TONIGHT MASON WHAT WOULD MASON HAVE SAID IF HE WAS HERE ABOUT ANY OF THE MANY THINGS WE'VE TALKED ABOUT?
Sy: He'd probably talk a lot about his music inspirations. He is an avid listener, unlike most anyone I've ever met. He really looks for it, seeks it out, searches.
Crissy: He's the only person I know who still carries a boom box around with a mix tape in it that he made, that's all great. You can hear him coming around the corner with this boom box, which is awesome. But I don't know what he'd say.
Sy: It would probably depend on his mood.
Orson: He plays a lot of different instruments and stuff, actually. Most people may not know that. But in the Choad he only sings.
Crissy: He brings a lot of energy to the band. He's the youngest member, not that that really means anything, but I think he's probably the most energetic out of us. Sometimes I come to practice really kind of haggard from work and Mason usually gets the mood out by screaming really beautifully or something like that. So he brings a lot of feminine energy to the band, too. I like that about him.
Orson: Yeah, he does bring a lot of feminine energy.
Crissy: We also have two dead members.
Orson: They really add a lot to the vibe and stuff. Things shake and fall off sometimes. Remember when that amp caught on fire? In two places, an amp caught on fire. I wish that would have been filmed. I wish that would happen live. I think that's sometimes the dead members would do. Blow up the amps; they'd get excited. The label name that we have on the record is one of those members. Theo's records. Theo is one of those people.
Crissy: These are real people, too.
Orson: I guess real dead people, you could say.
Crissy: It's nice to have a presence in the band that's actually just kind of, like, dead people. It's nice to have another, cosmic sort of reference point. To me that just makes more sense and makes it seem more meaningful. Real dead. [Laughter] I like that. That was funny.
Sy: I'm excited for the dead members, briefly mentioning them. I feel like they get to have fun through us, so that's cool.
Orson: It's kind of paying homage to these people's spirits. One person is a family member and they were really into music and got me into punk rock when I was a kid, which sort of saved my life. I feel like bass has got this resonance where it can actually release things, if things get stuck, like a spirit getting stuck or if it's not stuck, helping it move along so that it can go where it wants to go.

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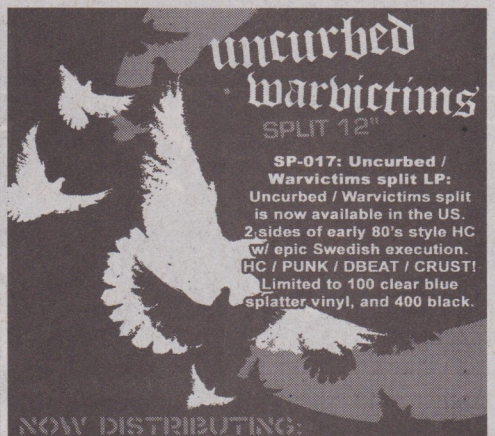

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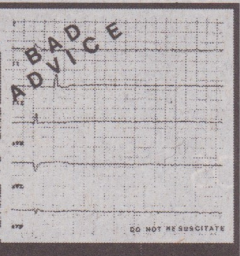

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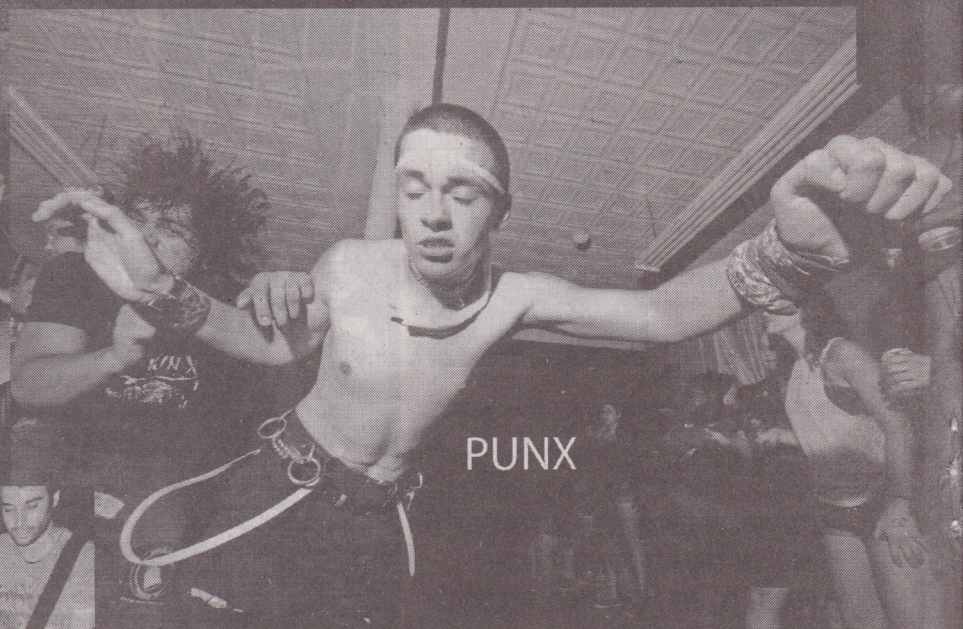

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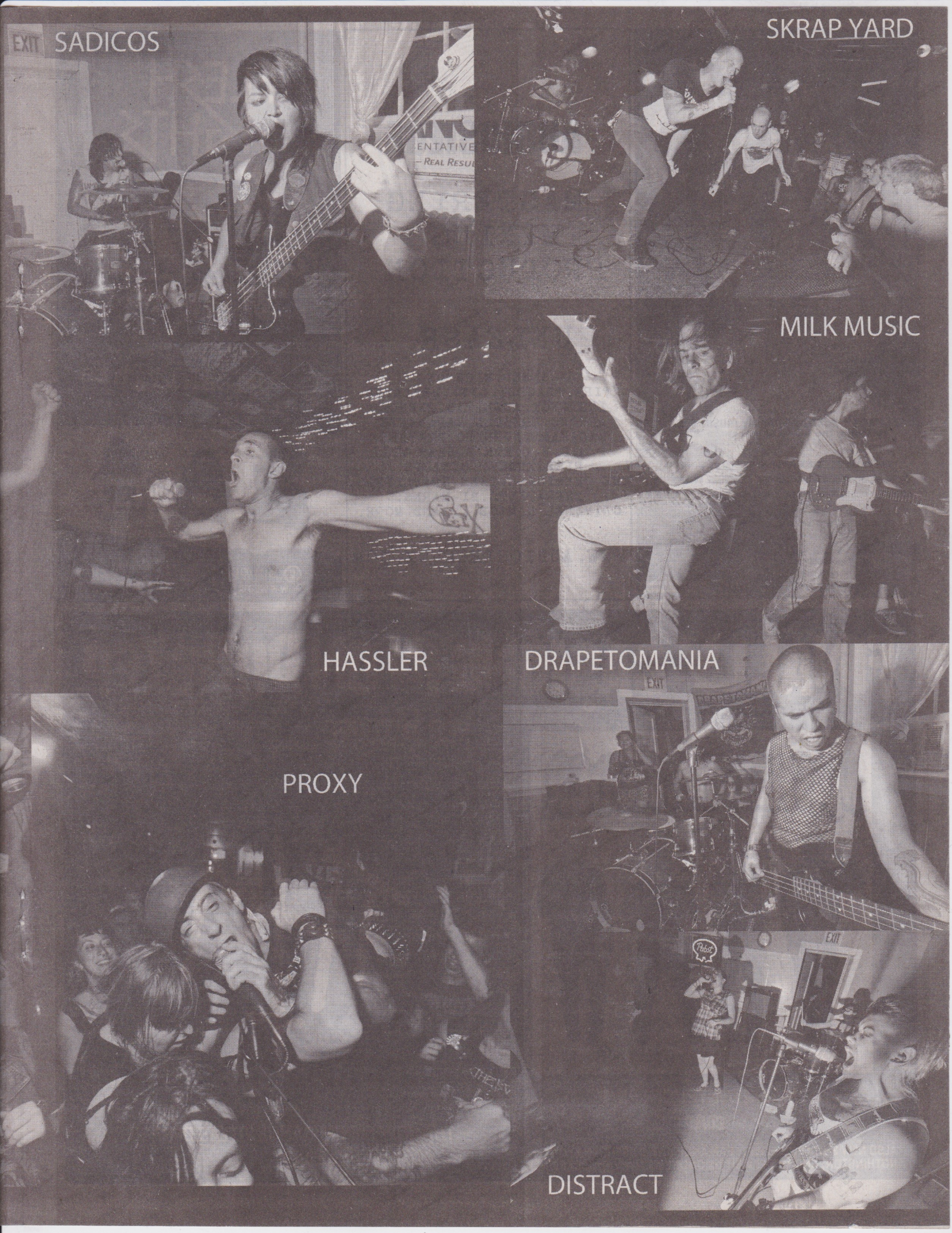
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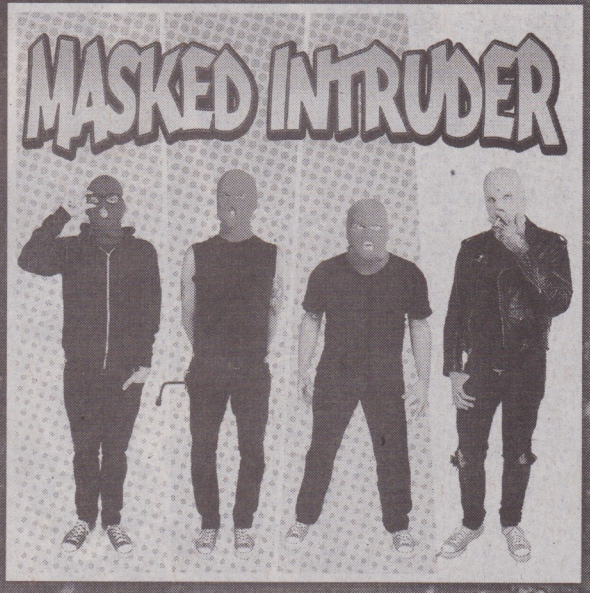

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KVOTERINGEN

KVOTERINGEN

Interview and photos by Ramon Calvo

MRR: To me, Kvoteringen is a band that plays '80s-styled D-beat raw punk, releases records when they feel like it and only plays shows when they feel like it. Would you say that's a fair description of you guys or would you like to add something?
Jallo: I couldn't describe it better myself.
Larre: That sounds a lot like Kvoteringen, yes! Simple, primitive hardcore punk as we like it. Two LPs, five or six 7" records and a couple of split EPs released, since we started back in 2003 in Örebro, Sweden.

MRR: It seems like you all take Kvoteringen pretty seriously. Do you consider it a side project or is it another band, like the other bands you all play in?
Jallo: It's serious for me. I mean I play more shows with Kvoteringen compared to, for example, Meanwhile nowadays.
Calle: Well, it's not a side project of any kind. Kvoteringen was the first band that I'm in that really put out records and shit, so... It's our band. We do what we want—whenever we want to do it.
Larre: Of course! As serious as De:Nihil records and my other band, Millencolin, no doubt. We don't fuck around.

MRR: You are all pretty busy with other bands. I mean, Jallo is in quite a few, Larre is in Millencolin and now Calle is in the new band Nervgas. How do you make time to rehearse? Any difficulties on making up a schedule that fits everyone?
Jallo: We don't rehearse that often, so this is not a problem, really.
Calle: I'm also in Pig Eyes now—one of the best bands I've ever been in. Nervgas is a new outfit and we just recorded a couple of songs. With Kvoteringen we always have some catching up to do before rehearsing, which is a very nice way to get started. With all the bands, I have a laid-back attitude. There are enough other things to get stressed about.

MRR: Kvoteringen is probably one of the dirtiest and rawest bands in the D-beat genre. The latest release, Storfinansen, came out a little cleaner. Was that something that you wanted, or did it just turn out that way? Is this the new direction for the band?
Jallo: I think the new songs deserved a bit of a cleaner sound. What you heard on our latest EP is the way to go for us.
Calle: We still play the same kind of music. It's nice to have songs that don't have the same kind of sound on record.
Larre: The thing is that we know how to make the songs, write our lyrics, how we want it to sound, but we suck at recording equipment and studio stuff in general. So we just do our best to get it on tape. Storfinansen had to sound cleaner. Otherwise, I think it would just be kind of blurry. We're going to record another new EP soon, by the way.

MRR: To me, it's the dirtiness and rawness, together with amazing riffs that defines Kvoteringen. Is there a plan to this sound, or is that just how it comes out when you guys get together?

Jallo: That just comes when we start recording. We just try to keep it to simple, short and intense studio sessions.
Calle: There is no plan really. Just go with the flow.

MRR: A lot of your lyrics are politically charged in one way or another. Most of them are dark and negative and, still, you guys seem like really laid back and nice fellows. What is the message you're actually trying to get out to the people who are willing to listen?
Jallo: Matters that concern nature are for me, nowadays, most important; I've almost lost hope in mankind.
Calle: The songs kind of force you to handle the topics we take up with Kvoteringen. You know, it's kind of shitty out there and we want the listener to know that we are on his or her side. To hell with the authorities, bigots and corporate vultures! I want more speed goblins and love in the world.
Larre: It's simple. We're butchering the earth, killing ourselves fast and effectively and treating each other like shit. That's pretty much what we're singing about in our songs. We're trying to get people to see this—and actually give a fuck about it.

MRR: Who writes the lyrics and music? Is there any special process?
Jallo: I usually make all the music. Not much to say about that—sometimes some good stuff turns up, sometimes just crap. Calle handles most of our lyrics nowadays.
Calle: In March, Sweden's minister of defense, Sten Tolgfors, resigned. He is from our town, Örebro, here in Sweden. The asshole was mixed up in a scandal where the once-neutral country of piss and shit made arms deals with Saudi Arabia. I've never been proud of being a Swede. But we used to have a well-developed welfare state, strong unions and a commitment to women's rights. Now we're just like any other North American state.

Now, this asshole tries to blame the media for hunting him down for the Saudi affair. But this scandal was also a job done by the Social Democrats, who were formerly a proud political party with a huge grassroots movement, with strong traditions of international solidarity. Under the pressure of the so-called market, they're now disarmed and lost.

It's become a two-political-party system here, too. Different shades of brown, if you know what I mean. Even though some of us want to go Ted Kaczynski sometimes, we rarely do. It is in the wilderness of this harsh northern country where we find sanctuary. The powerful nature itself is the weapon that will be used against the vultures that are constantly trying to rape our planet. We are digging our own graves as we speak.

I'd rather be sitting with some nice, beer-drinking Sami in the north, than making big business in Stockholm. That is what we're trying to explain to the Instagram-sharing youth out there. There are a lot of evangelical people in Örebro and the former defense minister is one of them. But the only "religious" ecstasy that we know of comes from playing raw and simple hardcore punk.

I have a drawer where I keep my notes. It can be a few words about some pagan rites somewhere, or finished lyrics that just need to be adjusted to the song. We try to get a Kvoteringen vibe to it and the title usually comes when we're "catching up" before recording. Even though I think we've lost it on the latest 7-inch; we can come up with better titles than that. The next one is going to be called Generellt Ruttet Tillstånd. Also, I have noticed that it's better to take a walk and wonder about the facts of life, than be hungover and miserable.

MRR: I don't think I've ever read a bad review here in Sweden about any of your releases. How would you say people in other parts of the world look at your music? How is it being embraced in other countries?
Jallo: We haven't played outside Sweden, except for Spain. The Spanish crowds were totally great!
Calle: I think people understand what we're all about. It's great to hear that people like it. We're grateful if punks in, for example, Indonesia can have access to it and dig it.
Larre: Yeah, our only shows outside of Sweden so far have been in Spain and Finland. Both were great—and with a history full of great hardcore punk. It's great to see people dig our music outside of Sweden, even though we sing in Swedish. Then again, I listen to bands singing their lyrics in languages I don't understand. Anyway, people seem to appreciate how we keep it simple and rough, with lyrics straight to the point. Of course, it's been a big help to release stuff on labels around the world like Terrötten in Brazil, Feral Ward, Havoc, MCR in Japan, etc.

MRR: And touring? How much touring have you pulled off as a band?
Jallo: No tours at all. I don't want to be on tour. Two or three shows in a row, maximum. Spain, like I mentioned earlier. Finland would be great, also, sometime. I think we are open to anything, but no long tours.
Calle: There's not much time for touring with Kvoteringen, really. I'm the only one without kids, so I guess I could be playing more live shows. But I have Pig Eyes too and we are definitely going to play as much as we can. Nervgas do not play live yet. As the other guys said, Kvoteringen played Barcelona, which was great, and a festival in Finland some years ago.
Larre: We really like playing live, but because not all of us want to tour, we just keep it to two or three shows at a time. As mentioned earlier, Barcelona, Spain, was amazing. Huge thanks to La Jungla punks, Mia and Joao Squat and, of course, Zombie!

MRR: Will there be more live shows and touring in the future?
Jallo: Yes, more shows. But definitely no touring.
Larre: Get in touch! No long tours, but two or three shows and we're in!

MRR: As if all your bands weren't time consuming enough, Larre and Calle started the DIY label De:Nihil records. The label is really young but already has quite a few releases. Why did you start a label? What's the idea, strive and drive behind it?
Calle: Larre had the idea for some time before asking me to join. We have a common idea of keeping it simple and raw—putting out music that we like and doing it all in the DIY style. We have always said that we're not going to limit ourselves to one genre. Anything that we like and that has the right feeling—that is important—can be released on De:Nihil. If any of our releases in some

way gets people off their feet, pumps them with adrenaline—you know the feeling you get when you want to destroy everything—I would say it's a success.

Larre: It had to happen. It was just a matter of time. I'd been thinking about it for a long time and in spring 2010, I just felt that the time was right. I asked Calle, who got a little surprised, I think, but was of course into it. Then our friends in the Swedish band Nitad had a great unreleased recording that felt like the perfect release to start with. Another thing we knew from the beginning was that we wanted to do something kind of like the legendary 1991 compilation 7" Civilisationens Bakgård. That turned out as the Illegal By Choice compilation EP to support the No One Is Illegal organization in Gothenburg. Since then, we've put out about ten releases. You can find us at denihilrecords.com. De:Nihil records and my bands mean a hell of a lot to me.

MRR: What's a dream release for De:Nihil?

Calle: A totally unknown band, out of nowhere. Hardcore madness and artistic poison, mixed in personalities that frighten you, yet attract you to laughter.

Larre: We only release stuff we really dig, so every release means a lot to us. Dream release? I'm a sucker for Japanese hardcore punk, so why not a new EP or LP with Bastard, Death Side, or something?

MRR: What do you listen for when you are looking for a band to release?

Calle: Until now, there has been more of the madness than of the venom. Ha ha! Though I think De:Nihil has some really interesting stuff coming.

Larre: Yeah, what he said. Ha ha!

MRR: Which band is the best D-beat raw punk band, in your opinion? Which bands influence Kvoteringen?

Jallo: I like Discharge and GBH. They haven't influenced us that much music wise, but they are my faves. Almost forgot, Herätys was a great band. Unfortunately, they broke up.

Calle: I've been listening a lot to No Statik recently. Otherwise, classic Scandinavian bands have always been a huge influence. And Drömdead of course.

Larre: The answer to both questions would probably be bands like Shitlickers, Mellakka, Onslaught, Anti Cimex, Discharge, G.B.H. and Bastard from Japan.

MRR: Would you like to add anything?

Jallo: Thanks greatly for the interview.

Calle: If we ever happen to play nearby, feel free to join.

Larre: Ramon and MRR, cheers!

GRITOS DE RESISTENCIA

Hailing from Chicago, IL, Gritos de Resistencia (G.D.R.) was a short lived project of made up of young punks from the thriving Latino punk scene that has been going strong for decades now. As part of the lineage of punks whose rabia y fuerza cannot be silenced, G.D.R. carries a long tradition of shit starters and fighters—members JT (vocals), Javier (bass), Mary Rose (drums) and Yoani (guitar). I was able to talk to Yoani (aka Yanni), Mary Rose and Javier about how they started, what they were about and what they're up to now.
Intro by Mariam. Interview and photos by Ashley Jackson.

MRR: How did you all get involved with the Chicago Punk Scene?
Yanni: Well it started with T.M.K.C. (This Machine Kills Cops) in 2007 doing many shows around the suburbs and a couple in Wisconsin. We played our first Chicago show in the fall of 2008 at Locked Out. It was a benefit show. Glen (drummer) and I (guitarist) always had strong political views from the start. I really saw a difference in playing in collectives than playing at parties and shows in the suburbs. People seemed to care and want to talk about what's going on in their neighborhood and around the world. After that Locked Out show, we agreed that we wanted to play in Chicago rather than in the suburbs. It just stayed like that after Glen left and we changed the name to G.D.R. (Gritos de Resistencia)
Mary: My best friend Milo is a well-known photographer is the scene. He lived at one of the collectives in the south side and introduced me to the scene.
Javier: I started going to shows after moving to Chicago from the DC area. The south side and Latino punk shows were really welcoming to me and were something I had never experienced anywhere else before.

MRR: What made you want to start a band? Had you been in other bands together previously?
Y: For me, I really enjoyed watching others play and it took me a long time to pick up that guitar. I was 21. It was this ska band named "Road Kill Eddies." I just thought they were dope on stage and wanted to challenge myself in a new way. I was wrestling internationally and people seemed to know me for that. I wanted people to know my politics, too, so I started to write music. At the end we recorded T.M.K.C.'s only EP, *Don't Feed the Machine,* I became the vocalist for a minute and it was my first time playing with these cats.
J: I had been in a couple of bands before and after not playing music for a while I needed that outlet. At that point I was singing with Por Mi Culpa but wanted to stick to playing bass so I joined G.D.R..
MR: Yanni and Javi were already involved "This Machine Kills Cops." I was playing bass guitar for another band but then I heard they were looking for a replacement drummer. I landed the gig and we collectively decided to change the name.

MRR: Was having a female drummer a conscious decision for you? How involved are women in the Chicago punk scene?
Y: Well, how Mary Rose came to this picture was that we needed a drummer. Javi told me that we knew of someone that was free and was looking to play in a band. However, at first with
T.M.K.C., I always wanted a female vocalist. That never happened. Mary could not drum and do vocals at the same time. We kept her as drummer because we needed a drummer first. But, to tell you truth I'm very proud to be in Chicago. Women play everything here and that's awesome because everyone has a voice here.
J: I had known Mary for a couple of years and knew that she was an awesome bassist so when she told me that she was drumming, right

away I suggested she play drums. There are a lot of amazing womyn in the scene who are actively involved in many ways, from putting out zines, organizing benefit shows, spreading knowledge, to playing in awesome bands. My heart goes out to them!
MR: It wasn't honestly planned. I was at the right place at the right time and auditioned. There are a handful of female musicians in the scene but very few female drummers. The girls are stepping up now; we're starting to go behind the set.

MRR: What's the role of politics in your music? And what were your motivations to include them?
MR: It's a man's world in the music industry, being part of an underground punk scene is a tad bit intimidating as well. I never felt so confident and powerful playing a show. The scene is so diverse and welcoming to the LGBT community. I was proud to represent and stand up for my fellow lesbians.

MRR: How do you see the Chicago punk scene fitting into the radical political scene? And vice versa?
Y: As a band we support political prisoner Jeremy Hammond. You can read about it at freehammond.com.
MR: JT's lyrics are very powerful and political. We stood for individualism, rights and being empowered and standing up for our beliefs.
J: There are a couple of bands that include radical politics in their lyrics and actually act on them and a lot of punks that show solidarity and support for a lot of different things like immigration, black and brown cultures, queer and transgender issues, anarchism and many others. Don't forget about the NATO summit that happened in Chicago on the 21st and 22nd of May.

MRR: Why did you break up?
Y: Why did we break up? Well it was me. I needed a break from the band. We just did not communicate as well and the music that I was writing was different from before, more leaning to metal and crust. Others wanted me to write songs that were Chicago hardcore style. Just artistic differences.
MR: Like all bands there's miscommunication. We weren't all on the same page at the time and as a whole we started to drift apart musically. We just came to the conclusion that we were committed enough to move forward.

MRR: What are you all doing now?
Y: I was recently asked to join Tras de Nada, Chicago's Latino Hardcore. They have been around for over a decade I think. Awesome music and great politics, straight to the point. Also, I'm working on a solo project, "At War With Gods," which is black metal and crust. We will see what happens.
MR: Javi is currently in a band and Yanni continues to write music last time I heard. I was playing drums and practicing with Javi's current band but retired shortly after. I decided I wanted to get back on bass guitar and start up a new project. Things are up in the air and I won't get involved until things are 100% and the band is completed and on the same page.
J: I'm currently playing bass with the new line up of Tras de Nada and with a new band called Konstruct.

MRR: What are some of the most important bands in Chicago right now that people should be listening to?
Y: You should totally listen to Tras de Nada (amazing Latino hardcore) and Dirty Surgeon Insurgency (ska thrash punk). Both of these bands have similar politics to what T.M.K.C. and G.D.R. had. Also, if you want epic stenchcore, there's my fave local band, Krang.
J: Dirty Surgeon Insurgency, Welkin Dusk, Huff!, Lechuza, Kontaminat, The Fuss, Population. There's too many.
MR: I'm a huge fan of Welkin Dusk! A combo of black metal and crust is magic to my ears and Luis's vocals are unique and no one in the scene sounds like him. Another fave is Jaleo, Jasmine is sick on the drums and no one can relate to their sound. You have to see them because no words can describe how good they are.

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Earlier this year the killer ten-track hardcore punk cassette tape by Singapore hardcore punx Vaarallinen dropped to a massive wave of international acclaim, terror and fear. Unlike so many raw punk bands that today strive for that HC'83 perfection in style, sound and posture, Vaarallinen effortlessly smashes all divisions and breaks through with great modern authentic sounding hardcore killer tunes for punks, skins and nerds. Here we present an insightful interview with HaFiz Bastard conducted by MRR's Korean and Southeast Asia correspondent Geonhui Bak. Since this interview was conducted in May 2012, Vaarallinen has recorded songs for a Flexi 7" that should be out by the time you read this, released on Fullfire hardcore destruction. Never again may we forget the incredible exciting Southeast Asia DIY punk and hardcore scene!

Intro by Tony Gunnarsson, photos by Lee, Binda Advena, Freewheelinman

MRR: Because Vaarallinen is a newcomer to the international audience, I seem to have no choice but to kick off with the ceremonial examination: Who formed the band, when and for what purpose?

Vaarallinen was formed in mid-2011 by me, Hafiz (aka Electric Fence), on vocals and guitars and Kody (aka Goldfish) on drums. Our bassist, Glue, is a good bassist but can be unreliable at times, so right now we don't have a solid bassist who can commit fully to the band. Now, Glue is not just one person, but a different person at every show. It's also very hard for us to tour, even around the region, because of this issue with the bassist and because Kody doesn't have a job. So far there's been three interchangeable bassists playing for us in various past shows, outside of Singapore. We've only played a couple of shows in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia and that's the furthest we've been so far. We're going to tour more soon I hope.

We basically formed Vaarallinen to satisfy our love of high-octane raw punk that is heavily influenced by bands from Scandinavia. We have a relatively small DIY hardcore punk scene here and there are only a small number of us who are into this niche of D-beat raw punk. There's no other band in Singapore that plays the same style. And yes, we are from Singapore, located in Southeast Asia. We're a first-world country and we're a fucking rich country, even though we don't have natural resources. Nobody in Southeast Asia likes us.

MRR: Am I correctly informed that Kenduri S.S. is the predecessor to Vaarallinen?

No, not really. I was just wasting my time on that no-brainer punk project of mine as a joke. I don't really think both bands sound alike.

MRR: I have always seen Kenduri S.S. as more of a pisstake on the Finnish scene than a tribute to it, with the pseudo-Finnish lyrics spit out in Malay and all. Not to mention that the band itself would not have been possible without MySpace. Given that, how have you grown into such a serious, real, seemingly solid trio as you are?

All this happened in 2006, it was fun. I was bored and I had a small home recording studio at that time. Finnish punk appeals to me the most and I was just trying to do a remake of it, just to entertain myself and also to play around with the recording gadgets that I had. It wasn't really a pisstake, it's just something I did out of pure punk fun. Since I didn't know a word of Finnish I played around with some Malay words and put some Finnish flavor into it. I ended up putting it up on MySpace just to see if anybody would really take this shit seriously. Surprisingly some did. Including you, because you've been asking me questions about it. But let me remind you that both Kenduri SS and Vaarallinen are different things, even though both were initiated by me. Both have different directions, energy and purpose behind them. MySpace was, at that time, the only easy available outlet for all types of bullshit, including mine.

MRR: I understand that Vaarallinen means "dangerous" in Finnish, but is there any contextual meaning behind the name? Or is it a word merely chosen because of its phonetic resemblance to Varaus or Vaurio, so everyone could catch a glimpse of what you might sound like?

It's just a name that we figured would be cool. It depicts the lyrics and the music that we play, there's nothing extremely special behind the name.

MRR: How do you have your lyrics translated into Finnish?

The lyrics were translated by a Finnish friend, Janne, whom we befriended during his Southeast Asia tour with his band, Raivoraittus. He also plays for Bufo. He offered to help, so I just emailed him the English version of it and he translated it. It's pretty cool because he also explains how to pronounce it and what some of the slang means.

MRR: A band like Drömdead, while sharing the same fetish for what you may call "Finn-core" and not sacrificing it on any account, holds rather fast to the band's mother tongue, Spanish, when it comes to writing lyrics. Many Japanese, on the other hand, have chosen to adopt the Finnish language, albeit often with horrendous grammar, as well as the sound, which is exactly the same case with Vaarallinen. Why Finnish? Why not English or Malay?

I just figured that it would be more interesting to sing it in Finnish and it seems more powerful blending it with the music that we play along with it. You can also say its a special tribute to Scandinavian punk that I'm a big fan off. I don't think it would be as awesome if I sang it in English or Malay. I tried and it doesn't work, it sounds different. I don't know how the Japanese do it, but I think we've got it ok, grammar-wise, since we had someone translate it for us. I hope.

MRR: Speaking of these "assumed" Finns from Japan, another thing that is peculiar to them may be reverberation on the vocals and since there is a good deal of that on yours as well, does it happen to be a Japanese effect?

If you check out the classic '80-'82 Finnish punk sound, they have that reverb effect on the vocals. My favourite is Rattus' *Rajoitettu Ydinsota* EP. The vocals are magic to me. As for the Japanese, they just brought it to the next level, made it darker and extreme. It's also an excuse, as I find my vocals suck, but with the reverb it does make a big difference and makes it more intense, in a way.

MRR: You also appear to have a strong love for D-beat in the Swedish vein, or should I call it D-takt? And that actually brings up the picture of a Swedish band fronted by a Finnish or Finnish-Swedish singer, such as Rajoitus, Ääritila, or Herätys, rather than anything from early Propaganda records. Explain.

I'm aware that those Swedish bands that you mentioned have some Finnish thing going on and I love them all. When we started the band, we were contemplating certain things, like what style we should go for. Since our drummer is a huge Swedish punk freak and he's really good at playing D-beat, we figured we should just keep the D-beat and I would sing in Finnish. That's how it began. We didn't really put much effort into trying to emulate a particular Finnish punk sound, it just happened that way and we both feel comfortable doing it. It's pretty easy playing something that you like. It's obviously fun listening to classics from Propaganda records like, Bastards and Appendix. But I don't think I'm that good in creating such awesome music. I just play something easy that sounds good and intense. Why is it so hard for you to picture an Asian Malay kid from Singapore playing hardcore and singing in Finnish?

MRR: What is so viral about Finnish hardcore that you cannot refrain from clinging to it? Especially when you are from Singapore, where there are no acicular trees that they have in Finland, but only loads of cocenuts and durians?

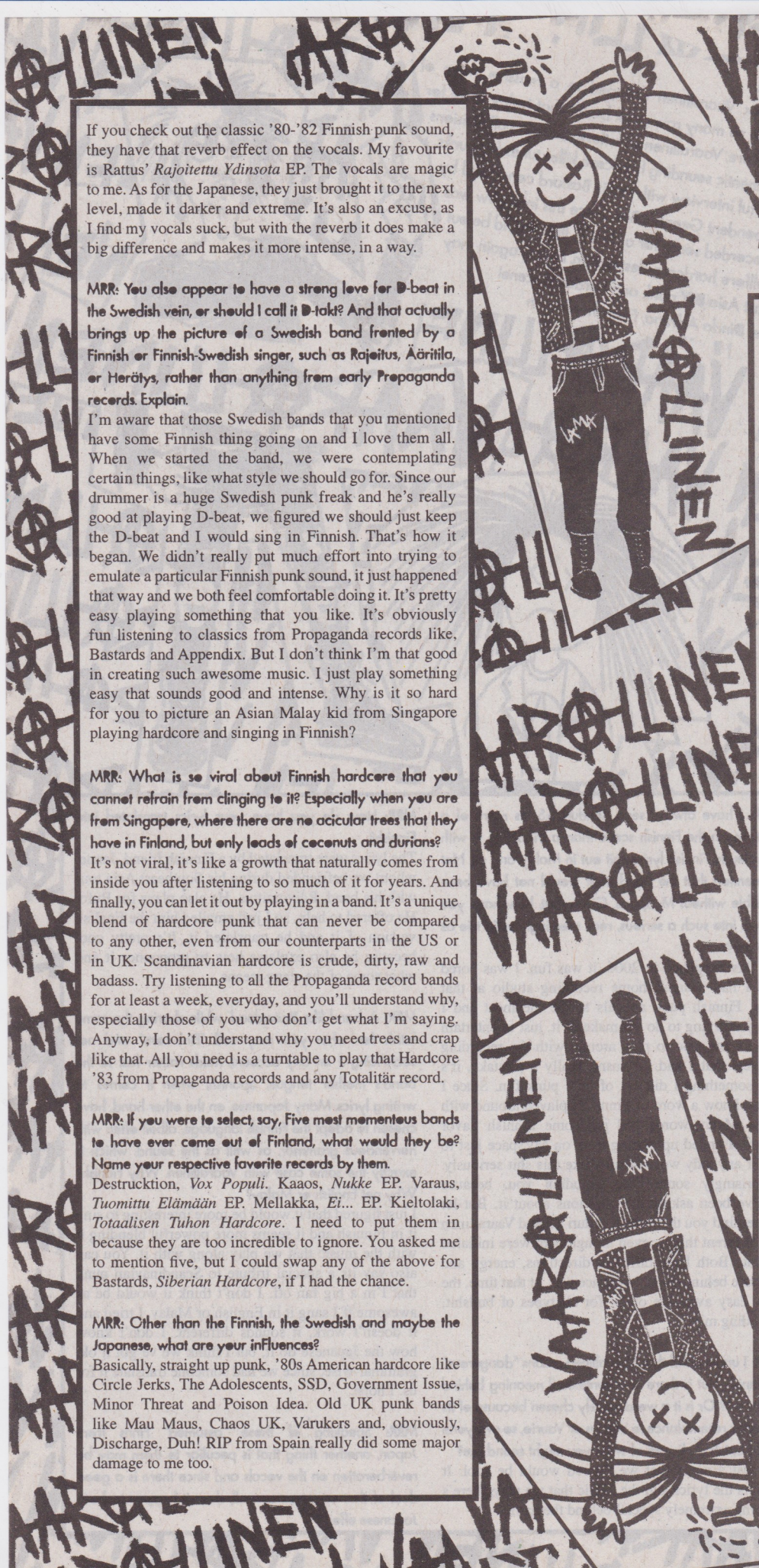
It's not viral, it's like a growth that naturally comes from inside you after listening to so much of it for years. And finally, you can let it out by playing in a band. It's a unique blend of hardcore punk that can never be compared to any other, even from our counterparts in the US or in UK. Scandinavian hardcore is crude, dirty, raw and badass. Try listening to all the Propaganda record bands for at least a week, everyday, and you'll understand why, especially those of you who don't get what I'm saying. Anyway, I don't understand why you need trees and crap like that. All you need is a turntable to play that Hardcore '83 from Propaganda records and any Totalitär record.

MRR: If you were to select, say, Five most momentous bands to have ever come out of Finland, what would they be? Name your respective favorite records by them.

Destrucktion, *Vox Populi*. Kaaos, *Nukke* EP. Varaus, *Tuomittu Elämään* EP. Mellakka, *Ei...* EP. Kieltolaki, *Totaalisen Tuhon Hardcore*. I need to put them in because they are too incredible to ignore. You asked me to mention five, but I could swap any of the above for Bastards, *Siberian Hardcore*, if I had the chance.

MRR: Other than the Finnish, the Swedish and maybe the Japanese, what are your influences?

Basically, straight up punk, '80s American hardcore like Circle Jerks, The Adolescents, SSD, Government Issue, Minor Threat and Poison Idea. Old UK punk bands like Mau Maus, Chaos UK, Varukers and, obviously, Discharge, Duh! RIP from Spain really did some major damage to me too.



MRR: Now that you have been involved in what appears to be a practically uncountable number of projects, Vaarallinen put aside, I would like you to share your stories of them. Let's begin with Pazahora, which somehow seems to be your biggest commitment in respect to touring, unleashing records and so forth.

Pazahora is a band that I've been really serious about and active with for the past eight years or so. We are made up of old friends that are really keen on doing it together and somehow it's been great so far, in terms of trying to release something every year and touring. I can say that all of us are committed to the band and always want to do something. We have two full-lengths, four split-releases on CD or 7" and some stuff on tape. The furthest we've been on tour was to Japan in 2011 and we're planning to get out of Asia soon before we really get tired of playing.

MRR: The Scuds.

A band I formed that started in 2007 and we played our last show in 2010. We played '77, KBD, garage punk and only have one demo out. You can probably find our shit online, or just ask me. I enjoyed playing in this band. I don't know what really happened to it, but I think we stopped playing because of the vocalist, she was weird.

MRR: Dis Is It.

A band that I helped play drums in for a couple of shows. It's just a Discharge/Doom-cover band that plays at parties or if nobody on the bill wants to play first in the show.

MRR: Blinded Humanity.

It's not my band, I just helped them play drums for a couple of shows in 2007 and 2008. They were a good band but eventually alcohol took control of them. A good band to watch live, preferably if you're drunk.

MRR: Fallen World.

A band that I played guitar every now and then for since 2006, when their guitarist left the band. They recently had some releases on vinyl which I've yet to get copies of. If you like old school grindcore, with heavy political messages, check them out.

MRR: Agony.

A band, which lasted for a year, with only a few recorded tracks and didn't have a proper release. We tried too hard to sound like Anti-Cimex or Wolfpack. The most unimportant band in this whole list. Too much drinking and too little energy. A fail.

MRR: Under Attack.

I had lots of fun with this band, it was awesome because all I did was just sing and have fun with the people that came to watch and dance with us. It started in 2005 and the last time we played together was in 2008. It was good while it lasted until some of us got into too many drugs and our guitarist become a cop. Fail.

MRR: It looks as if every Singaporean punk who can sing or play an instrument was obliged to be in at least a couple of bands at the same time, as if by the law.
We have a small scene compared to our neighboring countries but we still have energy to put shit out and make things happen. People who play in bands are made up of people who are mainly just bored with their daily life and their only outlet is to make music. When you get sick of playing the same thing over and over again, you just need to move on and find a new type of sound, thus creating a new band that caters to your liking. I guess it's pretty normal, not just in Singapore. It's not an obligation, it's just something fun to do.

MRR: What are some of the topnotch Singaporean bands that you would recommend, old and new?
Personally, right now, the bands that I enjoy are Abrasion (power violence duo which just put out their first EP and they are totally sick live), Lifelock (ferocious, noisy, D-beat punk that worships Disaster and Disclose), Magnicide (they've got a couple of split 7"s and some LPs out, playing intense grindcore with tons of Japanese hardcore influence), Enam Jahanam (made up of colorful punks and two skinheads who have different backgrounds, but came together to play a blend of enjoyable sing-along punk rock/Oi!/hardcore) and, oh yeah, check out my other band, Pazahora. We are made up of hardworking people and we're planning to tour Europe next year. I don't wanna talk much about older bands, but I have one favourite band that I have to mention which is Edora. They had a 7" released, *Tomorrow Is Ours*, on 625 records, about ten years ago.

MRR: Considering that "crust" has been a major epidemic in the past few years all across the globe, particularly in Southeast Asia, how has that affected Singapore? Is it being hyped or is it actually taking root in your region?
The crust epidemic already died down over here, I can say that there were tons of crust bands from here from the late '90s until about 2007. I don't know what happened after that and I guess it didn't really create a huge impact on the community or change anything at all. Most of them got old and decided to move on with their normal-looking lives. There are still other crust bands from around the region, but nothing good out of Singapore, from now or in the past few years.

MRR: Also, you used to play a key role in running and maintaining the semi-legendary Black Hole 212, didn't you? What kind of alternative space was that? A squat? A collective house? And why did it have to be shut down so quickly, for good?
I ran Blackhole 212, with my ex, Vanessa. It was the most important thing that we ever did and was a big part of our lives even though it only lasted for a year. It's not a squat or anything like that because we needed to pay monthly rent for it. It was a space, a venue for shows, located in the best area of Singapore, in 'Little India', where cheap alcohol and food is abundant and there's no rich, upper-class bullshit surrounding the area. Eventually, there were about six to eight people living in Blackhole 212, including us. So it did feel homely to some, but it didn't look like a house at all. The performance space was where people slept, including the touring bands/punk travelers. Blackhole 212 was the first punk run venue in Singapore. It was basically an all-ages, not-for-profit, independent, punk-run space promoting the alternative lifestyle and the DIY ethics.

It was mostly volunteer run and nobody really got paid, although in some cases, some money that we got from the shows was used to buy food for the people who helped out doing the sound, the door or just cleaning up. We rented out our hall (with a stage and equipment) and encouraged kids to organize their own shows. The money earned was used to pay the rent/bills. It barely made the cut every month. It was mostly recognized by the youth and the non-mainstream that support alternative independent music and arts. It also had an indirect stance to create awareness about opposing the industrialization and modernization of Singapore.

But sadly, due to financial difficulties, and tons of negative pressure from the landlord, the cops and the state, our physical existence of Blackhole 212 came to an end in September 2010. I was glad it was over because there were too many problems towards the end and everyone was getting depressed. During our existence, we managed to bring the whole community together. Punks had a place to call their own and punk travelers from around the world had a place to crash. People still remember this place where they had fun, fucked shit up with tons of bands and where tons of vomit was collected in the drain outside. We still do exist as a collective, doing shows and all other punk-related crap. Now, everyone lives with their parents.

MRR: Knowing Singapore, I wonder how you and other delinquent, non-conformist, marginalized punks there manage to reconcile your lifestyle with the country's Confucian work ethic. It's equivalent to Europe and North America's Protestant work ethic, as well as the Lees' authority.
OK, let me tell you a bit about Singapore. Living in a modern fast-paced country like Singapore, it's depressing. There's too much subjugation and everything we do is like a struggle for freedom. It's like living your life full of circumstances. In fear. The Singapore social structure is mainly based on a political-economic system, which is capitalism. The GDP comes from the commercial, high-end manufacturing facilities, international banking and trading as we have one of the greatest ports in the world. And there's also tourism. That's why so many people are working their asses off to prevent calamity and adjusting themselves to the high cost of living.

Since our independence in 1965, Lee Kuan Yew and his dumbass minions have been running this place in an orderly manner through subjugation. Behind this wonderful facade, the state has been telling the police to deny any form of expression publicly. This is not a suitable place for critical thinkers. Any form of protest is illegal, even as one person.

I've been living here all my life and I've always told myself that I need to have time for myself and not for any corporation or institution. I'm 27 now and I've

been out of school for eight years. I've never worked full-time and I don't know how long I can do this. Now, I should be concentrating on having a real job that pays and guarantees a nice future. But instead this is the path that I've chosen.

This is something I wrote for Pazahora: "DIY and punk is very critical in a place like Singapore / It's an outlet where kids can create a subversive environment to escape the harsh capitalist state / The social condition here can be very depressing because the subjugation is overwhelming / Economic growth is important in the minds of the Singaporean government and the consumerist culture dictates every little step that we make in life / Many individuals who were once part of this counter-culture fell out because the route to escape from this modern society was getting too complicated and tiring for them / Buried deep down in the sea of negativity, punk existence is still playing a vital role in developing a socially conscious environment and is still trying to create a reaction / Let us continue to question our existence, if any of us hope to survive."

MRR: What do you do for a living?

I work as a freelance sound designer and also operate the sound for mostly drama and theatre plays and productions. I'm the person that creates and puts the soundtracks in the storyline. I also do some other odd jobs, like crew work at concerts or productions or anything that has got to do with the arts/ entertainment community. Those are the only jobs I'm comfortable with.

MRR: Throughout Europe, and also in some of the better-off Asian countries, xenophobia has been becoming a mainstream phenomenon, even among the young. Not only is Singapore a multiracial state from the beginning, but it also has an impressive number of immigrant workers from the Philippines, Thailand, Myanmar, Pakistan and the like. How do the people in Singapore treat these "aliens" of little property, let alone one another? Does racism matter much to you? I am even more curious after stumbling upon a picture online, of a graffiti that appears to have been found in downtown Singapore saying, "Jobs for foreigners, NS for Singaporeans."

It's true that xenophobia has somewhat become a mainstream phenomenon but people still don't realize that it's a serious problem in society, even if you're reading something online that is said to be 'alternative news'. Altogether they all decline to be xenophobic. There are mainly two types of immigrants here, "foreign workers" and "foreign talents". The foreign workers take up the less desirable jobs, like construction or maids who are mostly Asian, white people are not eligible for these jobs. Foreign talents, who are mostly white, are in the professional workplace. Both are essential to the country's economy and well-being. Singapore has an aging population, so the government has long foreseen this problem, hence relaxing the immigration policies in the past decade to welcome everyone from all corners of the globe. The common complaints I read and hear about from Singaporeans are mainly about the increase of property prices, overpopulation and the inability of foreigners to integrate smoothly into the 'Singaporean lifestyle'.

I guess everything can be done, but due to Singapore being ranked one of the most densely populated territories in the world, it's hard for everyone. Everything is happening so fast. People are lashing out at the immigrants with no real grounds. Singaporeans are taking chances in every way they can to find fault and point fingers at them. Every time a newspaper reports and sensationalizes news with regards to a foreigner, a rising tide of xenophobic behavior and backlash will occur.

I always think it's ridiculous because Singapore has always been a country which is multi-racial, multi-religious with multi-nationalities for the past century or so. Suddenly, even friends and family whom I've known before this, who don't even have such patriotic or nationalistic feelings towards the country, now feel that they need to kick them out. It has become an epidemic, it's really damaging. However, I feel that more should be done by the government to encourage integration. A government with power like Singapore should know what to do instead of just telling people to calm down. It's time to re-educate the population.

I haven't seen the graffiti that you mentioned but I think I've heard about it. National Service (aka NS) and people outside will see it as conscription. Every male Singaporean or permanent resident who has reached the age of eighteen has to go through two years of that shit. It is mandatory and the majority of the conscript are enlisted to the Military, while some are enlisted to the police force or civil defense. The graffiti is simply a complaint that it's easier for foreigners to take our jobs while we have to serve the country for almost no pay. People here should just try working and living somewhere else other than Singapore. They need to learn how it feels to be treated like a second-class citizen, rather than lashing out bullshit towards innocent people who are just trying to survive. The issue of racism matters to me. It's a basic human right to be respected for who you are no matter what color your skin is and no matter where you come from. I live in Singapore, it's multi-racial. I'm Malay and since I was in kindergarten I've been exposed to a lot of different cultures and races. It's always been like that. I don't have any problems with it or whatsoever.

MRR: Have you all fullFilled national service?

Yes, you can't choose what you do but I was lucky enough to not be in the military. I was put in the civil defense, which is the main agency that is in charge of all emergency and rescue response in the country (firefighters, ambulance and shit like that). I served for two years as a driver. You get a monthly salary, which is not much at all. But I got my driving license from there for free. It's a waste of time. That's what you are forced to go through as a male born in Singaporean. Kody was in the army, but he served as a clerk.

MRR: In Singapore, if you were to declare yourself as a conscientious objector, what would be the consequence?

You would face a jail term and receive fines. On top of that, you would still have to serve in the National Service after that. You can't get away with that shit unless you have a mental problem or a health problem. Or if your parents can fork out 10K, or probably more, to pay for your release from the NS.

MRR: Let's get back to Vaarallinen. The band's First and only release, a self-titled demo cassette tape, is pretty serious for what it is. It contains as many as ten tracks, comes in a professionally printed sleeve and was launched in collaboration with two different

Malaysian labels. Was there no fear that, with that one tape, you might end up draining yourselves of your creativity and motivation?
The whole recording process was done very easily and the songs are easy to play, that's why we had the means and energy to do ten songs for the demo. It was printed on normal yellow paper and it's not even thick art paper. The labels that approached us to release it are good long-time friends that were interested. I thought, 'Why not?' since we were both helping each other out. Everything seemed very easy that way, even though it was cheap to press it in Malaysia, we were always broke and too lazy to do it ourselves. It's always good to have friends that can help you out. We would go all out to make a good release every time, as long as we can and feel like it. With no obligations to the existence and the future of the band, we just do it.

MRR: The inner cover of the tape says that everything on it, exept the drums, was done "in the toilet". Perhaps, not in a literal sense, though that would have been even punker. Can you give us the details of the recording?
Haha, I guess you read it wrong. The drums were recorded in a studio while the rest of it was recorded in my bedroom, which is also a small home recording studio that I've named 'The Toilet'.

MRR: Other than being "good", or "pretty good", what has the reception to the tape been like so far?
Most people I know who've listened to it liked it a lot. I was amazed that we got so many good reviews from it. Most of them want it to be on wax, which I think might happen in the future.

MRR: I hear that Vaarallinen will be featured on a compilation album of pseudo-Finnish bands from all over the world. And that none other than Jukka of Riistetyt and Setatila are behind the whole project. When will it be out and on which format? What other bands will share the disk with you?
I don't have any further details about this, you can ask Jukka.

MRR: Is there anything else that you are putting out soon? Oh, and how likely is it that the aforementioned demo tape will be re-released on vinyl? It deserves to be.
The next EP will be out soon on Fullforce Hardcore Destruction. It's a new label by Patto from Apparatus and the person behind Hammercharge Distro. You'll know when it's out. There are a few split 7"s with some bands too... but nothing is concrete right now. A couple of labels are interested in re-releasing the demo on vinyl. Probably soon. I want it to happen too.

MRR: I take it that you are the kinds of punks who would not mind playing live every weekend if asked. Of all shows that you have performed as Vaarallinen, what are the most memorable ones? And why?
Hey, we don't have shows every week in Singapore and I don't know how it feels to play every weekend. After we lost our spaces to do shows, like Blackhole 212, we usually have shows once or twice a month and on busy months we have, like, four shows. It all depends on touring bands that came over. It's expensive to do shows here and it's been a while since there's a show with only local bands on the bill. Vaarallinen has only played like ten shows since June 2011. I don't quite remember which one is the most memorable show because all the shows that we play seem to be awesome and we usually play to drunk punk kids so nothing can go wrong from there. It's always fun.

I guess the most recent show that we played was weird because I don't remember much about it. It was a house show party, (we occasionally rent holiday houses to do shows in, but they cost *a lot*). I was so drunk and we played ultra fast, everything was out of control. I did some punk jumps, which I don't usually do and I managed to play the Angelic Upstarts' "Police Oppression" for the last song, for no apparent reason, without even realizing it. It was a crazy show. I guess that was memorable, the show that I don't remember much of.

MRR: Being a native of Korea, I hate it with passion when geographically ignorant Westerners keep asking me about the punk scene in Japan or China. The reality is that I live three hours by plane from either country and don't even speak a word of Japanese or Chinese. By the same token, there are those who can't tell Singapore from the rest of Southeast Asia. What would you like to say to them?
It's as bad as it was ten or fifteen years ago, where people didn't have a clue about what was happening around here. Back then, it used to be like two to five touring bands that came over. Now we can get ten to twenty-five bands each year coming over to play. It's also good because when they have a wonderful experience here, they'll tell everyone and eventually more bands will play here. We have the internet for communicating and distributing music, which makes it much easier for everyone to check it out. I'm not complaining, it's been wonderful. People still don't know much about the Southeast Asia hardcore punk scene, not just Singapore.

So all I can say is that we are made up of a unique bunch of punks from Southeast Asia who have the same energy as you do in making the world a better place to live in. Our struggle and anti-authoritarian stance runs deep and that's why the existence of punk is essential here. Come travel or even tour with your band in Southeast Asia, experience a whole new world of punk touring, food and culture. Get in touch, buy records or zines, get connected with distros, punk collectives and punk spaces here. Experience tons of crazy punk kids slam dancing to your band at every show in Indonesia. Enjoy some good punk hospitality with the drunk punks in Malaysia. Drink tons of cheap beers in the Philippines. Devour loads of delicious vegan food in Singapore. Everyone here is friendly, everyone is genuine. It's easy to communicate in Singapore since a lot of people understand and have studied English in school. Yes, we can speak English!

As much as there are heaps of wonderful punk bands with rich histories in Japan, people always tend to forget that the Philippine punk scene started way back in the late '70s, it was the pioneer punk scene in Southeast Asia. As for Singapore, our punk community is small and comparatively young, but we sure make things happen and keep it going for as long as we can. The scenes in Southeast Asia may be very close-knit, but there is something different and special about each and every one. Don't think that just because you've been to one city in Southeast Asia, that you understand anything at all about punk in this region. It is as diverse and crazy as ever. The only way to know it, is to come and check it out.

MRR: Last words, please.
Punk. Chaos. Destroy. Thanks for the interview. Contact us at vaarallinenpunk@gmail.com or at my personal email, subsistencepunk@hotmail.com, if you want to know more about what's happening around here or you want to come to visit.

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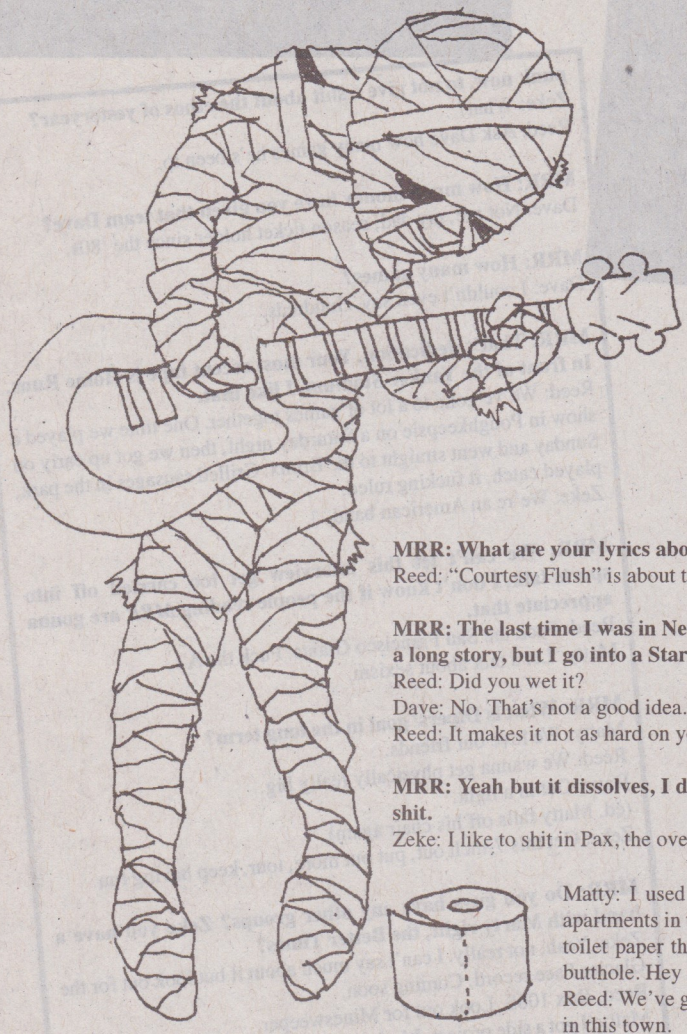
DIPERS

So a few weekends ago I spent the weekend in New York City, mostly to catch a gig at 538 Johnson. It's been awhile since I've lived in NYC so I figured I would spend my day walking from the 59th Street Columbus Circle subway station to Brooklyn. Initially, my visit was to watch my friends from Albany, CANCER who played their NYC debut. New York City also has two new awesome locals, SHOXX and GOOSEBUMPS who also played. DIPERS rounded out the show and if you haven't seen them, they rule.

DIPERS, like their namesake, have a huge underlying sense of humor, amongst being an underrated New York hardcore punk act. Don't let the unassuming dudeness or '90s wrestler-influenced stage presence of front man Reed Dunlea fool you; they have two demos with solid as all-get-out jams. I got the chance to catch these guys for a slightly drunken interview while in the midst of gearing up for their second tour. Go see 'em. Cheers!

Interview by Steven Golding, photos by Darren Nanos, Rachel Stedman and Reed Dunlea.



MRR: Just had a great show at Stolen Sleeves. Right off the bat, what is the song "Dog Mosh" about? (ed. Matty falls out of his chair)

Zeke: It's about some crusty kid, some traveler type, who trained his mutt, who trained him right, to circle pit at the shows, to bark along to words he knows.

Reed: It's about a guy who teaches his dog how to mosh. So all these crusties who go to shows or whatever, and they put it to good use and taught it how to mosh and the dog fucking rips it up in the pit, Matty gets bloody fucking knees from it.

Matty: Yeah when the fuck did that happen?

Reed: Probably just now when you fell off that chair dude.

MRR: He works with dogs.

Matty: Dog-mosh is about the brotherhood between man and beast. So you know, man's best friend. Who's got your back in the pit? Your best friend.

Reed: Punk's best friend.

Matty: I walk dogs.

MRR: What are your lyrics about? Talk about "Courtesy Flush".

Reed: "Courtesy Flush" is about taking a really fat dump. The lyrics are courtesy flush, poop, flush, wipe, flush.

MRR: The last time I was in New York City I was walking down Delancey and I really needed to take a shit. It's a long story, but I go into a Starbucks and I start wiping my ass with the seat cover, the seat condoms.

Reed: Did you wet it?

Dave: No. That's not a good idea.

Reed: It makes it not as hard on your butt.

MRR: Yeah but it dissolves, I don't want it dissolving in my butthole. But it's hard. There's nowhere to take a shit.

Zeke: I like to shit in Pax, the overpriced healthy food places. Their bathrooms are nice, two-ply.

Matty: I used to walk dogs in New York City and had the pleasure of shitting in rich peoples' apartments in the Upper West Side. But you know what? As rich as the people are, you will not find toilet paper that's strong enough to prevent your fingers from going through and going into your butthole. Hey oh! New song! 2012!

Reed: We've got another song about getting ripped off at bodegas because that's a common problem in this town.

MRR: Bodega Justice.

Matty: A lot of the songs are kind of inside jokes about shit that we all encounter.

Zeke: Not so much inside jokes, just shit that only we would find funny.

Matty: We've got a new 7-inch—What? Are you putting the fucking recorder in your balls?

MRR: Let's get to the point. Where the fuck did your band name come from? Because I've heard some great band names.

Matty: Listen. You're born into diapers. Chances are you're gonna die in diapers. That's how the four of us are.

MRR: Dave, this is your first band right?

Dave: Yep, this is my first.

MRR: That's awesome, how is it being in a raging punk band?

Dave: Fantastic. I couldn't ask for three better guys.

Matty: Ohhhhh!

Reed: Matty's gonna cry.

Dave: First and last.

MRR: You never forget your first. Do you guys feel at home as a band in New York City?

Reed: Well, Matty doesn't live here anymore, he roots for the Phillies now. There's a lot of fucking awesome people doing punk shit in New York, but people in New York also have a stick up their ass

Rachel Stedman

all the time. Sometimes that's fine. It's like any place probably, but there can be such a clique mentality in this town. And there are so many fucking people and so much shit going on. I feel like when we get on the road we actually feel a little more at home. When you're out of town people don't look at you based on whom you're friends with. There's more of a chance for people to judge your band on your music and performance.
Dave: NYC is definitely our home, but we love to play away games.

MRR: Your show in Albany was awesome. It was a great time. New York is fucking insane right now, there's such an explosion of punk bands.
Reed: There are a lot of awesome bands here. Really though, it's easy to get down on some of the negative things that go along with New York, but the best bands are here and anything and everything you want to do is available at your finger tips 24 hours a day. Like Checkers and Kennedy Fried.
Matty: We're just four schmoes in the city man, you know what I mean? We are schmoes. We look and smell like schmoes. To you we probably sound like schmoes.

MRR: And you're all about the Yankees.
Zeke: And the Giants. Eli. JPP. The Knicks minus Carmelo. Shouts to Steve Novak.
Dave: We're the unofficial punk band of the New York Yankees. When we go to the games, sometimes they give us free hats or calendars, or when it's bat day they give us bats. It's sick.

MRR: I think you're all wearing Yankees merch right now. Maybe except for Matty.
Matty: I'm wearing your band's shirt!
Zeke: Giants.
Dave: Dipers got me this awesome Yankees backpack for my birthday last year. My birthday's coming up guys by the way.

MRR: How can you guys be Yankees fans? That's like the most unpunk thing on earth.
Zeke: What are you talking about man?
Matty: Turn it off.
Zeke: Hating on sports because it's not punk is dumb. Be yourself. I like punk and sports. So what?

MRR: What about corporate greed? Is that a motif in punk now, to not give a shit about the ethos of yesteryear?
Zeke: What?
Reed: Ask Dave how many games he's been to.

MRR: How much money have you given that team Dave?
Dave: Not me, my dad; season ticket holder since the '80s.

MRR: How many games?
Dave: I couldn't even say. Hundreds.

MRR: That's dedication. Your most recent tape is Home Runs. In front of the Yankee Stadium, I like that.
Reed: We've gone to a lot of games together. One time we played a show in Poughkeepsie on a Saturday night, then we got up early on Sunday and went straight to the Bronx. Grilled sausages in the park, played catch, it fucking ruled.
Zeke: We're an American band.

MRR: We can't let this interview get too carried off into sports talk, I don't know if the people reading *MRR* are gonna appreciate that.
Reed: Fuck the San Francisco Giants. Fuck the A's.
Matty: Let's talk about sexism.

MRR: What is Dipers' goal in the long term?
Matty: We love our friends.
Reed: We wanna get physically really big.
Dave: Get in a fight.
(ed. Matty falls off his chair again)
Zeke: Get this 7-inch out, put out more, tour, keep having fun.

MRR: Do you guys have any other groups? Zeke you have a band with Marty right, the Better Times?
Zeke: Yeah, not really. I can't say much about it but look out for the Glacier Face record. Coming soon.
Reed: Box 100S. Look out for Minesweeper.
Matty: I got a side project. It's a slow start but I'm assembling it. I'm looking for any punks out there, East Coast to West Coast diabetics, Type I or Type II, doesn't matter, Type III, Differentials, doesn't matter. I'm piecing together this positive hardcore punk all-diabetic band called Livabetes. Fucking same struggle. We live this fucking shit every day. So come on out.
Reed: Give 'em your fucking contact man.
Matty: Yeah. My contact is Matty Pepperoni Pizza Body on Facebook.

MRR: What's your favorite New York Hardcore Band?
Matty: Madball.
Reed: Madball. Creem.
Zeke: I never really thought

Reed Dunlea

about it, I might say Madball, I might say Cro-Mags, Bad Brains sorta count—actually they don't. Judge. Burn. 108. Crown Of Thornz. Indecision. Gorilla Biscuits. Start Today is my all time favorite.
Matty: My favorite New York band is Huey Lewis & The News.
Dave: Korn Kobblers.
Reed: We listen to a lot of Huey in the car. We listen to Sports a lot.

MRR: You listen to a lot of sports, that's cool.
Reed: Sports by Huey Lewis.

MRR: Do you guys have any guilty pleasures?
Matty: I love dubstep and I love, really love, pregnant women.
Dave: That's not a guilty pleasure.
Reed: That's just a regular pleasure. I love *Friends*.

MRR: That's not a guilty pleasure.
Reed: The TV show.
Zeke: You like *Friends* dude?
Dave: I get a lot of heat for this, but I love the Indigo Girls. And I don't think that's a guilty pleasure at all.
Reed: We missed like a good show or something because Dave had to go to an Indigo Girls concert.
Matty: No he skipped it, he didn't go to the concert!
Dave: I did not go to that Indigo Girls concert because of Dipers.
Matty: He came through.
Zeke: *Friends* sucks.

MRR: What's your favorite modern New York band?
Reed: Jay-Z featuring Alicia Keys.
Reed: And Nomad. They sing in Japanese.

MRR: Why?
Reed: Because the dude is Japanese man!
Matty: I like Am Breakups and Boogie Brains.
Zeke: Dipset, Blak Bravo, Little Italy, Brain Slug.

MRR: Reed, you've interviewed so many bands, you're like the Phil Hartman of New York Hardcore.
Reed: Phil Hartman is fucking dead!
Zeke: Reed has a pea brain and likes *Friends*.

MRR I'm just saying he's funny, and his nickname is the glue. You're like the glue.
Dave: He's the Bill Ritter of NYHC.
MRR: Well I don't know, I'm not from here; I just wanted to make that connection.
Reed: No, there are a lot of good bands here. We try to have fun.

MRR: What's it like, being a band in New York City. How do you cart your shit around without a car? How do you carve a name out for yourself in this concrete jungle?
Reed: By making cool friends. By playing shows for a year and a half straight before anyone gives a shit.
Matty: Before people call us a new New York band.
Reed: We book our own shows; we do not get booked in New York.
Zeke: As far as carving out a name, we haven't figured that out yet. We can't even decide on a name. Plus we're not serious enough for most punks in New York it seems like. We're too stupid.

MRR: Everything here is so fucking expensive though; like a practice space and everything.
Reed: The practice space actually isn't that bad at the hourly spot. Dave has a fucking Toyota, so we load up our gear in that, Zeke rides shotgun, I ride my bike and Matty takes the Chinatown bus from Philly.
Matty: We buy small equipment.
Reed: Zeke buys big cabs.
Zeke: It's not that big.

MRR: Like with Little Italy, Seth is carrying his drums down the street in a fucking cart. I see that and I'm thinking that's what everyone in New York does.
Matty: No, not at all.
Reed: Most people park their van at their parent's house in Manhattan in their garage.

MRR: What do you prefer, upstate or downstate?
Zeke: I love my hometown, the Electric City. Schenectady, New York. But there's more stuff to do down here.
Dave: I love Allstate.
Reed: That's always a tough choice because upstate has nature. Beautiful, beautiful nature.

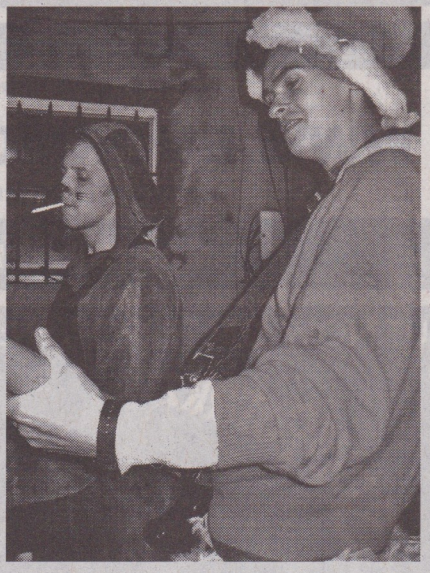
MRR: That's why I moved back; but in terms of punk?
Reed: It's hard to say. Obviously New York right now, but Albany has had a ton of great bands over the years, a lot of great bands. People are fucking bored in Albany and don't need to be punk as fuck. I appreciate bored people in boring towns. Bored people generally make better punk music and make their own fun.
Zeke: There's good people and good stuff happening in Albany. We're down with Cancer, Girls Of Porn and Monster Movie..

MRR: Two favorite LPs from everybody. Go.
Dave: *Sheet Music* by 10CC and let's say *Rhythm Al Ism* by DJ Quik.
Matty: *Jagged Little Pill* by Alanis Morisette and *Bridge Over Troubled Water* by Simon And Garfunkle.
Reed: *Dookie* by Green Day and *On The Beach* by Neil Young.
Zeke: *Inspiration Information,* Shuggie Otis. *Street Songs,* Rick James.
Dave: Nice.

MRR: I thought you were gonna say Beach Boys. I remember you were talking about Pet Sounds one day.
Reed: Pet Shop Boys *Greatest Hits*. One time we slept on the beach where Brian Wilson wrote all of the Beach Boys songs.

MRR: All of the Beach Boys songs?
Reed: Yeah, all of them. On the beach. Dolphins were swimming. And we got sand in our pasta and had to eat crunchy fucking pasta for dinner.

MRR: I don't know what else to ask you guys. What do you want to tell everybody?
Reed: Make fun not music. This is how the 99% lives, so get with the times.
Zeke: Shithouse coming soon on Eat the Life records.
Reed: Thanks to Max and AJ. Come drink a beer with us in a town near you.
Dave: Don't let these guys interview you.



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"THIS IS NOISE-CORE"

Noise-Core Roundtable Part Two

The first noise-core roundtable discussion appeared in Mobsproof Vol. 5 and was rerun in MRR November 2011, issue #342. This time around, we are bringing you the second installment of this series! Due to the favorable response from the first roundtable, these Japanese punks sent out noise-core radio waves from Tokyo to Kyushu. As a result, it ended up creating a deformed space-time and the roundtable discussion slowly unfolded into a strange one! The members of the discussion were Hakata and Kishimoto from Control, Shingo from People and the discussion was co-moderated by myself (Azusa from Stagnation) with Matsubara from Mobsproof magazine.

Originally published in Mobsproof Vol. 7. Translated from Japanese by Sash Mori, edited by Tony Gunnarsson.

OK, let's start: how did you get into noise-core?
Hakata: For me, it was after I heard Gai flexi. I also soon after got my hands on the Confuse flexi and I was hooked.

What was it like to hear the likes of Gai and Confuse for the first time?
Hakata: Listening to Gai suited me well the most at that time. But if later Gai/early Swankys is what Shingo would call noise-core based on rock'n'roll, then Confuse is more like noise-core that eliminated the rock'n'roll elements, right? I changed sides *[laughter]*.

Were you listening to punk before listening to Gai?
Hakata: Of course I was listening to punk. Got into Laughin' Nose first and started listening to domestic and international stuff through reading *Punk On Wave* magazine, listening to *V/A Great Punk Hits* and *V/A Hardcore Unlawful Assembly*. But not many bands made me think "This is noise-core!"
Kishimoto: For me, when I first got into listening to punk, it was from a dubbed tape. On side B there was Hijyo-Kaidan *[Editor's Note: A Japanese industrial noise-core band]*. For your information, on side A was the Clash *[laughter]*.
Shingo: When I was in Junior High, I accidentally went into a shop in my town, which turned out to be Oita's only punk shop, Tip Top, which sold stuff like colorful fuzzy sweaters, inside-out T-shirts, funky trousers with knees joined and shoes with thick soles. On the wall was a Sex Pistols poster. I was like "This is the famous Sex Pistols! How violent!" And I was really hooked instantly by the gap between the clothing and the music. Actually, the music that was playing was Gai's *Extermination*. It wasn't noise-core but at the time it felt noisy to me. Also V/A *Big New Are That Punks*. I thought these two releases were by the Sex Pistols *[laughter]*. That's my introduction.
Azusa: For me, my senior classmate told me that "this type of music would suit well with people like you"—meaning I'm a failure? I still don't know what he meant by that *[laughter]*—"so you should listen to this" and handed me Disorder *Under the Scalpel Blade*. I borrowed it, never gave it back actually *[laughter]*, and from the moment I heard the first song "Driller Killer," my everyday walking drunk head got the impulse, or more like it made me crazy! Like "What the hell is this?" and aaahhh, my ears hurt! I was set up again!! Hmm, but it's somewhat dangerous and cool *[laughter]*. Then, I found Kyushu noise-core.

Hakata, Kishimoto, did you see all these Kyushu noise-core bands at the time?
Hakata: Confuse and Gai, right? People that were ten years older than me saw them a lot. I'm 34 years old. Bands that played with noise guitar were mostly crust bands and I got excited seeing those bands, without a doubt. It's true I was fascinated by noise-core, but I was knocked out by its aggressive and destructive sound and was not excited with "Kyushu punk" as a whole. Living in Fukuoka, I still don't know what current "Kyushu punk" is at all *[laughter]*. I do go to hardcore gigs often, though.
Kishimoto: I saw them. I saw stuff like Dis (of Confuse), whose imagery is studded jackets and spiky hair, play a gig wearing a suit. What left the most impression was the new year gig where TV of the Swankys played guitar for Confuse… Also, "Old man at greengrocer's vs. the punx." The old man who ran a greengrocer's shop on the first floor of Live House Seibu Ja Ja threw tomatoes at the punx. *[laughter]*

Shingo, your voice sounds just like that one band [the Swankys]. Do you deliberately do that?
Shingo: Umm, at first I did *[laughter]*. Now, however, I don't, but it just ends up sounding like that. I personally like noisy punk rock with flimsy vocals! That way of singing is comforting.

Why do you still wear studded jackets and spike your hair?
Hakata: I wear a studded jacket at gigs only. I made it ten years ago. Our guitarist is quite old and one of the things he is particular about is studded jackets.
Azusa: I've had a studded jacket for eleven years or so. I am not really particular about it, it's just because it's cool.
Kishimoto: Putting studs on a leather jacket is cool. I think it's the greatest fashion for hardcore punk! Mine only has a few studs, but Hakata's has a lot! Azusa's studded jacket is also really sick.

Do all of you have your own definition of noise-core?
Hakata: My definition, although it's quite loosely put, is that it's a type of music that is mainly centered on the rhythm section rather than the noise guitar. Musically being rapturous puts more charm to it. It adds more chaos to it. But if you decided to play noise-core, you'll need to put a lot of spirit in it. I often wonder whom we are aiming this noise at. I mean, the small details in our music that are important to us are not really put across to our listeners because of the noise. Playing noise-core means you may destroy details you didn't intend to destroy!!

I feel the same way. You really need some spirit to continue. Did you ever think to quit playing noise-core?!!
Hakata: Yeah, I have thought about changing styles or quitting, but to deeply think about it, you just can't quit when you are not satisfied about it, can you? But I don't think the day will come where I will be satisfied about this.
Azusa: Yes, yes. It's a maze without an exit! That's why it's fun and I can't quit!!
Kishimoto: My definition of noise-core is that it's not necessarily guitars that are noisy or loud. It's more the feeling of piercing, high-pitched sound or a squeaky sound. I said this earlier, but I'm conscious about that sort of stuff, as Hijyou-Kaidan had some impact on me, even though they were industrial sounds, not noise-core.

It seems to me that the ear-piercing noise guitar sound of Control is really important to you. Shingo: How do you make that Control guitar noise?
Kishimoto: As I mentioned earlier, I'm not really looking to make a loud sound per se; I want to make a sharp sound. Like, a sharp sound that could pierce your brain. To achieve this, I bought a single pickup, searched for a slim, pierce-sounding distortion and used a nice tube amp. But that ended when the tube amp blew up, so now I'm just using a Fender. You have to just repeat that sort of trial and error to get the sound you want. But my ideal guitar sound is that of the dentist drill!
Azusa: I see. Like your brains getting pierced! I get pierced every time I see you

guys! Dentists drill?! It's the true driller killer sound!!!

Kishimoto: My definition of noise-core is not like a loud guitar or something, more like a feeling of very acute ear-piercing sharpness, like "zzzzzz."

Shingo: Personally, in my definition, noise-core requires a rock'n'roll bass. That's everything for me. Of course, a fuzzy sound should also be the base.

Azusa: Rock'n'roll bass and fuzzy sound at the base sounds like People!!! Hmm, it is difficult to define noise-core. But there are endless possibilities! When it comes to my band, Stagnation, I would like to emphasize that noise is coming from the roots, from the individual members and our personalities. All members are now destroying and creating noise! Destroy and create individually! Everyone in the band should make noise. The noise of noise-core is exceptional!! Does that make any sense??

Hakata: What Azusa means possibly, is that a band with a noise guitar as the basis looks toward a future vision of creating an original style, right? Every time I hear Stagnation, I am truly amazed by guitarist Nozaki's way of making noise.

Azusa: Of course I'm thinking about bringing out originality with noise guitar! Yeah, having Nozaki join us has broadened things! Instantly I have a lowpitched sound and a high-pitched distortion sound noise guitar. You'll know by listening to the sound that his guitar is insane! And now, a lot of the time our bass player Hachi makes the riffs and that is also bringing a new breath of air, because Hachi's background is not from noise-core. So he brings some nasty riffs. He comes up with things I would never have thought of before! And it fits well with Nozaki's songs too! It's hard to explain in words, but we all try to play a part in writing the songs. I think about how I execute my vocals and try to make it sound nasty on purpose. It doesn't go so well! Anyway, I'm still trial-and-error testing, but I plan to continue riding this never-ending journey. It would be best to sound original without even trying to sound original. Destroy noise-core by playing noise-core! We're aiming for Stagnation style!

As a vocalist I want to know, is there anything that is important for you on stage? I sing while carrying a mic stand on one hand.

Shingo: The image of the shocking false Sex Pistols is still inside my head, so somehow I want to make that out. Our lyrics are, well, should I say, our lyrics are like jokes, or cynical? As of late, it changed a bit, but the basis is "suck can't fetish."

Hakata: I like it when gigs are unpredictable. And since we aren't able to play that often, we definitely hate doing the same thing as the gig before. My lyrics are—this is quite usual for bands—just about what's happening around me.

What noise-core would you recommend that you have listened to lately? My recommendation is Chaos UK.

Shingo: This is quite obvious but I would chose the Swankys *Neo Damage* flexi and *Very Best Of 2*. I listen to them a lot. "Refined White Cats," "Five Star," "Please for Kiss Me" are the best! The guitar on "White Cats" is killer! And that bass-only part on "Five Star"... I just can't get enough of that!! I get the chills every time I listen to it.

Azusa: Without a doubt, it's Disorder's first EP and first LP. They're still the best. And you can't forget about Confuse! Lately, I was also listening to a band from France called Warning//Warning, they are good.

Well, in your daily life where all kinds of sounds can be heard, do you ever hear some noise and think "Man, this noise is my desired sound"? *[laughter]*

Shingo: What a really abnormal question!! I'm astonished!! That's what I would expect from Azusa! Ummmm, nothing in particular!! *[laughter]*

Kishimoto: Daily noise?! I know, I know! Like, when you hear something like "this is a really good noise sound," right? Things like the sound of the dentist's drill, like I mentioned earlier, for sure, and the sound when you tune the radio. You know what I mean? That sound is among the top three sounds I want to recreate!

Azusa: Yeah! That's the one! I thought about recruiting a radio as one of the members of Stagnation!! Because that radio sound can't be recreated! *[laughter]*

Hakata: I don't know myself, but Azusa, what noises makes you think "This is great noise"?

Azusa: As of late, my personal favorite familiar noise is the shower. From that sound of running water to twisting the knob, and bam! Fuzzy water! *[laughter]* It's like guitar fuzz and distortion, it comforts me all the time! I have many others, but I will just stick with the shower this time around! *[laughter]*

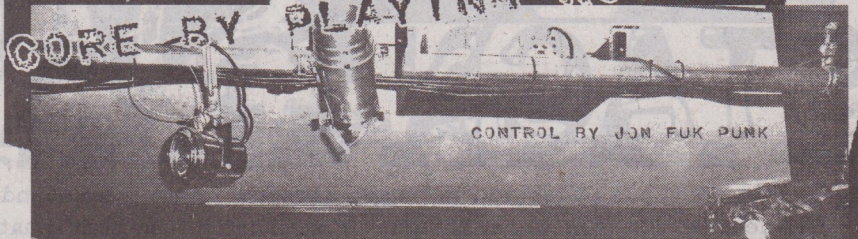
What's your plan for the next year?

Shingo: The plans for next year are: putting out two single records and touring Kyushu with Stagnation. And we will probably carry on doing our Public Organization gigs at our pace. Although it depends on other people's schedules, I'd like to go out of prefecture if invited. Oh yeah, and next year I'd like to play with Control, Stagnation and People.

Hakata: Nothing special from me. For your information, I'm 35 years old. *[laughter]*

Kishimoto: Control is recording with new members. It will be released as a split record with Stagnation on Hardcore Survives. I hope to do a record release gig. Nothing is concrete yet, but we are talking about recording a demo of three or four songs. Before, we did cassette tape releases, but from now we'll use CD-Rs instead *[laughter]*. It's so easy *[laughter]*. Well, we haven't thought about it, so we may do just tapes *[laughter]*. And we are now turning down offers for local gigs... Because we'd really like to play new places!

Azusa: The plan for Stagnation in the next year is to release a full album next spring or summer! In the near future, we will do a big gig under the name Violent Party at Shinjuku Anti-Knock on March 10th. I hope to see everyone, particularly people from out of the prefecture! Let's have fun. We'd like to do a Kyushu tour, but we'll see. We are talking about it, but it's hard to say if everyone can take a week off work. I'd like to do a gig somehow with Stagnation, Control and People in Kyushu. And do a record release gig! Here's my final word about noise-core: You'll understand everything once you listen to the Stagnation/Control *Total Noise-Core* split EP.



STAGNATION

In the previous pages you may have already found the second installment of the Noise-core Roundtable. We decided to run this interview as sort of a continuation of the conversation and to keep the momentum going! Stagnation is a Japanese raw noise-core band from Tokyo. There are others playing raw punk and noise-core today, but Stagnation is light-years ahead of everyone else. They transcend all labels but noise-core. The most accessible Stagnation releases are probably the Destraction EP released on Whispers in Darkness back in 2008 and Total Noise Core split EP with Control released last year on Hardcore Survives. The self-released CD-R is a four-track, genius noise-core record that deserves to be heard by millions. Here is an interview with the lwegendary one-man army Azusa, vocalist of Stagnation and the brains behind the contemporary international noise-core revival. Introduction and interview by Tony Gunnarsson. All answers by Azusa; translation by Rie Yamana and Imamura Noriyasu, photos by Kodama (Vendetta).

MRR: Can you introduce Stagnation for readers of *MRR*?
It's been about ten years since I formed Stagnation. I wanted to play noise-core. The name came from a song by Disorder. Stagnation is noise-core. Sorry for the short description but I'd rather like to introduce the members of the band. I am a vocalist Azusa, noise guitarist is Mochi, fuzz guitarist is Nozaki who was in Collapse Society, bassist is Hachi and drummer is Nenji who was in Unarm and Kriegshög.

MRR: As I understand it, Stagnation is basically you (Azusa) with various friends backing you up on guitars, bass and drums. How come Stagnation never became a band with permanent members?
There are many reasons. Other people perhaps got bored with noise-core, or they wanted to do other things like start their own bands (laughs). So, well, I think basically that's why—there is a difference in musical direction! Another thing: it might be because I am so sloppy? Hahaha...

MRR: How did you discover punk?
I was taught about punk by my seniors!

MRR: Can you say something about the message of Stagnation? What are the songs about?
The basics are about the absurdity of daily life, politics and the atomic bomb.

MRR: When Zyanose was interviewed in *MRR*, they said, "there is more to noise-core than distortion guitar." Can you say something about your vision of noise-core?
I think noise-core is the noise that comes out from the human being! I take care of it. Of course I am pretty picky about what instruments are used but vocalist is also an important element of noise-core. Voice is an instrument also! I play noise-core by emitting noise from my body!

MRR: I am still playing the Stagnation/Control split EP every day, over and over and over. It is too fucking great. Can you say something about how you this release came about?
Thanks! I had talked with Control about this release for many years. But we (Stagnation) had a change of members so it got delayed and we didn't have the proper timing to release it. But now it is finally done! When we finally found a perfect lineup, we asked So (Hardcore Survives) to help us with this release. I told him this split EP had to become one of the best in history!

MRR: Can you say something about Control, please? Readers of *MRR* may only know Control from the disappointingly bad record released by Damaging Noise records USA.
Yes, the sound on that EP was terrible. Control did not grasp it in detail. It was only because of the split with Stagnation that Control even entered the studio for the first time! This is their first official studio recording. But Control seem to play live gigs much more and much livelier than in the old days, so from now on I am looking forward to more Control. Let's just hope Control will release other records!

MRR: Please can you say something about the Violent Party Gig you have arranged? How was the last one, for example?
Violent Party is the name of my live gigs. It is for all kinds of music and I invite really cool bands that I wanna see regardless of the genre. The party I planned recently had nineteen bands in all. All bands were great and we drank too much! Hahaha...

MRR: I am also interested in your other bands. I know you had a few bands before Stagnation, can you say something about them and what releases there are?
Previously I played in a band called Soups that released a CD. But at the time, it was not noise-core anyway, hahaha—at least not on the demo. I also played bass in Exclude. Exclude had a vocalist who is now the drummer in Asocial Terror Fabrication (ATF), as well as the bass player of Stagnation where he uses his bass as a guitar, hahaha. But Exclude had no releases.

MRR: Can you please also say something about any other current bands you've got, like for example the band C that you have with Passy? When are we going to finally hear C? Confuse + Crass = best idea ever!
Yes, I play in the band C with Passy. But, C has no noise—it is only Crass style!!! We believe that there will be an upcoming release. So, now you have something to look forward to!

I WAS TAUGHT ABOUT PUNK BY MY SENIORS

MRR: Please say something about the Noise-Core Roundtable articles from *Mobsproof*! Of course, as you may know already, *MRR* republished the first roundtable session and we're running the second one in this very issue. Can you say something about what you wanted to achieve by meeting and talking about noise-core?

More excitement in the Japanese noise-core scene! So I came up with this idea and asked Matsubara (*Mobsproof* editor) for help and then I drew up a plan for roundtable talks. Overseas, noise-core seems to come alive but in Japan it is very rare so I really wanted to encourage more emotion.

MRR: What is your favorite noise-core band? And why?

Disorder! Of course they are the origins of Stagnation. The atmosphere of Disorder is very cool. I think I found out about Disorder from the film *UK/DK*. But I love all their sound! And Confuse! Very exciting band, they were really very violent and the sound seems to be seriously dangerous, hahaha. Of course I am also significantly influenced by Confuse!

MRR: What are your favorite bands from Japan and from overseas? Please list as many as you wish!

In Japan: Control, People, Nervs, Death Dust Extractor, Zyanose, Haava, Orgamism, Chaoschannel, Black and White, Rough Stuff, and I love more bands than I can name! I love all bands that have performed at Violent Party! As for overseas bands: Warning//Warning, Chaos UK, UBR, Crass, Wankys, Lebenden Toten and again there are too many favorite bands for me to say here!

MRR: What is your crazy fucked up daily life situation? What do you do for money? Work? Do your colleagues know about your interest in punk? How do you mange the two worlds of work and punk?

I live with my friends so every night is a party! But I do work hard as well, hahaha. My colleagues know what I am doing so I can take days off when I have gigs. Work means more money for punk. I don't like working but I earn money for punk, hahaha. And I want to drink alcohol anyway, hahaha.

MRR: When will Stagnation come to England? Soon I hope!! Hahahaha.

I'd like to visit England any time, if I have money! Hahaha...

MRR: What are future plans for Stagnation? What is the next record release? Do you need help to release a record? Pogo Punx records and More Noize records are always eager to help, hahaha!

Hahaha. Thanks! The future plan is to release a limited tour EP for Stagnation and Control. For the Stagnation side, we will record cover songs by Disorder and Confuse! Later on, I want to release a Stagnation album in the future, but perhaps I'll ask you later on to give us help, hahahaha!

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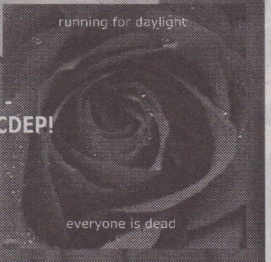

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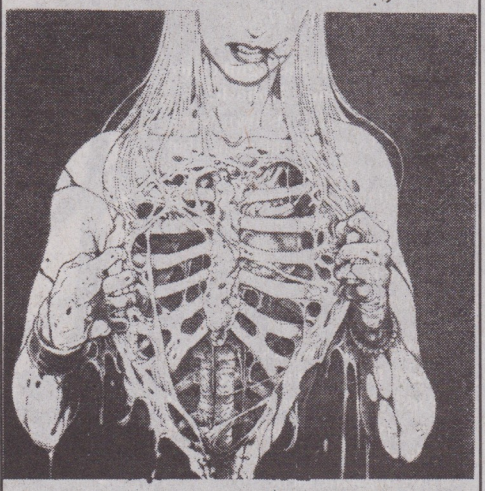

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KOHOSH

Kohosh is a melodic, ancho-punk supergroup outta Seattle, WA. Formed in September of 2010, they just released their first 12" EP called "Survival Guide." Members are Taryn on vox, Lisa on cello, Craig and Ben with guitar, Joseph drums and Andy on bass. They were on tour in April 2012, so maybe you got to see them in your town!
Interview by Nick Gomez, Transcribed by Ben Toczek.

MRR: What is the significance of the band name Kohosh?
C: I think of it as its own word, derived from a plant name, but then we took it as our own and changed it to a K instead of a C.
L: Good answer.
C: And that's us.
J: And people love hard consonants.

MRR: Who writes all your lyrics? Do you write collectively or individually and what would you say is the main focus of Kohosh's lyrics?
T: Well, I write them.
B: Done and Done. (Group laughter)
T: Um, I'm the only writer so far. They are not outwardly political, like a political science paper or article. Not that I'm against that style of writing, but I tend to write more personal lyrics, that are motivated by politics for sure. They are mostly about my personal struggles within punk and other current situations. For me, my political views are both personal and emotional and I think the lyrics definitely represent that.

MRR: I was wondering about Kohosh as far as being part of the Seattle punk scene. Are there any other bands that sound like you or that you buddy up with often?
J: Well, we haven't played a whole lot of shows in Seattle. I feel like we've played like, two or three shows here. I feel we exist in a community of really rad bands. None that jump out to me as bands that we really sound a lot like, but I would say that I have a lot of affinity for a lot of Seattle bands. We're still kind of establishing ourselves among the Seattle punk milieu.
L: We've played a few shows with Adelitas from Portland, so I would call them a Pacific Northwest buddy band of ours, though not a Seattle buddy band.

C: I say we probably play Portland as much as we play Seattle.

MRR: That's cool. I saw you were labeled anarcho-crust and I am always curious as to why bands are labeled anarcho or crust or whatever... What's your take on such labels?
A: Live free my friend!
C: Personally, I can't speak for the whole band, but I would not call our band necessarily an anarcho-crust band. I would say we're more of a powerful anarcho-punk band or a melodic anarcho-punk band. But definitely D-beat is involved in there, so I guess people can get that "crust" in there that way, but I don't really relate to crust on my own... I don't have an affinity all that much with it.
(Recorder drops... Loud boom)

MRR: Can everyone hold the mic closer to you whenever you talk into it.
A: No, we're anarchists.
(group laughter)
J: Yeah... the term anarcho-crust is interesting to me in that I feel like individually and personally those are identities that resonate with me a lot, but I don't necessarily feel that describes the sound or a lot of the motivation of the band necessarily. Whereas I personally identify as an anarchist and in a lot of ways we are crusty as individuals. But I don't think that's how I perceive the genres of anarcho-punk or crust punk. I don't really think that's a very accurate description of what our sound is or maybe what we are doing. But I can understand how people arrive at that. I guess what I mean to say is personally or individually I identify with those things, but I don't really know if that describes the band that accurately.

MRR: Yeah... Anyone else?
A: The label's fine.
J: Motivated by a lot of those bands but...
A: What's in a name?

MRR: So, any other projects that you're involved in as far as music or art or community efforts? Basically a shout out...
B: Kohosh is the first band that I have played with in Seattle. I've played with other bands out of Phoenix, Arizona.
MRR: Whoop Whoop! Phoenix gets hated on so much! Sorry to interrupt.)
B: No, that's all right, for good reason a lot of the time. But there's a lot about Phoenix that I love too...Yeah I played in Alliaceous with Craig and Nick (the interviewer) and in Contravene (also with Nick) as well as Sea Of Deprivation and Misanthropic... All previous band stuff.
J: This is Josef. I guess besides Kohosh, I'm currently playing in a band called Agatha and this band Roanoke and I do this project called Solutions as well. I have been plugging into the Occupy Movements. I was involved with a group called For Crying Out Loud focusing on aggressor accountably and kind of transformative justice kind of stuff. But by and large my focus has been musical and Kohosh is a big part of that for me.
C: Since being in Seattle, I have played in a band called Reckless, which is no longer functioning. And Kohosh pretty much started with a couple of months difference, but Kohosh is still going strong and about to release a record. That's about all for now in Seattle, but in the past I have also played in a band called Creosote, which was formed in Flagstaff, Arizona and a band called Alliaceous.

Both of those were with Nick and Ben... Yeah that was good times.

MRR: Yeah I agree.
A: Hello Mr. Gomez

MRR: Hello Andy.
A: So I've had the pleasure of playing shows with Alliaceous.
C: It's true.

MRR: I'm looking at a flyer of it right now.
A: Ohhhh, it hangs in my living room... Memories. The one with the boat?

MRR: That's it.
A: The boat flyer. Ah, that was it! Epic flyer—good job Craig. I'm lucky enough to now play in a band with Craig who made that awesome flyer. But yeah, Snuggle was on that flyer and Snuggle is still a band and Skarp is still a band that I am totally involved with and I love it but uh, (sigh), Kohosh is family...
L: Hi Nick. Well, I currently play with Jerome in a band called Pipsqueak. In the past I played with Oroku and Garmonbozia. And I guess for something I have been involved with for over five years now, I have been volunteering with the master gardeners of King county. So I volunteer at a demo garden that gives the food to a food bank and has an elderly lunch program and whatnot. Yeah, that's pretty much it.

MRR: I love punx who are involved in food, which a lot of punx seem to be.
L: It's a good thing.
C: So you love a lot of people.
(Lots of laughter)
T: So Kohosh is my second band. My first band was Creosote. But I toured with Alliaceous and Contravene a couple of times. So although I am the newest to bands and stuff, I am not totally unfamiliar with the shenanigans that go down.
L: Life on the road...
T: The life on the road. Definitely I have found myself in bands through politics. Especially with Wemoons Army and PMS Media and vessels of those sorts, that got me used to traveling and performing with political backgrounds. Doing things with those projects morphed into doing musical projects and that's where a lot of the inspiration started with me.

MRR: Being involved in the punk scene, what changes have you experienced? What's changed for you personally?
J: Thinking back on when I first got exposed to punk politics and just punk in general—and I am thinking about DIY ethics and stuff like that too—when I was kind of being exposed to punk a lot of the radical politics were a little bit more marginal and I feel like they've become more central and that's important to me to see. That basically a lot of the efforts and a lot of the dialogue surrounding things like, I don't know, racism and institutionalized racism, sexism, homophobia, a lot of that things have become more central tenants of punk and I think that is really exciting.

I think that the general climate in punk has had more consideration to perspectives of anti-oppression. I think that places have become safer in punk communities. I think there has been a lot of growth in terms of a queer movement, as well, inside of punk and that's been really exciting to me. To me it's like, when I first got into punk, politics and punk could be very separate and I think nowadays I can't separate the two for sure. I think that they're kind of one and the same to me in a lot of cases, but that's my personal perspective; that's how I have seen things, which is

certainly debatable. But for the most part, I feel like things are going in a good direction. I feel so naked right now.
(group laughter)
A: No, that was awesome. I totally agree. When I first got into punk (Craig pops a beer), it seemed like it was a rougher scene. It was not as open and I really like what's happening in Seattle right now because it's very open. The scene is really what you make it day by day and I like that. It works out for everybody. As a kid growing up, it seemed like more of an exclusive club... Maybe I'm just old and I don't care about exclusive clubs anymore. Now it's just what we make it and I love this band. And we make it our own. And so that's that.
T: I guess I almost feel opposite from Josef and Andy. When I got into punk it was very political and it started that way pretty much from the beginning. It started very basic, with politics rooted in anarchism. Politics and punk went hand-in-hand. There was no separation and the constant challenge of living politically and being involved with punk has always been a part of my life.

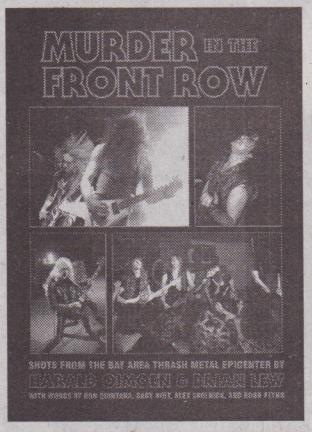
But as I get older, I feel like more separation tends to occur, as far as the punk community goes, and I'm thinking, is it me or is it what's going on around me? Finding activism in punk I feel is a lot harder than it used to be. Also, as I get older, I see a transition from a punk community to a punk scene.

MRR: Is it harder because y'all have more responsibility? What do you find you struggle with the most as a punk?
T: What I struggle with most is the complacency of punk and the accommodation of mainstream thoughts, values and language that happens all around. It seems like every show I go to, no matter where it is, someone is saying fucked up shit. And I do feel a responsibility to do something, but I also get tired of arguing against defensive people every time I'm at a show. I also want to acknowledge all the rad people involved in punk that fight to make a safe, conscious community.
C: *Up the punx!*

MRR: Where has Kohosh traveled?
L: Portland
(Group laughs)
C: We've played Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Olympia. In the Spring we toured down to Tijuana and back. We recording some new songs the last two days of tour, for a few different possible splits coming up with some buddy bands. That's all I have on that.
J: Come watch us when we next go on tour.

MRR: Y'all have a record coming out too, right?
T: Yes.
T: And it's called "Survival Guide" and it's a 12" EP.
B: You can get the record from us at kohosh.bandcamp.com or kohoshband@gmail.com.

BOOKS



Murder in the Front Row: Shots from the Bay Area Thrash Metal Epicenter
Harald Oimoen and Brian Lew
272 pages • $34.95
Bazillion Points
www.bazillionpoints.com

After watching Metallica's "Some Kind Of Monster" documentary and seeing how the other bands included (Slayer, Megadeth, etc.) went on to sell out ginormous stadiums, it is hard to believe that there was a time when there wasn't really any separation between band and audience within this scene. A time when metal rivaled hardcore, with music that was rawer, faster and more intense, and shows that were crazier, more violent, but just plain fun. A time when almost any night of the week Broadway (SF) was invaded by denim-and-leather-clad long haired armies, alongside skinheads and punks hanging out, jumping from one show to another with abandon. These nights always ended with the inevitable long parade of black and white SFPD cars blocking the street while harassing the kids and breaking up the fun. Over in the East Bay the same thing was going on at long defunct clubs like Ruthie's Inn, Berkeley Square or the Keystone.

At age thirteen, my musical diet consisted of the Ramones, Black Sabbath, Blue Öyster Cult, AC/DC, The Kinks, Ted Nugent or just anything with the most stripped down heavy guitar sound that pissed people off. I ended up doing time one year at a completely alien-land high school in Monterey, California, where thankfully there was a school radio station (KSPB) that introduced my ears to the sounds of Motörhead, Iron Maiden, Saxon, Girlschool and other heavier, stripped down guitar sounds.

At the time and for a while, punk and metal was all the same to me. Ending up back in San Francisco not long after and in my one and only year in catholic school, I met some of the craziest kids ever, who turned me onto MDC, Black Flag, Fear, Fuck Ups, etc but one day my friend brought in a tape by Venom. All our minds were blown and arguments ensued over whether this evil ass shit was punk, metal or what the fuck. It opened a door and I discovered the late greatest record store, The Record Vault on Polk Street, and KUSF's Rampage Radio show that, along with *MRR*'s show, blew everything I thought I knew about music to shit.

I was the most excited when I saw this book had pictures of the "Eastern Front" aka "Day On The Dirt" show at Aquatic Park in Berkeley. I was finally going to see bands I'd heard crappy boombox tapes of live for real. Suicidal Tendencies in their prime, Slayer, fucking Exodus, Die Zieger featuring Bob Clic fom the Lewd, all-girl metal band Rude Girl and local legends Blue Cheer! I think I was more stoked about Blue Cheer than my friends, but they're the fucking originals. Armed with a mason jar of mixed liquor-cabinet hooch, a film canister of dirt weed and some heisted malt liquor, we made our way to the foreign land known as Berkeley and my mind was changed forever.

The Suicidal gang was muscling kids into buying their cool shirts that I had no bucks for, I got to hang out with hot older metal chicks with big hair and spandex because of my dirt weed and, as I pushed my way to the front to finally see Slayer, I caught a steel toe boot to the head that almost knocked me out. I was in heaven. Slayer ruled but Exodus stole the show and I'd go on to see them many more times. Freight trains passed directly behind the stage but you couldn't hear a thing since the music was so fucking loud! Suicidal had to play with the sun going down and some car lights illuminating their greatness. What a day. I was hooked into this scene for a while after that.

Enough of my self-ramblings. Let's talk about this awesome book. First thing you'll notice is the absolute beautiful quality of the book. Everything I've bought from Bazillion Points has been really top notch and low priced for what you get. The color and clarity of the photos are incredible, considering teenagers without much dough took these. You get well-written, informative and funny writing by the photographers, as well as testimonials from Gary Holt of Exodus, Alex Skolnick from Legacy/Testament, Robb Flynn from Vio-Lence/Machinehead and Ron Quintana of Rampage radio and *Metal Mania* fanzine. If you're looking for a history book on Bay Area metal this ain't quite it. It's a glimpse at a too short moment in local history, a time capsule of a different Bay Area, portrayed as it really happened and not through misty nostalgic eyes.

At the time there was no thoughts that any of this music would go on to mainstream success. It just wasn't going to happen. Pure rage, doing what the fuck you wanted and just plain fun. With Metallica going on to be one of the most successful and most boring bands of all time, it allowed me to see why I was so into this stuff at the time. A lot of punk went on to similar results and you can see the comparisons. Some of my favorite shots are of the crowds being one and the same with the bands. Just pure rage and teen angst. I bet you don't have to be a fan of the music, or have been there to get a kick out of this book. The photos are just that good. My favorites are the "Eastern Front" shots and anything of Exodus. I remember talking to so many punks going into the Exodus shows, just because they were so wild and violent. Fans of Metallica will be in heaven with all the shots of them in their formative (non-pussy) years when they left L.A. to become a local band. The book mostly concentrates on the biggies: Metallica, Slayer, Exodus, Possessed, Megadeth, Testament, Death Angel and I do wish there were shots of the lesser knowns and well known touring acts for contrast, but hopefully that's for part two. Regardless. I give this book my highest rating.

I was lucky enough to attend the book release party near my home at the shop "Issues" in Oakland. One of my major influences for being a DJ, Ron Quintana, spun great records and Harald Oimoen and Brian Lew were nice enough to answer a few questions for you fucks.

—Rotten Ron Ready

MRR: Are you satisfied with the way the book came out?
Brian Lew: Yes, Bazillion Points did an awesome job. Harald and I did not want *Murder* to be a "history" book; we wanted it to be like a time capsule of those times. We wanted it to be our "yearbook" for the original Bay Area metal scene and I think the book captures that vibe we wanted. It's very personal with the photos doing most of the story telling. One amazing thing that's happened is some people have been treating their copies of *Murder* like an actual yearbook and having people sign it, not just band guys, but old metalheads who are in the photos; people have reacted to the book so personally.
Harald O : Hell *yeah*!! I couldn't be happier! I've wanted to do a book like this for years...so this is like a dream come true for me! People like Les Claypool told me years ago I should put a book out with all my best shots... so this has been a long time coming! The timing couldn't be any better with the recent Big Four shows, Metallica's 30th Anniversary and thrash in general having somewhat of a resurgence lately! Our publisher Ian Christe has done an amazing job with the layout and art direction and he has been *amazing* to work with!

MRR: Is there any plans for a second volume? I would love to see the photos of the touring bands such as Venom, Mercyful Fate, etc?
Harald O.: Definitely! This is just a drop in the bucket... I've got enough unseen photos to easily fill up another couple of volumes, easily! The next book is gonna feature way more obscure bands, plus a bunch of European bands and stuff that isn't strictly outta the SF Bay Area. I got some classic shots of Kreator in Disneyland hanging out with Pluto and Goofy... King Diamond making

faces at himself in a mirror... Just a bunch of weird funny stuff people are gonna trip on seeing. The next one's gonna have a lot more of my wacky. personality in it!

Brian Lew: To be honest, my story with the original Bay Area metal scene is covered in *Murder*. I basically dropped out of the original scene while Harald continued on. So, any future volume would mainly be his story I imagine.

MRR: What did you think when the whole "crossover" thing happened? I always felt that San Francisco was special, in the way that metal and punk coexisted here long before other cities, before it became an officially named thing.

Brian Lew: There was a metal and punk crossover happening very early in San Francisco. I remember going to see Motörhead in 1981-82 and there were punks with liberty spikes at the shows and I didn't get it; Motörhead were a *metal* band! I was still a kid and didn't realize the punks and us metalheads were both looking for aggressive bands; it was not about fashion but about the music and the attitude. Motörhead were the first punk/metal crossover band in so many ways. I don't remember thinking very much about "the crossover" at the time. I was just a kid having fun and if a band played fast and the shows were fun, that's all that mattered. Again, it wasn't about fashion but the attitude that attracted me to punk bands like G.B.H. and Suicidal early on.

When Venom and Slayer played at the Kabuki Theater in San Francisco in May 1985, Raw Power played that same night across town at the Mabuhay Gardens. A lot of people left the Venom show early to go see Raw Power.

I think the open-minded attitude towards music that the Bay Area has had dating back to the '60s contributed to the early crossover activity here. I can name maybe half a dozen people pictured or mentioned in Murder who started in the original Bay Area metal scene, who moved away from metal and became part of the original Gilman Street scene and collective.

Harold O: Yeah... I thought it was great when the two scenes started merging... The trippy thing was on Broadway in SF; there was the Stone where they had *metal* shows and right across the street was the Mabuhay Gardens and the Rock on Broadway, where they had more *punk* type shows. So it was kind of natural for the two scenes to merge. C.O.C., Suicidal and especially D.R.I. started playing shows with Slayer and other more metal-type bands. Slayer were huge hardcore *punk* fanatics and that style started creeping into their songwriting with ultra fast tempos. Slamdancing and moshing was definitely a *punk* thing at first. It was an exciting time to be a metalhead or a punker in the Bay area!

MRR: My memories of the time period were that the thrash/speed metal scene was fueled by tons of alcohol and meth. Maybe it was the crowd I hung out with, but did you find that to be true? Were there a lot of casualties of that non-stop lifestyle that you knew?

Brian Lew: There was definitely a dark side to the scene that came later, but the time that Murder covers is mainly the very early years of the scene, before that darkness started taking casualties. In the beginning we were all just kids, including the bands. Alcohol was the main fuel of course, but most of us were kids under the age of twenty having fun. We were serious about metal but not serious about life yet. Harald and I wanted to respect and honor the memories of the fallen and on the dedication page of the book you can see the names of old friends who are no longer with us. All of them died too early, for various reasons. However, the timeframe depicted in Murder is when it was fun and "real life" had not caught up with us yet.

Harald O: Yeah, we definitely loved to party *big time* back then... Metallica used to get completely shitfaced before they played and we had countless pre-gig alcohol consumption parties at the Metallimansion in El Cerrito! Ruthie's Inn was Ground Zero for underage drinking back then and was Metallica's main watering hole, where you could find them hanging out on a regular basis... Slayer, Megadeth, Exodus and Metallica were our pals first and foremost. It wasn't like they were big rockstars or anything like that... They were just friends of ours that happen to play in bands that we enjoyed snapping photos of! Everybody from the scene has mellowed out considerably since then and settled down for the most part... We were just kids back then and we didn't really even know the dangers of alcohol and drugs... We thought we were invincible...until Cliff Burton's accident!

MRR: What were your favorite venues for shows then, since so many have come and gone?

Brian Lew: Ruthie's Inn will always be the special venue. It was a shithole, but it was our shithole. Thanks to owner Wes Robinson it was our clubhouse where there were no rules. It was a different time; the bartenders would serve underage kids alcohol. It was a place where if someone showed up wearing a Mötley Crüe, Ratt or other hair metal band shirt, Paul Baloff and Gary Holt of Exodus would literally go up to them and rip the shirt off their back. If you look closely at some of the photos in Murder you can see strips of cloth tied around Baloff and Gary's wrists; that's the fabric from hair metal band shirts. Hair metal bands were our enemy. James Hetfield used to have "Kill Bon Jovi" written on the headstock of his guitar. Ruthie's Inn symbolizes that time for me. We were at war with poser hair metal bands and Ruthie's was our HQ.

Harald O: Yeah, Ruthie's was completely crazy! Basically anything could happen there... If you were snorting a line of coke or speed at one of the tables, the waitresses would come up and ask you for a toot! Plus they sold us alcohol after the 2 am curfew to continue the party at Baloff's Hell House a few blocks down the street, which happened on a regular basis! The Farm in SF was cool, the Three Keystones were pretty happening too, located in SF, Berkeley and Palo Alto. Sadly all the clubs back then are long gone! The Omni in Oakland had some pretty amazing shows too. The book has chapters separated by clubs rather than bands, so it wouldn't be so cliché...

MRR: What were a few of the all time favorite shows from that period?

Harald O: Wow that's a tough one! The first few Megadeth gigs were pretty amazing with Slayer's Kerry King on guitar, which seemed like no big deal at the time! (The historic significance was not known to us back then!) Venom, Slayer and Possessed at the Kabuki Theater was pretty heavy... Probably the most *evil satanic* show of all time! The first Day On The Green show with Metallica was pretty *amazing*... It was the first big show that I got backstage passes to and I ended up getting totally shitfaced with Hetfield and proceeded to completely trash their dressing room! The memories are a little foggy but I vaguely recall avocados flying into air conditioning vents and people said they saw me dragging my camera bag behind me,

leaving a snail trail of beer in my wake! Oh yeah, especially the '85-'86 new year's eve show with Metallica, Exodus, Metal Church and Megadeth, which was really cool because I knew all four of the bands real well and was another crazed, decadent drunken time!

Brian Lew: The first time Metallica played here in September 1982; they had only recorded demo tapes at the time. The first Bay Area shows by Slayer. The Day In The Dirt show in Berkeley's Aquatic Park with Suicidal Tendencies, Slayer and Exodus that is pictured in Murder. Metallica's appearance at the Day On The Green show in 1985 at Oakland Stadium, also pictured in the book. That was the day I realized something way bigger was going on with Metallica, when a whole stadium basically went nuts during their set.

MRR: I started losing interest in metal as the '80s were coming to an end. There were people screaming 'sell out' even when *Ride The Lightning* came out, which I thought was ridiculous. Did you lose interest at some point and if so why?

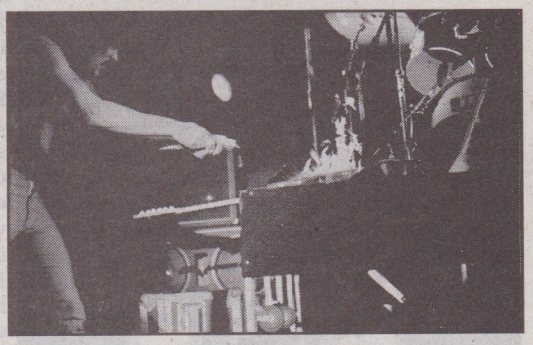
Brian Lew: It's true! A lot of the original Bay Area metal fans thought Metallica sold out because they recorded a ballad ('Fade To Black'). I did start losing interest, mainly because, as the bands got more popular, the types of people who had previously made fun of me started showing up at gigs. I think it's true with any scene: When jocks start showing up at your gigs things will change, and generally not for good. That jarhead mentality started happening at shows.

In the beginning, the Bay Area metal scene was very DIY. It was supported by fanzines and college radios (Rampage Radio on KUSF) and a big underground tape-trading scene. It was not a manufactured scene at all and it railed against the manufactured version of metal that MTV and the Sunset Strip was producing. I started to drift away when things started feeling more mainstream. Then when Cliff Burton died, metal wasn't fun for me anymore. It's hard to describe how terrible his death was for the original Bay Area metal scene, especially for those of us who knew him; the innocence was taken away. So, I started listening to a lot of other music and seeing other types of bands.

Harald O: No. I *never* lost interest. I continued documenting the metal scene here many years after the scene died down and continue to this day. Things definitely slowed down in the '90s, however thrash is coming back with a vengeance these daze! Exodus, Death Angel, Machine Head and Testament are putting out some of the best albums of their careers! (Now if DRI could release a new album!) It's been really cool playing in DRI and touring all over the world. It's given me a really cool new perspective on how influential and cool our scene was (*is*!) People all over the place have really responded positively to the book!

MRR: I see from your blog, Brian, that you're still an avid music fan and not just of the old stuff. What have both of you been listening to and going to see?

Brian Lew: Nick Cave is my all time favorite songwriter; I'm a fan of all of his stuff (with the Bad Seeds, Grinderman, etc). I listen to a lot of different music, but I'm still attracted to loud guitars. I still go to a lot of the underground shows, both metal and punk. I saw OFF! last week in L.A. and they're one of my favorite new bands. Cock Sparrer were great recently as well. I'm at the point where I don't care if people think a band is too "cool" or too "hipster." If I like them, I like them. Life is way too short to worry about what others think about my record collection.



Harald O: I still go to concerts all the time. When I'm not on tour with DRI I work security at the Fillmore and with a company called NES that does all the bigger shows here in the Bay Area. I love music and feel really lucky that I've been able to work in jobs that are musically related. As far as my personal musical tastes go, I'm still way into classic '70s stuff like Rush, Ufo And Thin Lizzy. I'm also into Machine Head, High On Fire, Mastodon, Cavalera Conspiracy, Prong and Trouble to name a few! The last Metallica album, *Death Magnetic,* was pretty heavy. Megadeth on the other hand hasn't really done anything cool since Rust in Peace and continue to put out some ridiculously overrated albums!

MRR: Is there anything you'd like to add? Comments? Thoughts?

Brian Lew: Not really. I'm just happy that people have embraced Murder so positively, both here in the Bay Area and in other countries. As a Bay Area native, it makes me proud that our small scene all of those years ago influenced so many bands everywhere. Amazing.

Harald O: I just want to thank all the people who have embraced the book so much... All the bands in the book who allowed me such great access to their inner circle and all my friends and pals here in the Bay Area, that still make it *hella* fun going to gigs here! Also a major thanks to my fellow partners in crime Brian Lew, Ian Christe, Bazillion Points Publishing and last but not least, DRI. Keep yer eyes out for *Murder Vol.2: More Murder in the Front Row* that I'm working on as we speak! It's gonna be just as heavy!!!

Photos in order of appearance by column:

1- Possessed, Ruthie's Inn. I always wondered how this guy achieved such a strange airborne trajectory. Harald Oimoen.

2- Slayer mobbing Tom Araya, who is dressed like a follower of Suicidal Tendencies in flannel shirt and headband, Aquatic Park, August 19, 1984. Suicidal played almost completely in the dark that day, with security guards shining flashlights on the bass and guitar. Harald Oimoen

3- Vio-lence destroying the Omni. Harald Oimoen

4- Legacy backstage at Ruthie's Inn, shortly before the band became Testament. With its colorful graffiti, this tiny room made an ideal setting for many thrasher group shots. Harald Oimoen.

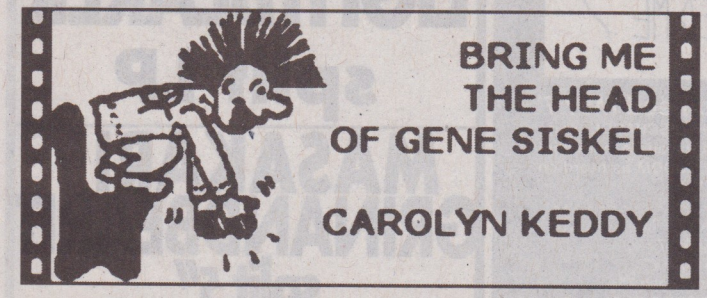
5- Beer drinkers and hell-raisers Mustaine and Hetfield backstage at the Old Waldorf, November 29, 1982, the night Metallica recorded the Metal Up Your Ass live demo tape. Brian Lew.

6- Exodus, Ruthie's Inn, 1984. Brian Lew

7- Saxon, the Keystone Palo Alto, March 30, 1982. Final show of the Denim and Leather tour. Graham Oliver set his guitar on fire during the encore of "Machine Gun." Brian Lew

8- Metallica's first sound check with new bassist Cliff Burton, March 5, 1983. Brian Lew.

MOVIES



BRING ME THE HEAD OF GENE SISKEL

CAROLYN KEDDY

WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE PEOPLE I CAN SEE CLEARLY IN THE LIGHT THIS IS A VERY ATTRACTIVE AUDIENCE

Freaks In Love is a documentary about the band Alice Donut. The band started in 1986 from the remains of Sea Beats, a band comprised of Columbia University students. After graduating some of the band members left New York. The remaining three went on to become Alice Donut. The band got their first show at CBGB and needed to come up with a new name. After utilizing the usual new band methods to secure a name, they settled on Alice Donut Liver Henry Moore. When they called Hilly Kristal at CBGB to tell him he told him it was too long. He shortened it to Alice Donut.

I am sure I won't have to mention how much it bummed me out to see radio station KUSF's former studios in **Freaks In Love**. Alice Donut came in for an interview in 2009 when they were in San Francisco to play Alternative Tentacles 30th Anniversary party. The band members relayed that KUSF's DJ Germ was the first person to ever play Alice Donut on the radio. Germ hosted a demo tape show on which he played the song "Waka Waka Baby." The Dead Kennedys' bassist Klaus Fluoride recorded the song off the radio. Later he played it for Jello Biafra who immediately liked it. Biafra went to New York to see the band. As a result they signed on with Alternative Tentacles. Biafra calls Alice Donut "the missing link between REM and the Butthole Surfers." Take that however you want.

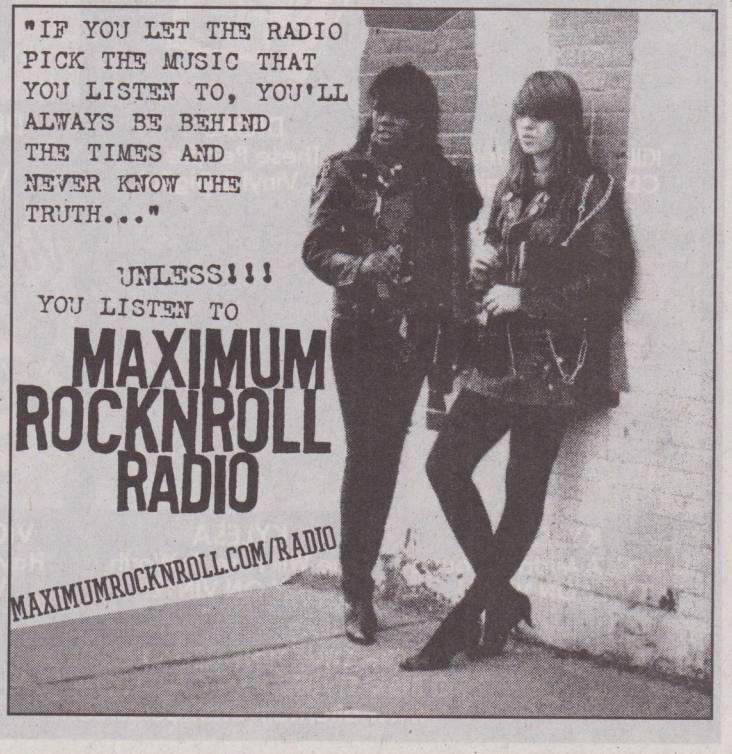
Freaks In Love is an atypical music documentary. As a band Alice Donut never succumbs to any of rock's stereotypes. When band members leave it is amicably or at least without public accusations. There are no deaths of band members. There are no drug or drinking problems. There are no problems with a major label. The band never signed with one. They never signed any bad recording contracts. There are no fights over the legacy. There is very little drama at all. In fact, the whole story is so ordinary that is surprising that the documentary is interesting at all. But it is. This is the story of a bunch of friends playing music together for the right reasons with a good amount of success. There aren't many bands that can claim that. (www.freaksinlove.com)

It used to be that when someone mentioned the English city of Bath to me, the only thing that came to mind is a town where the characters in a Jane Austen novel go in the summer. **Jack Clutton's Guided Tour** expands that somewhat limited view. Clutton walks the city and introduces some of the more interesting people that inhabit it. He speaks with anti-war protestors who come out to protest every Saturday between 11:30 and 12:30. He follows members of Bath's Fringe Festival on their escapades. He points out the architecture and other areas of interest. Naturally, he starts off his tour with a stop at a pub.

Clutton's tour of Bath is interspersed with live performances of bands that have a connection, or tenuous connection, to Bath. The bands included are Subhumans, Citizen Fish, Chumbawumba, Leftover Crack, Star Fucking Hipsters, A-heads and more. Jasper Pattison of Citizen Fish mostly shoots the footage so I guess it is not surprising that **Jack Clutton's Guided Tour** includes more clips of Citizen Fish than any other band. (www.thirdeyefilms.co.uk)

Around my house I am often teased that no one reads *Maximum Rocknroll* for the film reviews. I know it's true. So I really try to not take it personally when *MRR* receives a DVD of a film that I have already reviewed, not to mention included in my year-end list of top films that asks us to "get the word out." Here for the third time is a plug for **Last Fast Ride** a documentary about musician and former *MRR* shitworker Marian Anderson. It is now available on DVD and proceeds from sales go to Marian's daughter who has developmental disabilities. There are a bunch of extras including live performances, deleted scenes and the original opening. Check it out. (www.lastfastridefilm.com)

I am always looking for films to review. If you made one, send a copy to Carolyn Keddy, PO Box 460402, San Francisco, CA 94146-0402. If your film is playing in the San Francisco Bay Area let me know at carolyn@maximumrocknroll.com. I will go see it. www.carolynkeddy.com.



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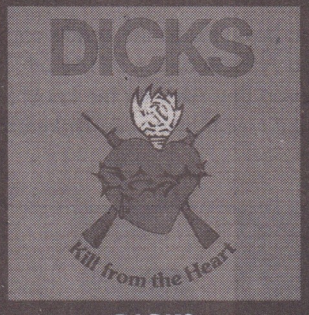

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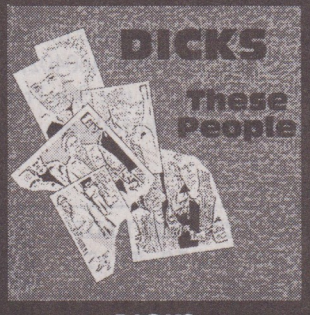

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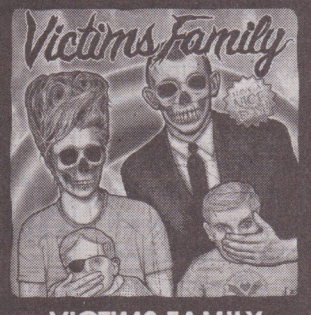

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(FF) Francesca Foglia
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(DG) Dan Goetz
(GG) Gemma Greenhill
(JH) Jason Halal
(GH) Greg Harvester
(MH) Mike Howes
(RK) Ramsey Kanaan
(KK) Kenny Kaos
(CK) Carolyn Keddy
(BL) Brad Lambert
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(P$) Paul Lucich
(RL) Ray Lujan
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(AM) Allan McNaughton
(TM) Tony Molina
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(LP) Langford Poh
(RO) Rotten Ron Ready
(KS) Ken Sanderson
(FS) Fred Schrunk
(JS) Jess Scott
(MS) Martin Sorrondeguy
(AU) Andrew Underwood

2ND DISTRICT – "The Love Has Gone" EP

The (presumably) male singer of 2ND DISTRICT sounds just like a woman. I know that statement may be interpreted as an insult, but I assure you it is not. I am a big fan of female singers and it is meant in the best way possible. Still, I had to double check that I had the correct record because, quite frankly, the record cover and the band photos make this record look like some generic, third rate hardcore made by JOHNNY THUNDERS wannabes. This is one of those instances where you definitely should not judge the record by the cover—ignore it completely because this is a really great record. The vocals are so interesting and cool sounding. It sounds as if the pitch might be off, but in a FEARGAL SHARKEY type of way. The music is '70s punk style. It is understated and catchy. If someone told me this was a new reissue on Last Laugh or Sing Sing, I wouldn't question it. That it's a record by a current band makes it even better. Wow. I like this *so* much. (CK)
(Wanda)

10 CENT FUCK FLICKS – "Eight Songs about Drugs and Sex" EP

What a great name? Who doesn't like the idea of a jack shack that charges 10 cent admission? Even back in the day, I think $3 was about as cheap as it got and you better have had a big ass knife in your pocket if you were planning on catching some Zs in those places. Really great packaging on this one, but the music doesn't live up to it. They have a song called "Pussy Flavored Ice Cream" that you'd think would be interesting from the title but no go there. "Flip Flop" is my fave but really not that good; it's tired '60s garage rock, glamorizing old skin flicks and heroin but they come off as bullshit posers. Recycled riffs; Dullsville. I don't think these guys would last ten minutes in the Tenderloin. Steal the cover. (RO)
(Drug Front)

1070 SCUM – "Chaos Noise" CD

Who knows what the name refers to, but this two-piece fucking rips. It's pretty straightforward, ass-beating music that sounds like the fast and brutal songs that WORLD BURNS TO DEATH did, but with a hardcore/powerviolence tinge to the riffs and occasional sludgy parts that sound kind of like BACKSLIDER. It's fast and pissed; turn it up. (BL)
(Horror Pain Gore Death)

2009 – "Stuck in the Paste" EP

It's a funny thing living in California and loving region rock. You'll hear these amazing records that will blow your mind and you'll play them like nonstop. (These bands never tour the West Coast by the way). Then summer comes around and your band is about to go on tour and your Chattanooga show is with one of those bands! You're like "Holy shit, this is going to be amazing, I'm sure they'll be hundreds of kids at the show and I'll finally get to see this band I really love!" But the harsh reality of the situation is a lot different then this beer-soaked fan-fest fantasy. The reality is only a handful of kids show up and this band you're all excited about is *sooo* fucking wasted. They sing off key and out of tune. There's massive feedback and they keep on fighting with each other on stage. You, a wasted guy named Tom, and the other out-of-town folk are the only ones stoked on the band. Well, this record captures that feeling, that experience. This is the real shit right here. Not those Chattanooga lies Mike Pack fools you into believing, about musical perfection with his recording wizardry. These bands are harsh, wasted and sloppy. But above all else they rule, just like 2009 rules. The record is poorly recorded. Sometimes they play too fast for the singer to say all his lyrics. And it's sloppy. Very sloppy. But it has heart and one song that is objectively super good. Not recommended for everyone, but if you know what the fuck I'm talking about, give this record a spin. (FS)
(No Breaks)

ABORTTI 13 – "Ulos!!" LP

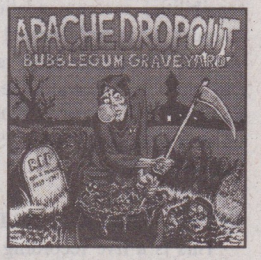
After releasing just one split EP during their first stint in the '80s, Finland's ABORTTI 13 have cranked out two singles since reforming (in 2009) and now this full length platter. Super simple and just as snotty as their first incarnation, this record is packed with Finland via-RUDIMENTARY PENI versions of classic, stripped-down UK punk. The vocals are comically off at times, as if in sync with a different band, but it's the off kilter shit that makes ABORTTI 13 so damn good, whether it's intentional or not. So you missed that guitar riff? So fucking what—just make it louder and *own* that shit. They call this punk. (WN)
(Killer)

ADAM WIDENER – "Make Out!" EP

ADAM WIDENER plays garage pop. He also plays all the instruments on this five song EP. The music is peppy, jangley and sweet, but still a bit rough on the edges. WIDENER's voice is bratty and high-pitched—sometimes I enjoy that style…sometimes it annoys the shit out of me, especially after repeated listens. WIDENER veers off into JOHN DWYER-isms occasionally, but mostly the sound is clean and straightforward. (CK)
(Fuzz City)

ANTISEEN – "New Blood" CD

When I first saw that I got this for review, I was ecstatic thinking it was a brand new ANTISEEN album. Alas, it's just a singles collection, which isn't a bad thing. I don't have most



of the newer singles. It sounds to me like there may have been some remixing as Mighty Joe Young's trademark buzzsaw guitar sounds a little better and rawer than I remember from what I've heard lately. My favorites of the newbies are maybe "Exploding Wire Death Match", "Curses" and "Invader 1 Must Die" and the older classics that never disappoint. The covers are great too. So I'm stoked to have this for the newer stuff I don't have and they'll still be an underrated band in these parts, which is unfortunate. Buy it. Kill a hippy! (RO)
(Switchlight)

ANXIETY ATTACK / GORILLA GRIPPING – split EP

A pair of French bands get wild and thrash herein. GORILLA GRIPPING suffer from a muddy and bass-heavy recording. Their songs are fast and rudimentary—I like singing along with the chorus on "Tu Crains" (in English, "you suck"), but overall there's not enough here to really keep my interest. Especially since ANXIETY ATTACK is holding down the flipside. They're cranking out some catchy, distinctive hardcore thrash with a geeky-sounding vocalist. This shit is right on. ANXIETY ATTACK sing in English and provide brief explanations (I believe) in French. GORILLA GRIPPING sings in French with English translations. Get this for ANXIETY ATTACK. A variety of vinyl and cover options are available. (JM)
(Build me a Bomb)

APACHE DROPOUT – "Bubblegum Graveyard" CD

Don't let the cover art throw you off! Or do, and miss out, I don't give a rat's. This is some cool and unexpectedly, certifiably weird boogie-woogie psych from some sick minds out in Bloomington. Upon first listen it's easy to grab-bag some TY SEGALL blended with easy OH-SEES or GORIES sensibilities recommendations, but this also feels so much more cut'n'pasted together than those two groups. These guys have terribly messy bedrooms and take some interesting segues into 13TH FLOOR ELEVATORS, or the SEEDS haunts, and still wraps up with a pop after taste. (JS)
(Trouble in Mind)

APERS – "Live at the El Dorado" CD

This is a live recording from this long running Dutch pop punk band. If you've never heard them, they are pretty damn similar to SCREECHING WEASEL, but in a good way. Shit, I'd rather listen to this than that last SW record. Live recordings have never really been my thing, but die hard fans will probably dig this. (BD)
(Asian Man)

APOGEE SOUND CLUB – "Belligerent" EP

The difference in attitudes regarding age in punk and jazz, split in much the same way as the age is regarded in Western and Eastern action movies. In Western action movies, youth is usually privileged as a source of strength and power, whereas in Eastern action movies, and martial arts films in particular, the older a character is, the more they are represented as a dangerous and skilled fighter. Enter APOGEE SOUND CLUB, featuring San Francisco underground music veterans Liz Byrne (bass, the KIRBY GRIPS, others) and Wade Driver (guitar, the HICKOIDS, 50 MILLION and about 50 million other bands), as well as the younger Harrison Holloway on drums (the MOLESTATIONS). Liz and Wade have been honing their craft for a long time now and in a number of different styles, including different kinds of rock music, pop, experimental projects and jazz. And unlike many, or the stereotypical Western action movie character, they have retained a high level of artistic craftsmanship, originality and ferocious power. Many in the Bay Area took umbrage with the REACTION (Liz and Wade's previous concern), but to deny that they were a visceral rock'n'roll assault would be, I believe, folly. APOGEE SOUND CLUB represents a distinct new direction for the pair. Gone are the mod allusions and the direct rock riffs and guitar leads. Instead, ASC pushes with a choppier and much more angular guitar style, that accommodates much more for play in the playing, but whilst still sounding tight as a bull's ass. The rolling, groovy bass is still there, in much the same way as it was in the REACTION, but it has been effectively reshaped so as not to draw comparisons to the previous outing. This style rounds out the sound of the band and this record, which is crucial when you consider the drumming. Harrison is spastic, fast and would at times draw the comment "over-busy" from me if it didn't work as well as it did. Here, four songs are given the vinyl treatment with a nice, slightly lo-fi sounding recording. The three with vocals all draw on all of the aforementioned qualities to craft killer punk songs. The lyrics are especially worth noting, as they draw on Wade's considerable knowledge of subversive philosophy and politics, especially Situationism. However, the crowning moment of this record is the instrumental "You Fill Me With Inertia." This may be one of my favorite new songs of the year. The simple driving guitars, the underpinning bass, the clattering drums, all surging to the one moment when the guitar stands alone with one ringing, slightly dissonant chord... a singular moment and a proper beginning for an exciting new band. (LP)
(Fully Intercoastal)

ARRESTUM – "Ihmistieteet" EP

Menacing, dark D-beat from Finland's ARRESTUM with enough power to damage your ears if you go beyond five on your volume dial! This is crushing, brutal and deeply aggressive, with political lyrics sung in Finnish and I'm stoked that I get to review this! The A-side opens with an unyielding track driven by crusty metal guitars, called "Inho/Repulsion," that comes to a blackened heavy close, before bursting into "Viha/Hate," gathering motion and breaking out into epic riffage and tight drumming. This is epic in every meaning of the word and I love it! The single track of the B-side thunders down without cease, with hair-raising guitars that shear and shave, soaring with rage and grief, the vocalist bellowing *Mikään ei muutu* (nothing will change) with gut-churning force, the drums a sheer delight to get lost in, the guitars leading to a crashing post-apocalyptic crescendo. The crust disappears, the sound liquefies and it all ends with a single chord loop before fading back to silence. If this is what a good death sounds like, please kill me again! (LA)
(Parta)

ATOMIC BRIDE – "Dead Air" CD

Decent surf garage weirdness that sort of reminds me of the Pensacola act CAUSEY WAY from a few years back due to the vocal style. Nothing super special here, but not bad either. (JF)
(self-released)

AWFUL MAN – "Waiting for the Tanks to Come Rolling In" EP

Very straightforward, gruff dude vocals, D4 loving pop punk from Boston. These guys sometimes crank up the tempo to sort of reach melodic hardcore territory. Some times they have noodley country-guitar parts. There's one song that's all so pretty self-congratulatory to the entire genre ("So someone hit the lights/And let's have one more song about singing along tonight") that I can't tell if it's supposed to have some bit of tongue in cheek-ness to it or if it's just my lack of enthusiasm for this type of stuff. (LP)
(Dead Broke / It's Not a Phase Dad, no info)

AXEMAN – "Arrive" LP

Sprawling, idiosyncratic black/death metal insanity from LA's mind-numbingly prolific BLACK TWILIGHT CIRCLE, this is a vinyl repress of a tape originally released in 2010. Composed and performed almost entirely by VOLAHN (whose eponymous project is probably my personal favorite of the BTC bands), this is by far the most punk-sounding release to come out of the collective aside for MATA MATA. Intended as unabashed early crust worship (most obviously of AMEBIX) and also drawing heavily from first-wave black metal like VENOM, AXEMAN melds the classic battle-crust aesthetic with the revolutionary, mystical use of Mesoamerican indigenous mythology that is central to the BLACK TWILIGHT program. The result is a thrashy take on the basic BTC style, with reverb-soaked production and washed-out guitars giving way to meaty mid-tempo parts and cosmic leads that can only be described as bonkers. It's a lot to take in and those less inclined towards fuckin' *metal* might get lost when things get shreddy. Too bad, because the connoisseurs will tell you that BLACK TWILIGHT (along with the related Rhinocervs label) is making some of the best and most original black metal out there and AXEMAN is no exception. Metalloid punkers and open-minded crusties will definitely want to get their hands on this. (WB)
(Darkest Heavy, no info)

BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL – "Det Här Är Inte New York" LP

A reissue of the fantastic 2010 debut album by Swedish punks BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL, which also includes the follow-up 2011 EP "ISO 9004" originally released by Punks Only and Ken Rock respectively. Both are faves of this reviewer, as well as many others here at *MRR*. It is always great to hear a new band that immediately hooks you. BÄDDAT FÖR TRUBBEL mixes many genres into one seemingly effortless hybrid that comes off as exciting and new. Yet, the songs sound like lost gems from the first wave of punk. Catchy rock'n'roll that is short, trashy and nonchalant. One of the few bands to live up to the internet hype that was compounded by scarcity of the record (at least around these parts). If you missed out the first time around, you owe it yourself to pick this up now. You'll be happy you did. (CK)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

BAD MAMMALS – "Martyrs" EP

Thanks to the record insert, which contains flyers for various shows this band has played, I knew what

I was in for before the needle even hit the groove. DEAR LANDLORD, RUMSPRINGER, LEMURIA, HIDDEN SPOTS? Yeah sure, region rock, bands that like D4 a lot. This guy's singing voice is pretty abysmal too. And, oh my god, I just had an epiphany. I don't care. (LP)
(Bonfire Club / No Breaks)

BATTALION OF SAINTS – "Second Coming / Live at CBGB's 1984" CD

Here we have BATTALION OF SAINTS' sole LP, coupled with a complete CBGB's set from the same year the LP came out. With a few exceptions I don't care about live records and the live versions of these songs don't really bring anything new to them. I like a few BATTALION OF SAINTS songs, particularly the title track and the songs from *Someone Got Their Head Kicked In*, but a lot of them seem to blend together and there's plenty of better snotty teenage Southern California hardcore to throw on when the mood strikes. That said, it would've been nice if Taang had just done a straight LP reissue of this record so that us vinyl purists wouldn't have to get a CD in order to hear these songs. (DG)
(Taang!)

BENT SHAPES – "Boys to Men/Brat Poison" flexi

This is a self-proclaimed demo that sounds good enough to not be a demo. Not that flexis sound good, but they out-cool a cassette. The first tune starts out sounding dead-on like an upbeat, poppy CURE song (very "Kiss Me," "Wish" kind of stuff) with a simple but simply catchy guitar melody. Then the vocals kick in with some jangly guitars and the head is still bobbing back and forth to what has become an indie-pop song reminiscent of HUMAN TELEVISION, the highlight being the vocal harmonies on the chorus. Song number two hits you with something totally different. A blown out bass track and slightly off kilter drums back a talking rant that sounds like a punk Jonathan Richman. Guitars come in clean and a little discordant and then kick in with the chorus. Altogether, a record that totally works with only two songs, but you'll wish it had more. (PA)
(Cake Time)

THE BLACK TAPES – "Middle Class/Black City" CD

Rock'n'rollers from Warsaw, Poland, combine their first ever (2007) vinyl EP, with their latest, on one CD. This is my first exposure to said band, though they apparently have a couple of LPs out too. If this had come out twenty years ago, it'd have been called college rock; twenty-five years ago, the cutting edge of new wave. Punk rock is good enough, if said broad church includes the likes of FUGAZI, first album era U2 and later Mick Jones' CLASH product. They don't quite have the knack for a pop song like WIRE produced on their second and third records, but I bet these guys pay close attention to them, nevertheless. 60FT DOLLS spring to mind, if anyone remembers them. For the record (ahem), I really dig WIRE and early U2 (and even 60FT DOLLS), so I'm not insulting these chaps. Quite the opposite. (RK)
(Antena Krzyku / Open Sources, no info)

BLOOD BUDDIES – "Midas Medical Group" EP

Two-girl destruction from LA! I hate to reference only other female-centered two-piece bands, but I can't help it; if you dig NU SENSAE with a nod to the NEED, run, (do not walk) to the record store!! It's heavy, moody and imbued with a dark sense of humor that made me think of Pacific Northwest bands like KARP and THRONES—when the damaged GARY GLITTER drums/hand claps started and the aforementioned RACHEL/RADIO power surged through, it was clear that this erred on the good side of weird… Seriously, if you are into blasted-out fucked up girl sounds of the heavier, dirgier variety make this band play your town! (LG)
(Razorcake)

BOX SLEDDER / BRICKFIGHT – split EP

It's nice to hear a couple of bands from the Midwest (Chicago, to be exact) whose music doesn't sound like they're trying to be the next DILLINGER FOUR or SCREECHING WEASEL. Not that there is anything wrong with those bands, but it should be clear by now that bands like those are the best at what they do and few, if any, will be able to pull that shit off without being them. BOX SLEDDER would definitely fall closer to the LATTERMAN/IRON CHIC camp of poppy punk than the gang of Midwest bands that we all know and love. BRICKFIGHT would be at home on a split with any of the PRETTY BOY THORSON bands or most of the less-folksy Plan-It-X bands of the last few years. (BD)
(self-released)

BOYS CLUB / JETTY BOYS – split EP

So make a quick mental list of the things you like least about SCREECHING WEASEL songs. All of those things can pretty accurately describe JETTY BOYS. So once you've synthesized the most annoying, irritating aspects to Ben's worst songs, just pretend those songs were sung by some midwestern turd trying to sound like Billy Joe Armstrong. According to their press release, their "target markets" are Wisconsin, New York and St. Louis. St. Louis, don't be fooled into letting these dudes play your house, they are actually really lame. The BOYS CLUB side should not even be review. Not because it's bad (which is debatable) but because they are a really long way away from punk. Think later-era WEEZER combined with a strong affinity for BEACH BOYS. (FS)
(I Hate Punk Rock)

THE BROTHERS GROSS – "Get Soaked" LP

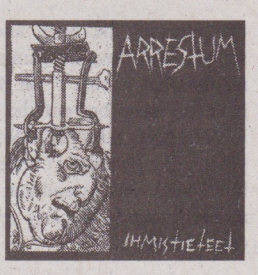
The sheer volume of retro American sounds and styles packed into this one record is astounding. Phil Spector pop, MC5-style hard rock, power-pop, the RAMONES and other rock-revival punk and every microgenre that ever saw the light of day is all here, mashed together until you no longer know where one starts and the other begins. If you worship these bygone eras a much as the BROTHERS GROSS, this record will most certainly deliver. But to me, it reeks of plasticity. (JH)
(Bad Track)

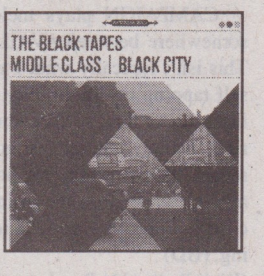
BUCKET FLUSH – "Down the Drain" LP

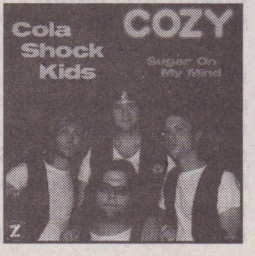
More winners from Philadelphia. I knew when I saw the song title "Fuck Jesus, Anally," I was going to be dealing with some real scum fuckery. There's definitely a DWARVES attitude mixed with a TURBONEGRO sound and a GG ALLIN vibe here. On the "pee side" (guess what the other side's called!) there are a few moments of surf guitar. This was the first side I listened to and it peeked my interest, as I was not expecting any DICK DALE moments from these guys. Their sound really varies enough from song to song so that I heard a VOODOO IDOLS reminisce at one point, ranging to just a straight up snotty DEAD BOYS sound. Their sound isn't bad and these guys aren't without talent, but their lyrics fucking suck. Maybe the song "Sniffin Panties" is a joke? BUCKET FLUSH's name reminds me of squats sans plumbing in West Philly in the early 2000s—so I'm not 100% sure the reference went over my head. Olde English is referenced by these guys, so you can guess which cross section of punk they dwell. In their words, "you know you want a malt liquor morning." Overall, it just seems like super bro-core drunk punk rock nonsense, that's vapid and meaningless and has an undertone of misogyny. But that's punk rock, right? Not my thing—grow up, boys. (AE)
(self-released)

BURNT ONES – "Black Leather or Furs/Protection Circle"

A local three piece chooglin' out some glam revival sounds that somehow owes more to the 1910 BUBBLEGUM CO than anything MARC BOLAN produced. It's got the musical cues







that indicate the glam attempt, but it somehow sounds perky/bubble-gummy—it makes sense to me that they have a 7" on Burger records too. They have the pose but not the sneer; more PLASTIC BERTRAND than ELTON MONTELLO, but I bet you wouldn't care if you were doing keg stands at a house show in Oakland that these kids were playing at. Party sounds for party people... (LG)
(Fuzz City)

CALL OF THE WILD – "The Call/Tightrope"

OK, maybe it's a copout, but I'm going to describe this record by playing the "put these bands in a blender" game. KARP, MOTÖRHEAD, STOOGES and *Kill 'em All*-era METALLICA. Basically, if that piques your interest in the slightest, then you are going to fucking *love* this record. It takes serious nuts to try to pull this shit off; nuts that, based on the band photo, I doubt CALL OF THE WILD possess, but they totally nailed this. Sold. (WN)
(JKSHK)

CAMPAIGN – "Keep Walking/No Friend of Mine"

CAMPAIGN plays melodic, catchy fast punk somewhere between AVAIL and LEATHERFACE. This isn't typically what I go for, but I caught myself tapping my foot pretty hard a few times while listening to this, so they must be doing something right. Simply put, the fest goin' crowd will love this record. Bonus points for handmade hand-screened artwork printed on the inside of throwaway record covers. I always loved the idea behind that packaging. (BD)
(Dick Party / No Breaks)

CHEEKY / TENEMENT – split EP

This one's a winner. Both bands at times sound like pop punk on steroids. First up you've got a couple songs by TENEMENT. From what I understand one of these guys was in the CHINESE TELEPHONES. While similarly melodic, the first song is more aggressive and has a sort of DINOSAUR JR. feel at times. It's a great start to the record, it's cool and anthemic, with a nice analog sound. Their second song is a power ballad with some piano and cool bass parts. Other than some of the bass lines, the second song doesn't really do much for me and lacks the energy of the other songs on the record. When you flip the record to the now-defunct CHEEKY (that features current members of BIG EYES). The MUFFS reference is an easy and accurate one. It's catchy pop punk with aggressive but melodic vocals. The CHEEKY side of this is great. They bypass the standard pop punk lyrical fodder and saccharine vocals and create something that sounds like it may have been weaned on crunk juice. Plenty of energy, plenty of hook; great stuff. (P$)
(Let's Pretend / No Breaks)

CHRISTMAS BRIDE – "Planet Earth's Motto: Someone Just Shit Out a Perfect Sphere" LP

This is something you'd think might be right up my alley. It's got hooks but with some off kilter yet melodic music underneath. Like if the OVENS' little brother was into alternative rock, glam rock and the BUTTHOLE SURFERS, instead of the BEACH BOYS. Something about this one doesn't totally gel for me. Even when it's at it's most unconventional, it's in a really conventional way. You know? Like going to Burning Man festival. The singer said he thought the record's title was a cool way of saying the world is shit. In the same way the title doesn't (or the explanation of the title doesn't) seem particularly interesting to me, this music doesn't really either. (P$)
(Sophomore Lounge)

CINEMA CINEMA – "Manic Children and the Slow Aggression" CD

This is some more alternative radio style rock with cheesy guitar effects and all. If for some ungodly reason you're into CANDLEBOX or some other similar shit, you will probably love this. Everyone else, do yourselves a favor and pass on this. (BD)
(self-released)

THE CLEAN – "Oddities" 2XLP

I mean...I have a CLEAN tattoo. Ask me to show you and I'll bet you can't even read it though. It looks like a bird got me. There are absolutely no words to describe how much this band has influenced my brain, my hair, my guitar, my style and abilities to dance for hours alone in my room. The CLEAN might actually be that band to truly stand atop the pop mountain sneering down at the BEATLES. Go get this because, like all little trickles of re-issued CLEAN every four or five years, this is gonna outta print faster than a flight down under. Weird versions, so if you're a newbie get all the other shit anyway if you can. Make sure you smoke the toke before you see them live nowadays. And nothing's complete without recommending the *Great Unwashed* as well. Personality-forming music! (JS)
(540)

CONNIPTION FITS – "Street Songs" CD

Female-fronted, upbeat, street punk rock with back up vocals. Working class, anti-heroin and pro-drinking. Think of the snottiness of Tibbie X from the X-POSSIBLES, the toughness of Jen from the MIDNIGHT CREEPS, mixed with the sound of NY REL-X and the DISTILLERS. Super solid release for the sound these guys are going for. If you like whiskey, fighting and would die for your punk rock lifestyle, check this out. (AE)
(Rockin' Stan)

CONSTANT MONGREL – "Everything Goes Wrong" LP

Right now Australians do it better. Fact. After plowing through a month's worth of weak US attempts at simulating some limp post-DWYER beachy-psych-fart noize sound, this record fucking sets it all straight. This is sarcastic, dark but casual and it's immediately clear that these humans are operating in a different sphere than the turgid woe the rest of their generation are consumed by. Meaning the sound is creative, interesting, fucked up doomed fun and they can write songs! Actual songs and they make you wanna key cars and yes, start a band that doesn't suck as much as this doesn't suck. This is "Read About Seymour" crammed into "Cloud 149" with a nod to "Walking About." This is what it is all about. Whatever "it" is, this is too. Heart of darkness! (LG)
(R.I.P. Society)

COZY – "Cola Shock Kids/Sugar on my Mind"

A few years back I had a choice to go see a band called EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING or a band called BOYS CLUB, having never heard either. Well, in a decision I still regret I chose BOYS CLUB and their limp power pop stylings instead of ECSR. I bring this up because COZY features members of BOYS CLUB and carries on with their '70s smooth power pop stylings. If Sean Dougan hadn't stopped reviewing he might have liked it more, since I believe he had a love for BAY CITY ROLLER style bands and he certainly wouldn't be carrying the emotional resentment that I do. (JF)
(HoZac)

THE CRAVATS – "In Toytown" 2xCD

The CRAVATS existed in that beautiful time of punk in the early '80s before hardcore was in full force and the scene was still trying to figure out what it was all about. They played angular, bouncy songs that featured an incisive sax player and an impassioned singer. Usually, I can't stand a saxophone unless it's being played in an X-RAY SPEX song, but the CRAVATS pull it off rather nicely, even though it's usually recorded *way up front* in many of the songs. The first disc of this double CD compiles the band's only LP (originally released on Small Wonder records) and their five singles. The LP suffers a little by mixing the guitar at a really low level, but that still doesn't detract too much from how great this album is. The five singles that follow the LP are brilliant and perfect, especially the songs "Burning Bridges" and "I Hate the Universe." I'm finding it hard to come up with any direct comparisons or obvious influences (which is rad), but if I had to name something, I would say they might be taking some cues from ZOUNDS, early CURE, early Crass records stuff and the early days of synth/Krautrock without latching onto any of those labels wholeheartedly. The second disc is the same LP, as remixed and reinterpreted by Penny Rimbaud, formerly of CRASS. Before I put it on, I thought it wouldn't really be that different, but I was wrong. The whole LP feels more alive, like it's jumping right out of the speakers and the samples he incorporated into it tie everything together in a cohesive way. It's almost like a completely different album. It's a fairly interesting project—to take on an old LP and re-imagine it for a new world. Pretty awesome package here. (GH)
(Overground)

THE CREDENTIALS / STEELHORSE – split EP

STEELHORSE starts off their side with a song that sounds like the great pop-punk of '90s Sacramento, such as NAR, the BANANAS and the FOUR EYES. Much like those bands, the jangly guitars and sing-songy lyrical delivery leads one to believe that the song is not very serious, but the subject matter is actually pretty dense and good. Their second song started off as so much of a rip-off of "The Boat Dreams from the Hill" by JAWBREAKER, that until the vocals kicked in I thought it was a cover. If you can get past that, it's a great mid-tempo pop-punk song, in that gloomy Northwestern kind of way...sort of like RECKLESS and SNUGGLE. On the flip side, the CREDENTIALS throw out their last two songs as a band (I believe). Both songs are short and to the point with the second one being the stronger of the two. They play upbeat, thoughtful, basement-show pop-punk at a higher quality than most other bands around. The line, "I used to day-

dream about boys in ripped jeans, now I hide in my room hopin' not to be seen" is totally classic genius and makes me sad that this band is calling it a day. If more pop-punk bands played as half as good as this, the genre would not be such a wasteland. (GH)
(Mindless / Rad Girlfriend)

CRUSADERS OF LOVE – "Take It Easy…But Take It" LP

Capable and energetic power-pop offering, from these catchy Frenchies. They balance the syrup with a good amount of energy, but I find myself drawn to the slightly more aggressive tunes (see "Realm Of Death") over the more traditional pop tunes. The whole affair recalls modern key practitioners like EXPLODING HEARTS or GENTLEMAN JESSE, only a few rungs down quality-wise. Big fans of the genre will approve though. (MC)
(FDH)

CYANIDE PILLS – "Johnny Thunders Lived in Leeds/ She's so Shallow"

This is very traditional, old school, catchy punk rock. There is nothing earth shattering about the style or the content, but it is so solid that it is difficult not to like it. I feel about CYANIDE PILLS the same way I feel about the BRIEFS. Not only do they sound a bit similar, but they have the same energy. Make sense? This one is on awesome day-glo yellow wax. (KK)
(Wanda)

DALAPLAN – "Trillar I/Dynamit"

DALAPLAN is the garage punk'n'roll equivalent of $23 meatloaf at a fine dining establishment. It's well-prepared, awesome ingredients, a great flavor and all, but something is just off. Bottom line is, meatloaf is meatloaf and has no place in fine dining on fancy white plates, being made with only the finest meats and breads. No, meat loaf is a comfort food built on necessity to make food stretch so you can eat for longer. Likewise, DALAPLAN is just too slick, too good at playing their instruments, for doing what they are doing. Sort of like a host of bands that were on the Gearhead label a decade ago, DALAPLAN has the look and sound down pat, but without the honest feel born out of necessity. Sorry, some things just aren't meant to be this slick. (JF)
(Gaphals)

THE DANI BAND TRAVELING BAND – "Shut Up and Go Die!" CD

Dude writes a bunch of songs about life frustrations and loneliness but doesn't have a band, so he plays all the instruments and records it all himself. Based on the motivation and the general music presentation, comparisons to the first LOVE SONGS release are warranted, the main difference is that the LOVE SONGS disc is packed with hooks and clever wit, while *Shut Up And Go Die!* is full of painfully off-key vocal melodies and perpetually dull songs. Additional minds in the mix might have helped to edit some of these tunes down, because there are occasional flourishes that work, but the majority is just plain awful. Long-winded commercial "punk" operas, with lyrics that are (according to the liner notes) important to the writer, but I can rarely understand a word and there are no lyrics (or song titles) included. This teeters dangerously close to being completely meritless. (WN)
(self-released)

THE DECAY – "Tonight (Back From the Death)" EP

I challenge you to find a more glorious cacophonous mess than this 1985 EP. I first heard the DECAY in 2003 and could not believe my ears—never had a band struck me so immediately. Totally inept, but clearly they were going for "it" with complete abandon and total disregard for the opinions of others, this kind of commitment cannot be faked and the DECAY are earnestly committed. After a drum machine backed demo, the band cranked out this sole slab before calling it quits and they became a thing of legend amongst an admittedly small legions of noise punk fans. The title track is an utter failure from the start, but they never once hesitate, plowing through an ill-advised ballad with absolute determination… and the result is amazing. But then the assault really starts with "Police State USA," a blistering thrash attack that defies all logic and sets the tone for the rest of the chaos. Recently re-issued by General Speech, this version is the original mix the band wanted, not the less-noisy original that I have been searching for since that day nine years ago. Test yourself. (WN)
(General Speech)

DE HØJE HÆLE – "Kold og Træt og Bange" 12"

This is a one-sided modern beach punk EP from Denmark, of all places. These guys combine the surly, secretly catchy style of EDDY CURRENT SUPPRESSION RING, with the everything-at-once vibe of a band like EATER. The tight rhythm section features a lot of variation, which definitely keeps things interesting. The hooks don't jump right out at you, but they get increasingly memorable with each listen. Only four tracks in all, but they were cool enough to leave me wanting more. (KM)
(Hjernespind)

DEMOKHRATIA / MONDO GECO – split LP

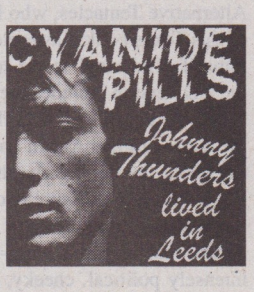
As news headlines of the past few years have attested, punk is still a very threatening idea in the far corners of the earth to traditional religious and political conservatism. This LP produced in France by a number of labels combines a band from the North African country of Algieria, DEMOKHRATIA with Israel's MONDO GECO on the flip. DEMOKHRATIA solidly plays great basic hardcore including good choruses with pointed lyrics against Islamic Fascism, cops and politicians all filtered through a view specific to their country (you'll quickly need to google what a Chador is or who Boutef is), but reflecting the similar struggle and themes of punks world wide. Their ten tracks work best when distinctive guitar turns bend around a steady pounding of solid drumming and the raw edged vocal trade-offs find their footing. MONDO GECO's nine tracks on the flip have a little less political intensity in their lyrics, but maybe have slightly more musical dynamism. Think ALL / VICTIM'S FAMILY / RHYTHM PIGS / Th'INBRED styled late-'80s quirkiness—twisting, rampant, fast hardcore through jerky stop'n'start tempos. This frantic style, especially at the speedy thrash pace it's delivered here, really requires musicianship to pull off. Their sound is accomplished perfectly, even falling back on the occasional really catchy melodic guitar lead that all those referenced bands would also throw in to hook you back in to their mayhem. Lyrically, it's maybe a bit more relaxed, like hardcore from anywhere in the Western world, with a bit more tongue in cheek lyrics about Satan versus human nature, Damien from the Omen and violent anger. Both sides are a suitable and interesting complement to each other. Great split LP! (KS)
(Tranzophobia)

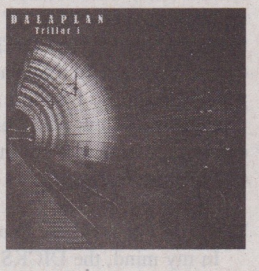
D.E.R. – "Quando A Esperança Desaba" CD

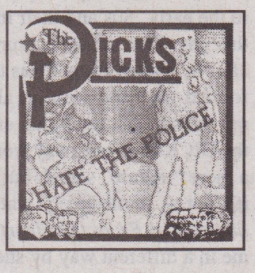
Fuck, dude. I've been playing this shit all week. These São Paulo youths *destroy* on this release. They combine vicious grind with heavy Scandi-core to devastating effect. The machine-gun drumming makes me plant my feet and clench my teeth. The whole thing is sixteen tracks in fourteen minutes. I'm pretty picky about my grindcore (no Cookie Monster vocals, please), but I loved MALEFACTION and I love this. The lyrics are in Portuguese with English translations provided and are appropriately rage full. Highly recommended. (JM)
(Everydayhate / Goressimo)

THE DICKS – "…Hate the Police" EP

"…People tell policemen, they've met their match. They planted on desert sand, the Dicks were hatched. The Dicks hate







policemen, and it's true. If you can't find justice, it'll find you." 1980. Texas. A no-brainer. (JU)
(1-2-3-4 Go!)

THE DICKS – "Kill from the Heart" CD

I'm going to let you in on a little secret: the DICKS' "Kill From the Heart" is so goddamn special, so criminally under-released and so essential, that *Maximum Rocknroll* broke its own rules to lend its green-taped SST original walk out these doors and into the capable hands of Alternative Tentacles, who handled the re-releasing of this Texas punk masterpiece, remastered by Jello himself. The vinyl is yet to be released, however the CD version includes the tracks from their debut "Hate the Police" EP as well, in a representation of the entire original Austin-based lineup. And what to say about the DICKS that hasn't been said before? Born outta the pressure-cooker of the Reagan era, the DICKS were "faggot commie" freaks from Austin that played a blues-tinged brand of urgent, intensely political, cheeky, queer punk rock. Front queen Gary Floyd strikes an unforgettable pose with classics like, "Anti-Klan," "No Nazi's Friend" and the working-class sneer of "Rich Daddy" ("No, I never had one!"). The DICKS' inimitable swagger cast a huge net of influence over punk rock for years to come, so for those unfortunate few of you unacquainted, now is the time to have yourself an essential missing piece of the puzzle. (FF)
(Alternative Tentacles)

THE DICKS – "These People" CD

In my mind, the DICKS can do no wrong. Any self-respecting punk should already know that they blazed a trail for queer punks and freaks way back in the early '80s and their impact can still be felt to this day. This album captures Gary Floyd (vocals) after he moved from Texas to San Francisco and re-formed the band with an all-new lineup. Many of my friends disregard this era of the band, because the DICKS moved away from hardcore and pursued a more "mature" sound, but I still like it a lot. Sure, it's not as immediately gratifying as *Hate The Police* or *Kill From the Heart*, but these songs move me in a different way by showcasing Floyd's gutsy, soulful voice and through more complex musicianship at that. "Dead In a Motel Room," "Off Duty Sailor" and "Sidewalk Begging" are all classics to me. Digging deeper, we find their ode to the fallen Black Panther, George Jackson. I can't help but sing along in solidarity when Floyd intones, "You were my heeero!" This CD also tacks on the three-song "Peace?" seven inch at the end—these songs are closer to the original sound of the DICKS. Throughout those three songs, the band is spitting venom against war and apolitical fuckheads. "No Fuckin' War" lurches along viciously and insistently, providing gang vocals that should be the staple chant of any anti-war protest. The CD closes with the excellent "I Hope You Get Drafted," which (in my eyes) catches the band at their late-years' peak. I mean, what else can I tell you? The DICKS are untouchable (pun sort of intended). (GH)
(Alternative Tentacles)

DICTADURA – "Bajo la Sombra del Miedo" LP

A solid record filled with snotty, pogo-inducing punk songs from this new Spanish band. DICTADURA successfully blend the youthful "fuck everything" attitude of first-wave bands like D.O.A. and L.A.'s WASTED YOUTH with the modern aesthetic of groups like SUDOR and MUNDO MUERTO. Hooky-stuff all the way through and their bassist is particularly killer. My only complaint is that some of the guitar riffs are a bit on the generic side, but this is their first offering, so there's time for improvement in that department. After spinning this album a couple times I can't shake the feeling that DICTADURA's best songs are yet to be written, but I'd still recommend giving this LP a listen. (KM)
(Stomp / No Thanks!!)

DIRECT HIT! / HOLD TIGHT! – split LP

Apparently this is a joke split by two pop punk bands doing hardcore songs with ridiculous lyrics. It's not the crew record of the year or anything, but these dudes' joke project is better than some "legit" hardcore bands I've had to review. The DIRECT HIT side is pretty goofy, all the lyrics are about over the top violence and the darkest, grimness ever, while the music sounds like a motorpunx take on '80s throwback hardcore, kind of galloping with chuggy undertones. The HOLD TIGHT side is my favorite, with eleven fast, youth crewish hardcore jams with serious nods to BLACK FLAG and KID DYNAMITE, it plays as kind of an homage to half of all memorable hardcore riffs ever. (BL)
(I Hate Punk Rock)

THE DIRTY PANTIES – "I am a Robot" CD

I tend to have a soft spot for all girl combos. Unfortunately I don't have one for this band. There's a mix of things I don't like about this Las Vegas band. They play well and sing well but end up sounding like Drive Thru records rejects. There's not enough roughness to really rock and the material isn't strong enough to feel they are mainstream hit bound. I'm sure their target audience isn't the *MRR* crowd anyway. Can the producer for starters gals, then get away from the second rate NO DOUBT and PARAMORE thing. (RL)
(Squid Hat)

DIME RUNNER – "Recharged Rejects/Warsaw"

These guys have a sound that reminds me of early British punk, bands like the USERS or the VALVES. They've also got this sort of artsy WIRE thing going on. Like their label mates, CYANIDE PILLS, this isn't groundbreaking, but it is very solid and worth looking for, if you are into that style of music. And, really, how couldn't you be? Packaged on pea-green vinyl. Yum. (KK)
(Wanda)

DÖDA FRAMTIDEN – "Speculation of Her Demise" EP

Often the problem with hardcore, when viewed over the multitude of records that get sent in to *MRR* month after month, is when one breakthrough in sound or stylistic trend happens and a legion of imitators follow suit. It's difficult because even at its most imitative effort, time and money still gets poured into these records (and the perspective of the people who make them is certainly different), but there's very little to distinguish or recommend about the record without maybe seeing them live, knowing the people involved or having some connection to the band. Texas band DÖDA FRAMTIDEN combine two of the most repetitively plug'n'play themes in hardcore—layers of feedback-driven, distortion-laden, fuzzed out guitar noise punk with screeching vocals, over grind, blastbeat-driven, tuneless thrash. I'd probably love it live for the sheer chaotic insanity, but delivered as standard issue on all counts it's pretty unlistenable to anyone. People currently updating their list of GODSTOMPER live show recordings and/or honing their own sick grind demo for trade might like this. This is eleven tracks, with dystopian lyrics, stumbling through anger and rage. (KS)
(Nuclear Noise Pig)

DOGSHIT BOYS / ERWIN PRESTON– split EP

This is so European it might as well be a glow-stick at Love Fest. ERWIN PRESTON sounds like, I don't know, BLONDIE mixed with some sort of punk but mostly just '90s bands you'd hear in the background of some…movie, or something. I don't want to listen to this, you know? Like, it actually resembles music: There's instruments playing, they're not out of tune or anything, the songs have verse-chorus-bridge structures, but it just seems like some weird aberration—like, it's somehow, by mistake, made it to this world from some bizarre alternate earth where the *Turbojugend* (fat men in vests who like the band TURBONEGRO very, very much) control the hearts and minds of the people. The DOGSHIT BOYS couldn't have picked a more fitting name. What is wrong with European people? So many of them just *don't get it*. I'm not saying everyone in Europe is this out-of-touch weird old person who wears a dog collar in a world where little babies have iPhones and my stepmom owns *Hated* on DVD, but there really is a disturbingly large number of them. Anyway, this sucks and sounds terrible, but maybe the song they wrote about Jägermeiester ("German Girlfriend") will get used in a commercial and they can stop playing music for a while. Guitarist pictured on the cover is a dead ringer for MARILYN MANSON though (I wish he was just dead). Holy shit not to make this a long review but I just found out they have been a band for *twelve years*. Readers—imagine if you were in a band called the DOGSHIT BOYS for twelve years—when people ask you how you're doing, what do you even say? "I still suck"? Yikes. (BB)
(self-released)

ESKATOLOGIA – "Stormens Öga" CD

This is the sound of a band that is thoroughly in tune with their style. Treading the TRAGEDY/WOLFBRIGADE epi-crust trail, long after the trend has subsided, and doing it very well indeed. This recording has a bit more of a Swedish melodic death metal sheen than I remember from their earlier material, especially in the buzzing NIHILIST/early-ENTOMBED style guitars and the Tomas Lindberg-esque high-pitched vocals. A rock-solid record for those who prefer their metal punk to be dark and heavy, rather than cheesy and thrashy. (AU)
(Halvfabrikat)

E.T. HABIT – "Venomous/Starside Devastation" EP

Whoa, like totally proggadelic! Jesus this is weird. It's like third rate RUSH played by the Punx. Space punk, dawg! This might be the new face of punk rock—there is lots of new ground to cover here. Punks *can* listen to YES (no, not *that*

CAN!) and still be punk rock in 2012. EMERSON, LAKE and punkrawk! What, was I supposed to give this, a good review? I bet these guys sound pretty fuggin' great whilst standing outside the venue waiting for them to stop (teehee). As a closet prog fan, this is a little too tribal drumming / U2 influenced for me, maybe they have a good song or two in them though. HoZac? Really? Maybe it's time for a side label. (GB)
(HoZac)

EXHAUSTION / GABLÉ – split EP

I'm glad that I listened to the EXHAUSTION side first as it is the side with the punk band on it. GABLE is an indie folk project, who are friends with EXHAUSTION and they cover one of each other's songs on this record. These kinds of collaborations can be really cool like AUBREY DEBAUCHERY's cover of "I Am the Carcass" by the ABOMINABLE IRON SLOTH or THOU's PYGMY LUSH covers, and highlights that we're all in it together in the DIY scene. The GABLE side sounds like indie folk. The EXHAUSTION tracks are crusty hardcore punk songs, with the cover spanning most of the time on the disc. It's totally worth a listen. (BL)
(Destructure)

EXUSAMWA – "Phase IV" CD

I'm not sure if this band is a bunch of weirdos or some kind of hip art kids, but they're getting a few things right. It's an odd noisy pop kind of thing, with piercingly high-pitched vocals and some sort of ant motif. I don't get out to this kind of show much, so you're going to have to bear with me on a comparison. They sound like a garage band that embraces the MELT BANANA aesthetic, kind of the way I've always thought that NOBUNNY does, but with more of the kooky electronic vibe. It's pretty good, the music is tight and well-constructed, providing a solid backdrop for the noise and distorted vocals. There is a lot of energy in these songs and I'm wondering what they're like live. They're pretty good on record. (BL)
(100% Breakfast)

FACTRIX – "Scheintot" CD

I suppose I should start with the basics—originally released in 1981, this is post punk from San Francisco with goth and noise rock sounds sonically informed by a number of musical trends of the time, resulting in some post-industrial musical arrangements. OK, now let's get down to business… described as "Gothidelik," these tracks create bleak landscapes where strange things happen. Neck-deep in LSD where at any moment your trip could turn good or bad—treading water in a sea of a strangely enjoyable nightmare of ambient noise and droning vocals with sharp cutting sounds. Imagine standing on a ledge of panic, joy, fear and bliss. These tracks are not for the weak and not for people who fear introspection without self-indulgence. The list of the instruments employed to make sound on this is a mile long—guitars, teakettle, multimoog, drum machine, bass, doumbek… For those who enjoy CABARET VOLTAIRE, THROBBING GISTLE, DNA, German New Wave, SKINNY PUPPY, early CLOCK DNA and some of the uglier tracks from VELVET UNDERGROUND. You will either love this or hate this, which, to me is the only way a good album should be. Love this. (MB)
(Superior Viaduct)

FACTRIX / MONTE CAZAZZA – "California Babylon" CD

MONTE CAZAZZA wore many hats. The short list goes something like: THROBBING GRISTLE collaborator, industrial pioneer, photographer, poet, visual artist, *Search & Destroy* contributor and the man once referred to as "the most horrible, vile person in San Francisco". FACTRIX are the unsung post-punk *enfants terribles* of San Francisco. This live recording, originally issued on Subterranean in 1982, portrays the two forces side-by-side, in a challenging improvisational performance. Amongst what is likely more bizarre instrumentation that I can't readily discern, is electric violin, guitars, flute and tape manipulation. FACTRIX wasn't a band with the same goals as most punk, rock or pop bands. This recording doesn't seem concerned with the spectrum of rational human emotion the way most music is. FACTRIX seem more interested in conjuring subhuman crawlers from their crevices in the surreptitious urban nooks only visible just before dawn, and even then, only visible if you allow yourself. There is a vinyl version of this release as well, but the CD edition contains five tracks from a studio session by the same collaborators, plus a DVD, just in time to trounce the prevailing opinion that nothing worthwhile appears on CD. In fact, the real gem of this release is the additional CD-only recording. CAZAZZA's vocals are featured much more prominently. They are multi-tracked and manipulated but not to the point of becoming indiscernible, allowing listeners to focus on the evocative, morbid imagery and quasi-spiritual ramblings. FACTRIX and CAZAZZA weren't only innovative musically; the mood of alienation and sheer terror in these recordings manage to evoke a future dystopia we can't even fathom. (SL)
(Superior Viaduct)

FANG – "Here Come the Cops" CD

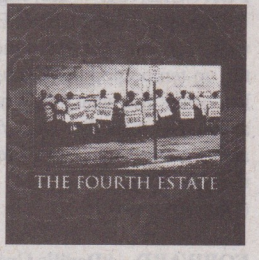
Fang is a band that many punks have strong feelings about. They love or hate them, mostly due to their singer Sam McBride's history. I'm not gonna get into that because this is about music. Growing up in the Bay Area, I fucking loved their music as a teenager. I can't say I've seen them or heard much by them in over ten years, but this record surprised me with how good it was. There are songs that are a little too wanky metal for me, which was something they were starting to do after the first two records, but I'm enjoying it the more I listen to it. The biggest thing about this record is the return of founding guitar player Tom Flynn, who writes a song and plays extra guitar on another and damn if you can't tell right away. Such a distinctive songwriter and that distorted drowney guitar sound I miss. I hear rumors of them working together again, which I hope is true. You get some very un-PC songs that, if you're listening to FANG, you're not gonna give a fuck about anyway. Two pretty surprising covers of JIM CARROLL and one of my favorite GIRLSCHOOL songs that are pretty good. Keep up the good work and I might have to attend one of those crappy reunion shows soon. (RO)
(Malt Soda)

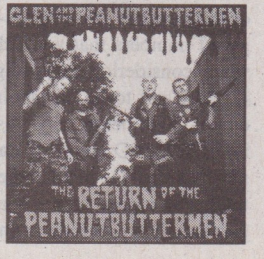
FAR-OUT FANGTOOTH – "The Thorns" EP

Prolific 7-inch dispensers HoZac records deliver this introspective, gloomy, quasi-shoe gaze record from Philadelphia's FAR-OUT FANGTOOTH. This style of music can either envelop listeners into nebulous swirls of sonic oblivion, or it can leave listeners waiting for the song to actually start. For the A-side presented here, the latter is the case. The flipside is a little angrier and dark, but not enough to really sustain interest. The mix of this record doesn't help. For music so reliant on effects and guitar tones, it's a shame that there is so little separation and not enough treble. (SL)
(HoZac)

FAT STUPIDS – "Agent 245" EP

This is pretty straightforward punk that mixes elements of pop punk and garage rather nicely, and they somehow avoid falling into the traps that make both of those respective genres totally embarrassing. It also sounds very, very similar to CLOROX GIRLS. So if you're into them, or shit like the MARKED MEN (worst band), this EP is probably a good look for you. Not my thing at all, but the five songs on this 7" are good for this style. (TM)
(No Breaks / Rad Girlfriend)





FEATURES – "Floozie of the Neighborhood/I Wanna Be Your Man"

The A-side is the best '70s punk rawk song ever! B-side is just pretty good. Where's my extra promo copy?! (Harry Howes sux. It's OK I have an original copy. Last I heard he doesn't. Hahaha, you lose, I win). Buy this record *used*. "You're... the... floozie of the neigh...borhood" (GB)
(Last Laugh)

FINAL BOMBS – "There is No Turning Back" LP

This has been out for quite a while, but here's the licensed European version on Tardis records of this monster. The beauty of modern-era FINAL BOMBS is that while a lot of bands worship at the altar of DISCHARGE, very few look to *Grave New World* for inspiration and FINAL BOMBS do. This has all the rock'n'roll bombast and metallic edge of the aforementioned record, with the added bonus of good songs as well. Bear Bomb's voice is always amusing (that tiny high voice coming out of that enormous body!) and his bass playing is as always impeccably in style. This record includes a completely unironic cover of "The More I See" as well as an oddly touching re-recording of "False Prophet" from the SHADOW OF FEAR project that Bear Bomb did with Kawakami. This isn't maybe the best exemplar of the modern D-beat style but it is a fascinating and largely successful experiment and well worth hearing, especially "Can't Get Back What You Have Lost" which is a total fucking ripper. (AU)
(Tardis)

FLESH LIGHTS – "Too Big to Fail" 2xEP

Wow. A "Double Pack." You don't see many of those these days. (That means two seven inches folks). This is super good *schitt*. I don't even listen to shit like this, but I can't think of any reasons not to like it. I guess they tour with the HIVES, you can kinda tell—it's real cleanly produced, burly, muscular punk rock'n'roll with super catchy over the top punk rock vox. Their sound and songs are consistent. I think I might get bored with a full album of this stuff, but as four sides it's pretty perfect—hella hooks. (GB)
(Super Secret)

FOR SCIENCE – "Revenge for Hire" LP

The first FOR SCIENCE CD now on vinyl and well, it sounds just like it did eight years ago. Frantic, up-tempo pop punk songs, about girls and broken hearts and what not. While this stuff isn't nearly as good as their *Way Out of Control* 12" was, there aren't many bands out there that do this as well as they do. (PA)
(Don Giovanni)

FORWARD – "Devil's Cradle" EP

In the interest of full disclosure, I should say that I'm not the biggest FORWARD fan. I feel that most of their records are weighed-down by plodding mid-paced numbers that are little more than filler, and when considering the pedigree of their members, it's hard not to be disappointed with most of their output. That being said, this is probably my favorite FORWARD record to date. The brand spanking new A-side, "Devil's Cradle," is a ripping hardcore track with a great chorus that transitions into a brief jam and then proceeds to once again melt your face off, TENAFLY VIPER-style. On the flipside is a re-recording of the outstanding closing track from their first LP (*Just Go Forward To Death*) entitled "What's The Meaning of Love?" Believe it or not, this version is even better than the original. This record absolutely slays. I also had the good fortune of catching these guys live twice recently and they fucking brought it on both occasions, so maybe they're finally realizing their potential. (KM)
(540)

FOSTER CARE – "Bad Vibe City" LP

Looking at this, I was expecting some lame hipster garagey bullshit but, fuck, this is pretty damn good considering they're from Brooklyn. Sure, you're not going to be blown away with originality, but the songs are fast, dirty and damn catchy. I'd compare them to LIVE FAST DIE. You just know they're shows would be full of way too cool douchebags in skinny jeans, drinking their $5 Pabst and making me want to barf, but don't let that stop you from checking it out. It's got balls. (RO)
(JKSHK)

THE FOURTH ESTATE – "Hate Speech" EP

So this record is like something that a friend would give me as a joke because it's about the furthest thing from my tastes that can still claim a relation to punk rock. I'm going to try and not be a dick but I don't know, it's some kind of power pop with the production of a commercially successful youth crew band. It's melodic past the point of me caring and the lyrics are super basic liberal griping delivered in more of a singing voice than anything. These dudes look nice enough in the band photo but I don't want to even talk to people who listen to this kind of music. (BL)
(Fat Sandwich)

FUK – LP

Outta Bristol, UK and there seems to be a CHAOS UK connection here from looking at the internet. They even have a song about cider, which gives them big points in my book. Without looking at the sleeve or lyrics, from their sounds I'd guess they were an American band. Big, beefy production with heavy guitar and drums and a singer with a strong set of gruff pipes. Probably a blast to see live and there are a few rippers here, but unfortunately I can't see myself slapping this on more than once. Hard, tough and heavy but it just doesn't stand out enough for repeated listening. Maybe a nice keg of cider sent along with the record woulda helped. (RO)
(Tardis)

FULL OF FANCY – "Liquid Nature" 10"

This is the vinyl version of the CD that came out on Don Giovanni a couple of years ago but minus the extras from the singles. There are basically two different kinds of songs on here (that is, if you can make yourself forget about that awful metal inspired instrumental that starts off the B-side). There are the sort of rock'n'roll pop-punk songs that sound like third rate DONNAS (I know). Unfortunately what stands out the most in these songs are the terrible guitar solos. The other songs are pretty straight pop-punk, that hasn't changed much since it was forged by Ben Weasel in the center of the earth over one million years ago. (PA)
(No Breaks)

FUZZKILL – "Red Carpet" EP

Full on, no fidelity high-end political grind thrash. Bordering on complete insanity at virtually every moment, FUZZKILL mostly manage to hold it together, but one could argue that the best moments of this record are when they don't quite pull it off. Raw and fucked. (WN)
(self-released)

GAS CHAMBER – "Modern Vision of the Erect Nightmare" EP

Damn this shit is pretty on point. The music is mostly sludgy powerviolence-influenced crust with a blasted-out tone, but most of this recording is rad, caustic-as-fuck noise. Lots of delay and screaming and stuff that's probably ring modulation and pulse synth knob twisting or whatever the fuck, in a single track that spans both sides. It sounds killer, this record leads me to believe these people might be some serious heads. The music parts are mostly heavy and dark crust riffs interspersed with sludgy headbanger PV parts, but at the end of the disc an acoustic guitar closes the song for a little more weirdness. It sounds like if Eric Wood quit BASTARD NOISE to join NEGATIVE STANDARDS and took over, which would be awesome. (BL)
(Nerve Altar)

GAMLA PENGAR – "Vackra Land Som Ingenting Gav" EP

The water in Sweden must be spiked with something that gives local residents an innate talent for producing top-notch melodic punk. This is another excellent slab of songs from a group whose sound falls somewhere between the VICIOUS and VANNA INGET. On this, their third EP, GAMLA PENGAR successfully mix slightly gruff vocals, traditional '77 style punk and the modern jangly melodies of their aforementioned contemporaries, to create three instantly catchy tracks. The last song, "Skulle Hellre Do An Att Vara Er" is the definite standout (at least for me, since I just played it four times in a row); it features a fantastically bouncy lead riff and a positively soaring chorus. Great record, now I need to track down their first two EPs. (KM)
(Cricket Cemetery)

GIGLINGER – "Red" EP

It's rare to hear a band use dual guitars so effectively, but GIGLINGER present a perfect guitar-driven, filthy punk attack on their fourth single. Hints of the late '80s give way to an overt homage to the drearier bands of that decade, with the stellar death rock dirge "Who Wants It All," elements of THE CULT and THE FALL crash headfirst into a dark modern raw punk vibe. Sharp and to the throat for the entirety of this slab, this record rules from start to finish. (WN)
(King Penguin, no info)

GLEN AND THE PEANUT BUTTER MEN – "The Return of the Peanut Butter Men" CD

I wouldn't be surprised if these guys started this band while they were in the military together. Australian army that is, but you know what I mean. It's angry, guttural thrash with metal-ish breakdowns. Don't let the name fool you, no funny business here. Just plain and simple fast hardcore. It's total meat and potatoes, high testosterone type stuff. (FS)
(Domiracer, no info)

GLEN AND THE PEANUT BUTTER MEN – "Yay" CD

Metallish, UK anarcho-screed punk from Melbourne. Lots of guitar shredding. Is this what the EXPLOTED sound like? I vaguely remember listening to two songs from *Let's Have a War...Maggie Said* and thinking it was terrible, but how so I can't recall. The singer sounds like an Australian combination of Dick Luca and Frank Discussion. Mega annoying. The recording on this record is pretty good for what it is, but there are a far too many "Fuck you, ya cunts!" on this record for me. Oh, and a DICKS cover. They also stuffed their previous record, *Ready to Blow*, in the jewel case. To read that review, just imagine the same review as above, with appropriate substitutions. (LP)
(self-released)

GORGONIZED DORKS / RUPTURE – split 10"

The RUPTURE tracks are rehearsal recordings from 22 years ago, unearthed for this release. Primitive and bombastic noise/grind/crust, the shit they would become famous for, but *way* more brutal sounding. You want Noise Not Music? Yeah, they got that. GORGONIZED DORKS on the flip side fill their 122nd release with high end, lo-fidelity grind/thrash with PC lyrics and guest vocals from the dude from ANAL CUNT. Go figure. You want Noise Not Music? They got that too. Give this to the fashion punk set and see if they really mean that crossed out music note thing they got on their vest. (WN)
(Agromosh / Gothic Gospel, no info)

GRAND HOTEL PARADOX – "Rust" CD

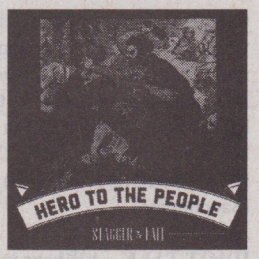
These guys kind of have a '90s emocore thing going on. Almost like J CHURCH and ARCHERS OF LOAF, but these guys aren't all that great. But they are from Dubai, which is in the Persian Gulf. So as far as bands from the Persian Gulf go, these guys are probably bad ass. So musically I've heard better but you have to respect their drive. (RL)
(Abbreviated)

GUANTANAMO BAYWATCH – "Chest Crawl" LP

It's gimmicks-a-go-go for the length of an entire LP for Portland's glorified surf-rock fixture GUANTANAMO BAYWATCH. The group has a honed schtick that follows as such: Basic surf riffs and boogie-down rock'n'roll chord progressions, recorded with garage rock fidelity and delivered at a straight-ahead punk tempo. That said, it is rollicking party music and the performers have chops. Live, the most jaded concert attendees will likely tap a foot or bob their skull, even if with a dismissive frown on their face. (SL)
(Dirtnap)

THE GUNS – 2xLP

It's about fucking time! I have been hearing murmurs of this long-awaited retrospective LP ever since seeing 9 SHOCKS TERROR at a Ann Arbor basement show in the late '90s: Wedge and Erba have name-checked the GUNS some seven million times over the last 20 years, maybe they will finally STFU! Well? *Yes! It was worth the fucking wait!* But who knew they had a double LP in 'em?! Jeebus! The material here spans their fabled existence from 1982 up to their last show in 1986. You probably won't know them unless you've met Wedge or Erba, or maybe tuned in to their tracks on the *New Hope* and *They Pelted Us With Garbage* comp LPs, or the *There Is More* tape comp or their even more elusive Demo. If you *do* know them, you know this shit is super sick classic hardcore punk rock and (as with so many '80s Clevo bands) it's such a shame they never released an EP back then. Compared to other Midwest bands, these guys were kinda unique with more of a West Coast/BLACK FLAG/POISON IDEA influence, which to me fucking rules. The music is fast, rough'n'tumble hardcore, but with that tuneful melodic edge to the screamed vox. Album one is mostly studio tracks. The end of side B tapers off into live recordings and the sound quality gets a bit hit or miss, with more of the same spanning both sides of album two. Personally, I will probably listen mostly to album one, but I think it's great to get all the material in one place. In fact, this band had much more of an impact on the tape trading scene, so it's cool to have that stuff represented—there are some great tracks in there. I'm really happy with the deluxe gatefold packaging and extensive collage/liners inside. Definitely one of the, er, "reissues" (unissues?) of the year. Great job guys. (GB)
(Smog Veil / Red Hour)

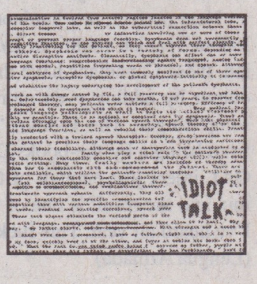


HASTA LA VISTA SOCIAL CLUB – "Melt" CD

This Finnish quartet is this month's pleasant (astonishing, even) surprise. The band photo on the lyric booklet makes them look like outtakes from a DROPKICK MURPHYS promotional video. Lyrics are nothing to write home about either. Drinking and loss and second rate JOHNNY CASH-isms. But fuck me, the music is a true revelation. They have that LEATHERFACE sound (that MOTÖRHEAD meets HÜSKER DÜ, with the anguished, melodic yet gravelly vocals) done just fucking perfect. Some of these songs could be on *Mush*, no bother, and then they mix in just the right element of pompous rock and guitar flourishes a la TURBONEGRO. Bloody amazing. I'm a convert. Thirty-seven minutes of sonic bliss. So much so I'm happy to forgive them the throwaway 'mandatory' semi-acoustic track and crappy name. (RK)
(Zombie Noise)

HICKEY – "Various States of Disrepair: Complete Works 1994-'97" 2xLP

How does one write about HICKEY? They didn't fall into an easily compartmentalized genre. Instead, they defined their own genre through a combination of rock'n'roll, pop-punk, metal, hard drugs and communal living in the Mission District of San Francisco, before it was colonized by shitty tech-heads in condos. They recorded all of their records on mostly broken and barely-held-together equipment. They spliced their guitar solos and samples onto the tape by using old motorcycle parts and scotch tape (no shit!) while still managing to make it sound amazing. This double LP is a reissue of a CD that originally appeared on Poverty records (and then S.P.A.M.) and compiles all of the band's EPs and compilation tracks. Unlike the CD, there are extra tracks from their final 7" and other comps that didn't make the earlier cut. It's still amazing to me that they recorded "Crepe Paper Hearts" (off of their first 7") at the band's second practice ever and it is still better than what most bands accomplish in their entire existence. All of the hits are here, like "Make Sure There Aren't Any Squares At My Funeral," "Hey Cutie Pie," "The Naked Cult," the epic "El Farolito," "Everything I Know About Sex I Learned From KISS" and so many more. Everything on here is essential, which is no small task for a double LP. Even if you have been listening to these songs since the '90s and have heard them hundreds and hundreds of times, this is still worth picking up. These songs are meant to be heard on vinyl and fucked up stereos with broken speakers. Do yourself a favor and pick this up immediately. Better yet, if you know a teenager who sits in their room and listens to shitty punk all day, give this to them and change their life forever. Still relevant. Still untouchable and unfuckwithable. (GH)
(1-2-3-4-Go!)



HORNY MORMONS – "Discography" CD

This rules so much, but dang 38 songs are hard to get through no matter how awesome your band is. HORNY MORMONS were a Sacramento punk band in the late eighties/early nineties, who unabashedly worshiped at the altar of DEAD MILKMEN. This was Mike from the BANANAS' first band and he has that unmistakable voice, no matter how young he was back then. It's really cool to listen to this album because you can hear the songwriting evolve from a borrowed DEAD MILKMEN sound, into

their own distinct style. And that style is very much what the BANANAS sprang from. If you've had more than one night of blackout drunk *Forbidden Fruit* sing-a-long madness, this is mandatory listening. I know buying a CD in 2012 seems ridiculous, but if you only buy one CD this year, it should be HORNY MORMONS. (FS)
(Sacramento)

IDIOT TALK – "Where is the Fun?" EP

IDIOT TALK makes me think of the exact point when the REGULATIONS had exhausted the left-over E.T.A. songs, if they'd drawn influence from as much early UK punk, including the SUBHUMANS, as they had from early L.A. punk when deciding their musical direction. The vocals are damn near a dead ringer for Otto from both bands and the bleak yet large riffs paint a similar alone-in-the-city musical picture, with everything carried by the bass, which is fairly high in the mix. I expect the next record to be stellar. (DG)
(Build me a Bomb)

ILEGAL – "Callejon Sin Salida" EP

Near perfect, raw hardcore delivered in the early Italian/Spanish tradition. Lyrics once again in Italian, these Canadians have the fury of their previous output by adding even more hook into this three-song banger. The B-side, "Inutil," is two shakes from being a by-the-books D-beat number, but ILEGAL inject just enough of their own style into the mix and the result is one of the best hardcore songs I've heard all year. This fucking kills. (WN)
(Lengua Armada)

JTT – "Collapsible" EP

Apparently these guys are from Oregon and they like country-inflected pop punk à la PRETTYBOY THORSON AND THE FALLING ANGELS and region rock. The biggest problem that I have with this record, besides not liking this band's main points of reference, is that the arrangements are so simple and uninteresting that I'm finding it hard to hold my attention on one entire song. I understand being in a band and not playing your instrument very well are not mutually exclusive, but perhaps that should be a consideration for whether or not to put out a record. I cannot recommend this 7". (LP)
(Secret Pennies)

K9 STIFFIES – "Rawsonville/The Mask"

More Michigan booming from Urinal Cake. I keep getting their shit for review and it's been pretty enjoyable thus far. K9 STIFFIES continue the streak with fairly angry psych-punk. No swirly bullshit here, it's all heaving and wretch. The flip plays things a little more straight, but still keeps the momentum. Probably a hoot live too. (MC)
(Urinal Cake)

KAUNEUS AND TERVEYS – "Paikallinen Legenda" CD

Here's an odd one! Best known (if at all) for their appearance on the legendary *Lasta* compilation EP in 1984 (alongside heavy hitters like TERVEET KÄDET, BASTARDS and RIISTETYT), this is the first full-length album for KAUNEUS AND TERVEYS (!). Like many Finnish bands, this is a bit of a weird one, with VARUKERS-influenced thrashers backing up poppy, almost novelty songs. The classic Finn-HC rippers like "6/7," "Luttula" and "Mulla On Vaikeeta" are pretty fucking good and would fit right in with the top bands of the '80s, especially recalling RAPED TEENAGERS. Not essential by any means, but definitely worth picking up. Kudos have to go out to any band that can go on and off for 29 years and still write a killer hardcore tune! (AU)
(Urban Gorilla)

THE KILLER – "Obey No One" EP

This band is from Chicago and plays plodding, misanthropic hate mosh that fans of NAILS should eat right up. Some folks go goofy for the well-orchestrated hardcore call-out, but these guys pretty much lost me when the chugs cut out for a screamed "I am the champion!" halfway through side A. Still, nothing could prepare me for the same trick two minutes later, only this time offering "a toast, for those who hated life the most." Yeah, that just happened. It's pretty hard to take a record seriously that spends this much time telling you how *tough* and *dark* it is, but the basic appeal of bands like NEGLECT and INTEGRITY is there for sure. Whatever, I'm spin-kicking my way out of this pit. At least they say they hate cops. (WB)
(Organized Crime)

KIM BAXTER – "The Tale of Me and You" LP

Self-released debut solo LP from Kim Baxter of the ALL-GIRL SUMMER FUN BAND. If that was your jam, you'll be into this. The first song felt kind of haunting, then I realized I think it's the intro to *Twin Peaks*? This is saccharine and precious and twee as fuck, so boys with internet crushes and deep dark secrets written in cursive in moleskins get *juuuiced*. (JS)
(self-released)

KREMLIN – "Will You Feed Me?" EP

This band plays their own unique brand of killer, unhinged, slightly psychedelic D-beat that falls somewhere between TOTALITÄR circa the DISMACHINE split, a stripped down FRAMTID and the first DIE KREUZEN and MECHT MENSCH records. Over the solid drumming that's dynamic when it needs to be, the buzzsaw, solid-state guitar cranks out simple yet effective riffs, occasionally going into wailing, hazy, reverbed-out solos, as equally reverbed, paranoid and somewhat sparse vocals (which sound a hell of a lot like MECHT MENSCH) complete the musical picture of desolation within a concrete wasteland. D-beat that's worth a shit usually has fairly pummeling production, but that the recording here is more pedestrian isn't detrimental and, if anything, would give it a more blown-out sound when the urge to play loud is scratched. (DG)
(Hardware)

KRIGSKONTRAST – "Prostituerad Natur" EP

Recorded in 2010, this Swedish band's harsh debut EP delivers eight songs that combine the epic leanings of post-TRAGEDY hardcore with throttling '90s-ish DISRUPT-styled quick thrashing. There are dual gruff and screeching vocal attacks between the moody guitar leads, build ups and intros (the closest local equivalent that comes to mind would be something like an updated way faster, modern hardcore version of 3-WAY CUM). Hacked together by relentless speed and forceful delivery, it's got very mid-'90s hardcore production—it's clean but not overbearingly metallic or downtuned, raging thinner compared to most modern recordings as an aid to the speed. The higher end of the vocals has an unmistakable particularly Swedish twang in their screeched shouts, but no lyric sheet deciphers the chaos. Sleeve is cut'n'paste pictures of factories, hand grenades, mushroom clouds and a goat's head in a pentagram. Solid. (KS)
(Halvfabrikat / Not Enough)

KRÖMOSOM – "Paranoid!" EP

More blown out ugliness from Australia's favorite distorted, raw punks. You like D-beat? No shit, me too…let this feed your need. Fucked up, growled, demonic and throat-shredding vocals over battered and beaten drums, with some slight rock riffage along with the simple chord progression. I swear to gawd that there is a DEAD KENNEDYS guitar moment in the title track "Paranoid." Not a band thing… This band's sound has slightly changed over the course of time between their demo and subsequent releases, to this, but not to their detriment—this is fucking solid. (MB)
(Holy Terror)

LAST CHAOS – "Kill Dick Control" EP

Loved the demo and this EP is no slouch either. While there are hints of Finnish and Japanese styles here and there, particularly in the reverbed vocals and occasional solos, at its heart this is classic driving hardcore ala DEATHREAT meets VACUUM. The title track is a bit of a departure, being a tom-pounding dirge that's halfway between Oi! and the slower CONFUSE songs. I can see it being a great pile-up sing-along in a live setting. (AU)
(Flower of Carnage / Hardcore Victim / Nuclear Blood)

M:40 – "Diagnos" CD

Energetic, straightforward metallic crust from southern Sweden. With sledgehammer käng riffs and unrelenting, thunderous rhythms, M:40 is right in line with the current Southern Lord sound, which is to say derivative, but certainly not devoid of prowess. For fans of SKITYSYSTEM and DISFEAR. Another album to throw on while you watch the world burn to ash. (FF)
(Halvfabrikat)

MAD MACKA – "Adidas Tracksuit/Bored!@rics"

Whoa, really? This gent is from the ONYAS and COSMIC PSYCHOS, both of whom you probably love if you're overweight and fanatical over Aussie punk from the previous generation. Not surprisingly, MACKA keeps with the same big-giant-cock-and-balls sound both of those acts perfected. It's full steam rock'n'roll and an amazingly effective soundtrack to poisoning yourself with brown liquor or large quantities of beer or both. Coming to the US later this year, so I hear. Hope I catch him! (MC)
(Swashbuckling Hobo)

MAUSER – "Isolation" 12"

Who needs reissues and reunions when you have a solid modern day punk band like MAUSER? There's a reason these guys have gone on a Japanese tour after not being around for that long—it's because they're fucking good. This LP is straightfor-

ward devastation with no weakness. The band they are most often compared to is FRAMTID, but I hear a definite CHAOS UK influence and even their love of MOTÖRHEAD shines through at times. This band is not just clean-cut raw punk, recycling riffs from previous great bands. This is a brand in itself of pure eardrum-ripping, noisy and pogoable raw punk. Everyone in this band brings immense power to this recording, that lets each instrument shine through perfectly. This is one of the few current American raw punk bands that has the same effect live as they do recorded—you get total wrath either way ya hear them. Before I even heard their demo, I saw them live in 2010 in their early days. I knew some of them pre-MAUSER and they're all really unpretentious nice guys. I was not expecting the fury they brought at all! I lost my shit. But, when they play, it's like a light switch gets turned on and whatever they're holding back in their daily lives gets unleashed with the total fury. Let me tell you, there is a rare set of bands that brings it like MAUSER live and the ones I have seen, who bring out that inner madness with such quickness, are usually bands like D-CLONE or other recent Japanese greats. Get this and loose your shit on long-play style—most of these types of bands never make it to LP and, if they do, rarely do they have each track be killer with no filler. After this release we should just let raw punk die already. and move onto goth. Buck stopped here. (AE)
(Vinyl Rites)

THE MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE – "Mr. Gikokovich 2000-2005 A Retrospective" LP

Holy shit, I didn't know these guys had been around since 2000. My first exposure to this band was circa 2005, when they played in a church basement in Minneapolis while dressed as tigers. I didn't really think much of them at that show—they weren't mind-blowing or anything, but they certainly didn't suck. Interesting, to say the least. Sometimes it takes a few good listens to get into a band, you know? Their split with OPERATION: CLIFF CLAVIN was what got me on board. Their song "Pink" was catchy as hell, the kind that you cannot for the life of you get out of your head for days. This record is a compilation of sorts. Traditionally, bands would just take all the master recordings of the old songs and throw them conveniently together, press it and distribute it. TMLE went above and beyond with this record. Any band that has been around for ten plus years naturally stops playing certain songs for certain reasons. For whatever reasons, these thirteen songs are the ones that stayed on the set lists over the years. Again, when you play songs that many times over that many years, they naturally evolve from their original state. So what's a band to do but re-record them the way they play them today, for better or for worse? (BD)
(No Breaks)

THE MCFLYS – "Nights Like These" LP

Yo, is it the '90s right now? This is totally generic SCREECHING WEASEL/RIVERDALES worship that could have come out on a label like Mutant Pop back in the day. I had *no* idea that people still played this kind of shit! As corny as it is, I have to give this band props for playing a style that I thought ended a *long* time ago. Like these dudes are probably still jamming CHIXDIGGIT on the regular. Imagine that. That's crazy. I gotta say, even though this isn't good, and people are gonna clown on this band, it's still a way better look than most (if not all) of the pop punk that has come out of the Bay for the last however many decades. I'm just sayin'... (TM)
(Night Fighter)

MEAN JEANS – "On Mars" LP

I gotta think that anyone who's a fan of pop punk, or the RAMONES and SCREECHING WEASEL would love this record. Straight ahead and really well done RAMONES-style pop punk. This has got to be their *End Of The Century* because you get some straight up party anthems like "Ready 2 Rip" and then some slower songs ("School Lunch Victim"). Basically you more or less get the same formula on all thirteen tracks, just sped up or slowed down. But there's nothing wrong with that, when the songs are this catchy and well done. This one left my stereo clogged with malted hops, nacho cheese and bong resin, but it was fun while it lasted. (P$)
(Dirtnap)

MEAT THUMP – "Box of Wine/Feel Good"

Considering the tragic death of *Negative Guest List* editor and MEAT THUMP's frontman Brendon Annesley earlier this year, this posthumous release is really difficult to review objectively. In context, the lyrics are that much more morbid and sad. Out of context, it's a triumph lyrically and sonically, that is greater than the sum of its parts. It's a 45 of depressive, slow, nihilistically jangly garage with Annesley's spoken and morose vocals. It's impossible to hear anything but anguish in the vocals, guitar feedback or sloppy tambourine. It's not a fitting or appropriate bookend to Annesley's work and doesn't begin to let people know how to say goodbye to one of the finest punk writers of the last decade. This record is nothing but sad for anyone remotely familiar with all that Annesley contributed in his short life. (SL)
(Negative Guest List)

MEDIA BLITZ – "A Voice of Our Own" EP

This SoCal four piece delivers some tough hardcore à la CLOSE CALL. They have a full and rough-edged sound and the vocalist is convincingly angry. Every song rages straight through. The first side in particular hits hard enough to make me recommend this EP to fans of the genre. This copy is on blue vinyl and comes with a download code. (JM)
(Redshift)

MEDIA BLITZ – "Burn the World" LP

Raging hardcore from So Cal. The fast parts remind me of the GORDON SOLIE 10", with some tight mosh breaks thrown in. Also, this whole LP is littered with insane shredding Kirk Hammett style leads and a vocalist who straight up sounds like Eric Ozenne. Ridiculous as it sounds, it totally works well for them. Totally solid and worth checking out! (TM)
(self-released)

THE MESS AROUND – "Boner Time!" LP

This is some great drinking bar punk here! With a feel of a more rock NEW BOMB TURKS, a lil' second album RIVER BOAT GAMBLERS and some RADIO BIRDMAN (whose "Burn My Eye" they cover here), the MESS AROUND deliver. I must admit I was skeptical of this record though, with a cover that one of my fellow reviewers said makes this LP look like a '70s folk record. Good stuff and worth the investment. (JF)
(Drug Front)

MICROWAVES – "Psionic Impedance" CD

This two-piece experimental duo from Pittsburgh plays off-kilter, dissonant, fucked up art rock that employs digital noises and triggers to round out their sound. The result is a little bit like HELLA, early KING CRIMSON (on more drugs) and CHROME all rolled into one. Instead of a bass player, the band makes use of electronic noise, which ends up making some of the songs to sound thin. Others just have a layer of digital noise lying on top of the whole song. The two-person, agitated, oblique vocal attack does a lot to tie it all together and the overall effect sounds like the future many people envisioned twenty years ago. Blips, noise and manically insane energy. Features members of ZOMBI and DON CABALLERO. (GH)
(ugEXPLODE)

MIDNITE SNAXXX – LP

Holy shit! Are you kidding me?! A fucking MIDNITE SNAXXX LP? I love just about anything that Dulcinea and

Tina touch and this is no exception. And now I love everything that Renee touches. If you are a fan of power pop/punk rock with female vocals and a kind of Phil Spector sound, this is your ticket. The gatefold sleeve has a picture on the inside that will give you a chuckle. Good shit. Real good shit. (KK)
(Red Lounge)

MIKE REP AND THE QUOTAS – "Rocket to Nowhere/Quasar"

This seems like a no-brainer to give to Booth, since he appropriated the sleeve for his column header and all. Whatever, fuck him: I love this fucking record (too) with all my heart and I'm ready to shout about it! "Rocket To Nowhere" is as awesome as rock'n'roll gets: a lone madman, zonked out on lord knows, laying down a pure punk epic in some Midwestern rumpus room, 1970-something. Imagine the RAMONES trying to play "City Slang". Imagine eating a BLUE OYSTER CULT record! And you have "Rocket To Nowhere." The 'tude, the sound, the gusto: all key and all impossible to duplicate or improve upon. It's caveman riff-rock opus and a work of bona fide genius. The flip, "Quasar," is all feedback and bleeping drone, nothing like the A-side, but a vital component of this cocktail. I dig it and wouldn't change a thing! Yes, an original will cost you a lot, but it's more important to note that no real rock'n'roll fan would dare dismiss this record. It's perfect! (MC)
(Mighty Mouth Music)

MIND SPIDERS – "Meltdown" LP

Let's just start off with the full disclosure here. If you asked me to name my top ten bands of all time, the MARKED MEN would be high on the list and MIND SPIDERS features half of that band. Now that that's out of the way, MIND SPIDERS does not sound just like the MARKED MEN, but this LP is finely crafted and has the same caliber of expertly penned songwriting. Side one blasts through one solid song after another in a fine garage rock tradition that echoes such luminaries as JAY REATARD and the members' past efforts, but makes its own impact and has its own voice. To make it more interesting, they have two drummers who add an extra dimension to the whole thing by playing off of each other and making things way more interesting. The last song on side one, "Fall In Line," gives a hint of what's to come on side two, by having more of a synth approach to the garage rock. Side two is no less powerful while falling into a Krautrock and '80s synth vein, possibly even a little early goth. It's something I didn't expect *at all*, but it works and it works incredibly well. The best bands can always make a simple arrangement sound beautifully original and that's where this band really shines… by making it sound simple when it really isn't and by writing entirely perfect, memorable songs. This album is flawless. (GH)
(Dirtnap)

MISSBRUKARNA – "Zooma in en Zombie" LP

About fuckin' time! Long lost to the realm of 3rd generation dubbed cassettes and shitty mp3 downloads, Sweden's punk veterans and hardcore pioneers finally get a proper and comprehensive reissue of their own. And this package absolutely does justice to their legacy. Compiling the split EP with PANIK, the *Really Fast Vol. 1* compilation tracks, the legendary *Krigets Gentlemän* cassette, alongside rehearsal and live tracks, this is an exhaustive document of a band that absolutely inspired the classic era of Swedish hardcore. While never approaching the brutality of acts like ANTI-CIMEX and DISARM, MISSBRUKARNA were among the first to play as fast as possible, making a melodic but speedy noise that occasionally recalls a quirkier MINOR THREAT or the more hardcore DEAD KENNEDYS tracks, though "Brinnande Kors" is the very blueprint for MOB 47. This may not appeal to the studs and spikes brigade, but it's absolutely essential for anyone who worships at the altar of early '80s hardcore. File next to TERVEET KÄDET. (AU)
(Skrammel)

MURDERBURGERS – "How to Ruin Your Life" CD

What we have here is a CD loaded with fifteen pop punk ditties, courtesy of Glasgow's MURDERBURGERS. Drawing upon the influence of such pop punk giants as the LILLINGTONS and *My Brain Hurts*-era SCREECHING WEASEL, these guys have songs with a little bit more drive than say the bounciness of the RAMONES or MANGES. With songs about breakups and life's frustrations I am not going to say that the lyrics are deep, but they certainly aren't stupid either. Overall, I would give this three and a half pairs of Chucks out of five. (JF)
(Monster Zero)

MY PARADE – "Monster Fatigues" LP

Okay. This debut full-length from these Seattle queers definitely sparked my interest, but nevertheless let me down pretty hard. The folks in MY PARADE seem cool and have rad politics, but have unfortunately channeled those energies into what amounts to crappy, inept "activist dance party" punk. Grating, tin-ear vocals, clumsy stabs at rhyming aaand... a cowbell! Count me out! (FF)
(Talking Helps)

THE NAKED HEROES – "Demon the Whiskey Down" LP

Ugh, why the fuck do people still make music like this? Lest the "sexy," retro-futuristic cleavage-bots on the cover confuse you, the NAKED HEROES are nothing more than *another* tired '70s cock-rock clone, lacking even the slightest hint of originality or taste. The opening song—in which the singer enlightens us to the fact that he "don't want no ugly woman"—seems like it was written to gross people like me out, but having to hear the same goddamn song nine more times after that is what's truly offensive here. Even the comic book that comes with this record sucks. Ouch. (WB)
(Drug Front)

NEGATIVE APPROACH – "Nothing Will Stand in our Way" CD

So what we have here is 53, yeah, fifty-fuckin-three, tracks of NA, all from the following: first known recording in 1981, live tracks from their first Gig at Bookie's in Detroit September 30th 1981, the Clubhouse demo recorded in Detroit in 1981, live tracks from their show at the Mudd Club in NYC in August 1st in 1982, the first EP outtakes from 1982 and live tracks from the Freezer Theater in Detroit June 18th in 1982. The sound quality is really great on this throughout, except the last twelve from the Freezer Theater, which are still worth a listen because they're a slice of punk history (listen to the very end)! Anyway, there are 41 listenable tracks, so it's worth it… While the band's performance quality varies, NA holds it fucking down! You hear the progression, mutation, variation of their sound in just a short amount of time, you hear band and audience banter, you hear people singing along, you get covers ("Chaos" by 4-SKINS), you hear jokes, shit talking and funny moments—punks doing the shit punks do… If you have ever read any of my reviews or my column, you know that NEGATIVE APPROACH is my favorite HC band of all time, so of course I think this is the best shit on earth. If it's possible, I want to hear every single performance of "Nothing" before I die. Not just for completists. (MB)
(Taang!)

NEON BLUD – "Discotheque Deathbed" 12"

Woah. This is a departure; seems like a totally different band sound wise and people wise, since Samantha isn't singing for them anymore and she was such a defining (and amazing) part of their sound. The focus has shifted from mid-'80s post-hardcore noise to an almost POP GROUP/BIRTHDAY PARTY like attack, low threatening JAH WOBBLE basslines, with scraped out guitar heightening the paranoid feel. Vocals intone over the sprawl, sort of monotone, with none of the theatrics of the singers from the previously mentioned bands I referenced, creating a cool contrast to the musical antics. Actually his voice sort of reminded me of Bauhaus "Dark Entries" vocal style. The sound created isn't a reenactment of a specific genre or whatever, despite the seeming PIL reference in the record title. This collection of musicians are extremely skilled at creating distinct atmospheres in all of their various projects, separate environments with a certain identity. Perhaps the only commonality is the way in which they are able to skillfully evoke a feeling or mood, from discomfort to warmth. This is a spaced out stoner *Alien Sountracks* with the city street paranoia replaced with a suburban industrial business park insidiousness. I will admit to missing Samantha's vocals in my punk rock destruction and would like you all to telepathically command her to start a new band wherever she is. (LG)
(Vinyl Rites)

NERVEBREAKERS – "Hijack the Radio!: Vintage Vinyl and Studio Sessions Volume One" CD

After I reviewed T TEX EDWARDS's *Intoxicated* anthology CD a few months back, I got inspired to dig out my NERVEBREAKERS records and started listening to them non-stop. Why I hadn't in so long is beyond me—inexcusable. NERVEBREAKERS is one of the great first wave punk bands. They are from Dallas, TX and, similarly to other punk bands from Texas, they blend a wicked sense of humor, twisted take on country music and some psychedelic elements in with their catchy as hell punk songs. This collection includes a few of the songs from the band's releases, including the title track from 1978 and personal fave, "My Girlfriend is a Rock" from 1979. It also includes tracks from earlier recording sessions in 1975 and 1977. These earlier recordings are a bit rougher and muddier, but still much better than most stuff early punk bands unearth. This CD

has four songs that are not on the LP, including a demo version from 1977 of "Hijack The Radio!" (CK)
(Get Hip)

NICE FACE – "Horizon Fires" LP

NICE FACE: possibly the sole survivor from the Brooklyn solo-band bedroom boom of however many years ago! Most times I get assigned a record I normally wouldn't listen to, but don't necessarily get to write off automatically as like, music people with goatees listen to, I just rip off my review from whatever blogs I can find without having to look very hard. Perhaps it's telling that the only reviews of NICE FACE records I could find were of the English major variety; the kind where, by paragraph five, you have read half the words in the fucking dictionary but don't know a goddam thing about the band. OK, here's the review: NICE FACE is one of those bands that's on HoZac, but isn't all whispery or a better-looking SHAGGS. And it's one guy, you know, like the BLANK DOGS? Anyways I like this better than the BLANK DOGS. One of these songs is actually really great in an embarrassing way ("Asymptotes II"). Songs are all over the place, from CARBONAS punk-punk to like post-punk whatever, to maybe ROXY MUSIC? Doesn't sound pathetic like most bands do. All in all this is probably a punk record and if they sent me a free copy I'll probably listen to it once in a while. (BB)
(HoZac)

NO FUNERAL – "Master's Wish" EP

This band has been going for six or so years now, which helps explain how this release kicks so much ass. The EP begins with a dreamy intro, but it's like being lost on a desolate moor. A layer of distortion hangs over it all. Once they start they're full-on raging, not always in straight 4/4; the singer emits a scratchy howl and the guitar lays a sort of harmonic squall over everything. The rhythm section pounds the hell out of the songs. The overall effect is like a forlorn and angry indie band playing noise not music in AMEBIX's basement. Only 300 copies were pressed. (JM)
(Wands)

NOISEBAZOOKA – "Humped World" CD

This band kind of looks like a de-masked SLIPKNOT and kind of sound like inept DILLINGER ESCAPE PLAN fans that got stoned and went to Guitar Center to try out combo amps, trigger-equipped drums and various other doodads. (DG)
(Everydayhate)

NO MASTER – "Burning Spirit" EP

The label on this seven inch says "PLAY LOUDER", so I did. Good call. Kansas City's NO MASTER dish out quick blasts of raw, bass-heavy noise punk, sort of like what MAUSER might sound like if they'd turn down that damn treble knob. The tone and overall sinister feel are perfectly dialed in, of course, as are the nails-in-the-throat vocals; but what really takes this record to the next level is the *insane* abundance of hooks, which flow seamlessly into one another and make repeat listening a true pleasure. Breakdowns are few and far between, but always manage to add to the atmosphere, especially when they hint at the crust-metal vibe of bands like ACEPHALIX. For those of you who like your D-beat thick and oppressive, NO MASTER is sure to satisfy the craving. (WB)
(self-released)

NO TOMORROW BOYS – "Animal Eyes" EP

These guys deliver tasty mid-tempo punk rock with a definite garage and swampy edge to it. All three songs are super catchy, in slightly different ways. Comparing these guys to the RAMONES or the CRAMPS wouldn't be quite right. If you are familiar with the old punk band POISON 13, you'll see why this reminds me of that band. Excellent stuff. It's worth the effort it will take to find it. (KK)
(No Front Teeth / Rapid Pulse / Teenage Riot)

THE NORMALS – "So Bad, So Sad" LP

Good god in heaven, how many times have I reviewed a Harry Howes-released records? I don't want to think about it; it makes me depressed. Anyways, the NORMALS are back from their "vacation to nowhere" with an LP of studio demos that makes a nice little tack-on to last year's *Vacation to Nowhere* LP re-issue. Tight New Orleans power-pop/punk that coulda, shoulda, woulda etc but of course didn't. I was in the Big Easy (I only call cities by their nicknames if I can help it) a few weeks ago and I heard some fat nerds in a record store talking about this thing—they said it was great. So take their word for it, alright? By the way, while "Yankee Dollar" is my favorite song on the record, it is unfortunately definitely *not* a cover of the ANDREWS SISTERS classic. (BB)
(Last Laugh)

NOUN – "Holy Hell" LP

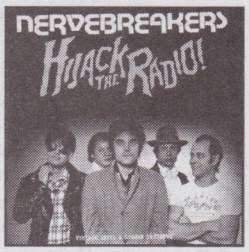
The Marissa Paternoster of SCREAMING FEMALES infamy released this solo project several years ago and it is has just recently been pressed to vinyl. Despite the lo-fi vibe of piano tracks like "Black Lamb," NOUN resists the stripped-bare approach and instead finds Paternoster exploring new arrangements with a variety of musicians and fellow band mates, adding breadth and context to the gritty pluck and that makes SCREAMING FEMALES so remarkable. (FF)
(Don Giovanni)

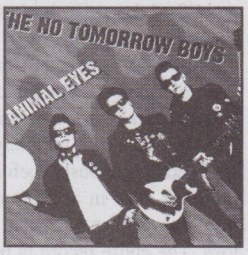
NOUN – "I Don't Love Anybody" EP

Newish seven inch by Marissa Paternoster of SCREAMING FEMALES. It starts out with a whitey blues song, that lacks the pops and record noise to actually sound as old as this is trying to. Someone out there needs to apologize to the blues. Track two is a sort of dreamy, lo-fi pop song with minimal drumming and lots of reverb, sort of K recordsesque. The B-side continues in much the same vein but with more guitar solos. Unfortunately the only real remarkable thing about this record is how bad the first song is. (PA)
(Don Giovanni)

NU SENSAE – "Sundowning" CD

Every band is changing it up this month; NU SENSAE has a guitarist now?! Wha?! It takes their sound from disturbing/unsettling weirdness straight to rock/grunge. *Sundowning* is much more "produced" than their other work too, which along with the occasional wailing guitar lead, adds to the disconcerting nature. The clean rock production makes Andrea's vocals sound like COURTNEY LOVE. On a first listen this was depressing and not what I want from NU SENSAE; the A-side sounds like a foxcore band circa 1992, though this is way better than L7, (but nowhere close to the majesty of BABES IN TOYLAND). The song "Tajna" picks it up and the faster songs on the B-side make this more early '90s MELVINS style, meaning the record gets *way* better. All the teenage girl, *Rookie*-grunge Tumblr blogs should eat this shit up; actually I think this record is perfect for teenage girls. That's not a dis; this is for the girls who are sad they missed out on seeing Nirvana and I wish there was a way to get this out to them, as this band is way cooler than most grunge bands ever were. It's funny, whenever a band that makes perfect sense to me in shitty basements with lo-fi/crappy recordings make the record they've always wanted to make, well it distorts the magic and dirt that made them what they were. I think I had such a negative reaction to this record because I found it hard to see it on its own terms and not in the context of their older sound. But it's their band not mine and I would way rather teenage girls freak out to these weirdos with their early NIRVANA simulations, than some shitty bro dawg grunge attempters. (LG)
(Suicide Squeeze)





THE OBLIQUE MYSTIQUE – "Good for You Son/Do the Mope"

The press release accompanying this record informs me that the OBLIQUE MYSTIQUE is the "doom blues" band of Canadian visual artist Patrick Lundeed and that this 7 inch was pressed up to coincide with an exhibition of his in New York City. The tagging of "doom blues" was likely concocted by someone accustomed to writing more about fine art than music. There is nothing remotely "doom" or "blues" about the music (and I'll readily admit to creating far-fetched genre names) but given the background of the artist, it is as experimental as readers might imagine. The A-side is a throbbing, no wave informed instrumental with a rudimentary beat and visceral noise lathered atop, all book-ended with manipulated cartoon samples (or circuit-bending). The flip contains a remotely bluesy guitar riff that is repeated gratuitously, before it suddenly stops and the song goes in a different direction. Some guitar throttling ensues and what seems to be circuit-bent toys. The entire record is pretty derivative, although it would likely be more interesting in the context of his NYC exhibit. (SL)
(Mike Weiss Gallery)

OBN IIIs – "New Innocence" EP

So some sycophantic shitworker slave-boy (or girl) green-taped this record shut, so I can't read the lyrics and find out if OBN IIIs mainman Orville Neeley or Neely or Nazi (I refuse to use the internet on any of the sub-typewriter machines we have here) is a genius or a moron or if his uncle wrote this song or who played on it or *anything*. All I can tell you is that it's a one-sided record and for once I like the side with the music better. I like punk music and this is a punk record and it's a goddam weeping crying sobbing boo-hoo shame that more people don't buy OBN IIIs records. Or maybe they do, what the hell do I know? I just figure that all records are tax write-offs nowadays. (BB)
(Leather Bar)

OEDE – "One Man's Trash" EP

Some music is timeless, while other stuff is simply too weird to be of any particular era or scene. I really don't know what to say here: delta blues, raw black metal and pulsing electronic soundscapes all figure into the bizarre concoction that is OEDE, and it fucking *works*. This is apparently a one-man act from Norway, but the record plays out like a bad acid trip through the Deep South that rivals the GUN CLUB if only in sheer darkness. One might compare this to the *Crossroads* LP by France's brilliant DIAMETREGON, but OEDE have a style all their own, right down to the altered photographs of corpse painted and Baphomet-headed bluesmen on the cover art. I can only imagine where this band is going from here, but I want to follow. (WB)
(Holy Terror)

OHIO NOISE MACHINE – "Bite the Bullet" CD

Hard rock from Lima, Ohio with raging guitars, pounding drums and a singer with a bit of a Southern drawl. OK for what it is. (CK)
(self-released, no info)

OHMWAR – "We Must Fly" EP

These Canadians have a really interesting sound and I feel that if this record was recorded differently we wouldn't even be able to review it. Luckily, the recording is rough enough for me to call this "riff-laden punk'n'roll." Think SST-era DINOSAUR JR. meets IRON MAIDEN; sounds cool right? Well, it fucking is. Most of the riffs on this EP are searing and melodic at the same time, but luckily these guys aren't trying to pummel the listener to death with cock-rock leads. It's pretty subtle actually, like they sprinkled some power metal into their post punk soup. It's not quite rocking enough to make you want to fight people or drive your motorcycle off a cliff into the everlasting abyss at 150mph, but it will get you nodding along and it's certainly memorable from start to finish. (KM)
(self-released)

OLDFASHIONED IDEAS – "Promises Mean Nothing" CD

Self-described raw hardcore Oi! punk Swedes return with their second full length. I very much appreciate the liner notes, which state "OLDFASIONED IDEAS would like to point out that we are *not* in any way connected to anything right wing, nor do we share their beliefs." I wonder why folks might construe them to be so? Maybe it's the typically vague lyrics about standing up and fighting and being proud and working class and drinking. None of which are right-wing tropes, as such of course. But I guess most folks have noticed the overlap? Other than the aforementioned lyrical concerns (and weird retro artwork which seems to be Second World War era US photos), the archaic musical concepts they espouse are straight out of UK 82. They seem to have pretty much distilled the first No Future *Country Fit For Heroes* compilation, with an obsession with British pubs and football and there you have it. Not as catchy as BLITZ, but definitely a cut above ATTAK, CRUX and the VIOLATORS. (RK)
(Switchlight)

OVERNIGHT LOWS – "Leichte Mädchen Haben Mehr Action!!!!" EP

Three catchy garage punk tunes from this Mississippi band—short, peppy and rockin'. If they actually needed it, I'd give extra props to OVERNIGHT LOWS for having the courtesy to record a song in German when releasing a record on a German label. Though it may have been cooler if all three songs were sung in German. Then again, one of the songs is called "Life Is Gross" and sorry, but "Das Leben ist Gross" doesn't have the same ring to my American ears. So, I guess they made the correct decision. A great record. (CK)
(Red Lounge)

PAMPERS – "Guts" EP

Okay, Brooklyn might be hipster central for the East Coast, but I am jealous that they get a band as good as PAMPERS. Sounding like a band that should come out of the Pacific Northwest, PAMPERS have a definite A-FRAMES mixed with ESTRANGED sound with a lil' more dirty rock'n'roll feel than either of those two bands. Definite single of the month for me and wouldn't be shocked if it goes on my best of 2012 list. (JF)
(JKSHK)

LA PANTHER HAPPENS – "Solid Gold Buzz" LP

It's possible I have come across as a metal-rooted, punk driven crustie, but believe you me when I tell you that I enjoy and relish in a decent pop album any day! This starts off with what I assume will become a classic among fans ("He's a Rat Fink") and why shouldn't it? The whole album is full of catchy hooks, soft gang chimes and tuneful choruses, dancey leads laced with warm guitars and effective, vintage keyboards. The lyrics and narrative of this are obviously about being in love, falling out of it and all the bewitching motions in between: "I've got a new heart and I'm ready for you to break it again." The main theme of "The Places We Used to Go" has some chilling bell sounds, with some orchestration ideas and guitar work that seem to have been picked from the ever-fertile orchid of '60s pop, with subtle nods to classics like the BEACH BOYS, BOB DYLAN, JOHN LENNON and the MAMAS AND THE PAPAS. The keyboards and sax, that close the last song on the A-Side, had me in swearing fits until I could finally drag it out of my memory that it sounds like "Lazy Line Painter Jane" by BELLE AND SEBASTIAN—and there was a time, aeons and aeons ago, that I loved me some BELLE AND SEBASTIAN. I used not to be proud of it, but fuck it now, the puss is out! The production and instrumentation are clean and striking and at times the BETA BAND, ARAB STRAP, MAGNETIC FIELDS and even some BLACK HEART PROCESSION spontaneously spring to mind. They do have a few songs that get dirtier, in a more garage pop way, a bit like KING KHAN AND THE SHRINES do it, and seeing as LA PANTHER HAPPENS hail from Memphis, I'm guessing they mingle with the REIGHNING SOUND, even if only musically. The closing track sums up the LP nicely, adding the final candlelight shadows to an album that is already perfect for bedroom-confessions and late night obsessions. (LA)
(Red Lounge)

PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP – "Skit På Repeat" EP

Sick and brvtal metallic käng, this shit rips from the first note and never lets off. Not to be confused with AKTIV DÖDSHJÄLP (*dödshjälp*, in case you were wondering, means euthanasia in Swedish), PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP provide a textbook demonstration of how to do modern D-beat/crust right, with dissonant, melancholic guitar work and vocals that project a powerful sense of desperation and foreboding. The driving drums and melodic, emotionally-charged songwriting can't help but invite comparisons to the mature works of MARTYRDÖD, offset somewhat by the straight-ahead hardcore spirit of a band like TOTALITÄR. A must-listen for fans of the Swedish upper crust. (WB)
(Halvfabrikat / Total Punk)

PEEPLE WATCHIN' – "Peeple Watchin" EP

Well this is a weird/awesome five-song EP. Weird because you almost never see queer boys playing straightforward early-Lookout-era pop-punk. Okay before, any eyebrows are raised, let me clear this up. What I mean is; bands that sound like MR T. EXPERIENCE or MONSULA are usually some fucking heteronormative white dudes. They sing songs about girlfriends and bubblegum, not hot guys on BMX bikes or giving blowjobs while playing video games. And it's awesome, because the songs are awesome. Nothing special, just cool fun poppy songs. It's upbeat, sometimes goofy, sometimes serious. I dig it. (FS)
(Nervous Nelly)

PEOPLE BOMB – "East Korea/Pale White Paint"

The A-side of this record is an aptly performed slice of bouncy, synth-driven pop punk with affected vocals that yelp goofily during the chorus. It's charming but seems much more like an obligatory album track written out of necessity rather than an A-side. The flip is not charming. It is a case of rock ballad generica, where the oddball vocals are completely out of place. (SL)
(Fin)

THE PHANTOM SIX – "Plastic Rain" CD

This West Virginia band plays poppy rock that sounds like what you might find on your local adult contemporary radio station. It's clean and polished with harmonicas and tambourines and what not. Sometimes I have to wonder if the folks who assign these CDs slip a few through as a joke. Not saying this is bad, but not the typical music the average *MRR* reader will go for. (BD)
(Zone 8)

PHOBIA – "Remnants of Filth" LP

Hey, another PHOBIA record. It sounds like bros doing grind. There are plenty of jocky dudes who just started listening to fast shit wandering around the grind scene, so I'm sure we'll see plenty more PHOBIA records. Great. This one is full of fast songs with really dumb vocals. The lyrics are like the dude's just putting words together with no regard to context. Luckily it's grind so you can't hear what the fuck he's talking about anyway. As the record goes on, it's like the band loses steam to be a grind outfit and get progressively less brutal. They resort to melodic gang vocals and cock rock guitar solos by the end of the first side. This shit just needs to stop. (BL)
(Willowtip)

PIZZA O.D. – "Maison Hantée" EP

PIZZA O.D., while having a pretty dumb name (but who doesn't these days?) dishes out four simple yet infectious pop-punk gems on this little record. The term "pop-punk" almost seems like an insult as of late, but when it is done with energy, style and a snotty voice, it can still be relevant and great. At times, they remind me of the SLOBS, SICKO and the always-missed LARRY BRRRDS…but in French! If you're missing out on great, basement-show style pop-punk, waste no time in getting this. (GH)
(self-released)

PLATEAUS – "Do it for You/Jasmine"

There's a lot to like. This is extremely catchy and power-pop like, but it's also got this cool, fuzzy sound, like early JESUS AND MARY CHAIN and it's also kind of disjointed, like TELEVISION PERSONALITIES. Wow. This is really very cool. I could listen to this over and over again. Expect an email from me, HoZac. (KK)
(HoZac)

THE PONCHES – "The Long Goodbye" CD

Might be a lengthy exit, but it's a short and sharp debut LP. Twelve songs in nineteen minutes really mean this quartet have honed it down to the basics. And I guess it's a testament to the international homogeneity of that driving pop-punk sound, that this superb distillation of that METHADONES/SCREECHING WEASEL muscular, anthemic pop comes courtesy of Italy and released on a Dutch label (helmed by the excellent APERS, so no surprises there). Nothing new, for sure, but more than addictively sweet enough to warrant repeated plays. (RK)
(Monster Zero)

PRETTY BULLSHIT / WARM NEEDLES – split EP

This is a split EP from two NY state bands. PRETTY BULLSHIT delivers two poppy punk jams with some rockin' grungy style that are clearly the winners on this split—no offense. This is unpretentious, nerdy yet gritty and honest. The first song on here "Escape from New York" has catchy guitar riffage with a chorus that I started singing along to at second spin. While I am sure I can take these dudes in a fight, there is an element of legit nerd rage here. The lyrics on here are good—personal accounts of common themes. It works. WARM NEEDLES is poppy and melodic mid-to-slow tempo punk with gravelly, sometimes chorused vocals singing about some sort of heartbreak. This is too saccharine and whiny for me, but the music is well played if not original (what is?). There are good hooks and I suppose this is hand-holding music. The sample about being fired from Hot Topic is pretty funny… (MB)
(Dig my Grave)

RÁKOSI – "Olaszliszka" EP

A totally blasting fourteen-song second EP from Hungary's RAKOSI with savagely spit out vocals, teeter over curt charging thrusts of speed driven hardcore. Vaguely '80s-ish in attack, but merging interesting bridges and flourishes into straightforward fast punk—it has the rollicking heft and back end punch of basic Mid-Western USHC like say, early TOXIC REASONS, but cut into even faster snippets and re-framed through the artier edge of Eastern European hardcore. Named after the horrific Stalinist post-World War Two leader of Hungary, Mátyás Rákosi, the EP features extensive lyric explanations of local issues—environmental abuse, class struggles, resistance to Nazis, the failure of politicians... Like the best of international hardcore, this band offers a window to a different world by reflecting its local community, but also underlines the similarity of struggle and connection that applies to the worldwide hardcore punk community. The recording here is more polished around the edges than their 2010 ten-song EP that culled the band's demo, but akin to good '80s hardcore studio production values, opposed to being overproduced. Recommended EP! (KS)
(Lengua Armada)

RAT CITY RUCKUS – "Mustard Shot" CD

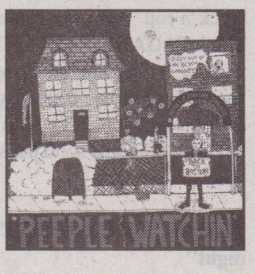
Imagine ugly jock dudes in SUBLIME T-shirts trying to be RANCID. Obviously, you'd get some extremely uninspired and boring songs that commonly make references to fucking and defecating. You'd also expect an extremely misogynistic cover art. Both the art and lyrics try extremely hard to be funny. And they fail. Miserably. But here is a list of things they have succeeded at: giving Guitar Center lots of money, being obnoxious, wasting their time, wasting my time. (FS)
(self-released)

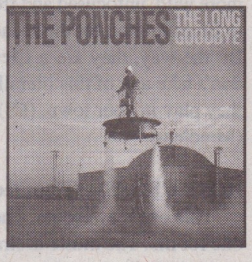
RAT DAMAGE – "Cursed" LP

Snotty, midpaced (very) rockin' hardcore that just never seems to go where I want it to go (which is faster). Technically skilled for sure, with lotsa leads and headbanging charge, which I know there are legions of kids into, but the more "rockin'" side of punk just isn't for me. That's what it really boils down to. Some good lyrics, though: "You got god, I got problems. You found Jesus, I found drugs"…classic.'(JU)
(FYBS)

RAYON BEACH – "This Looks Serious" LP

This is lightweight psych music; meaning it's not "heavy" or dark and probably emerged from the vapor trails caused by THEE OH SEES, more than anything created by the 13th FLOOR ELEVATORS. Another one of those situations where they are probably fun to watch and would make a great house band for your fratsploitation psychedelic youth B-movie circa 1968, but the songs leave you as soon as they are over. Their label compares them to early PINK FLOYD and SWELL MAPS, which is totally absurd; nothing on this record is as strangely constructed or out of this world as anything created by either of those acts. These people are not *freaks*. This is not TIMMY'S





ORGANISM or whatever, it's pleasant pop-psych music made by garage-fan party dogs from Austin, comparable to TY SEGALL or the INTELLIGENCE, which is to say it isn't *bad*, but if you're looking for blood, this record does not contain any. (LG)
(HoZac)

RED DOVES – "Off the Grid" LP

Cool punk jams from Sweden with members of HENRY FIAT'S OPEN SORE and TRAPDOOR FUCKING EXIT. This is cool because it's "rock'n'roll" influenced, but somehow doesn't suck. Think PAGANS, SAINTS, DEAD BOYS influence without falling into any kind of cheesy "garage" or bar rock territory. Instead you get eleven songs of catchy, snotty punk. I would never listen to this, ever, but there are some solid jams on here, no doubt. (TM)
(Gaphals)

THE RICKY C QUARTET – "Small Species/Tonight"

This English band gives off a '90s garage punk vibe, yet I wouldn't compare them to any of that decade's greats because they really just don't sound like any of them. I consider that a good thing. Punchy, catchy songs sung by an attitude-filled vocalist—fast and anthemic. The clean production really adds more power to the songs. Cool, clear plastic screened cover as well. (CK)
(Rapid Pulse / No Front Teeth)

RIDGEMONT / TWO HAND FOOLS – split EP

RIDGEMONT are easy to write about, because they are *sooo* exactly what they want to be. They are aiming for a LATTERMAN meets DILLINGER FOUR sound and they nail it. They have that New England melodic punk sound with the gruff vocals. It has just a scratch of emotional drive behind the lyrics. Not enough to make them "emo" but enough to garner the adjective "heartfelt" or "earnest." Really, they pick up right where LATTERMAN left off if "We Are Still Alive" was Return of the Jedi and RIDGEMONT was The Bounty Hunter Wars. TWO HAND FOOLS are more difficult to pin down. They feel like a Bloomington band post-Plan-it-X. It's punk, like how ONE REASON is. Their lyrics can be described with similar adjectives but their music is more wild, unfocused and free. It's like if they moved to Bloomington for the scene but hated acoustic folk. By the way, they are a Cleveland band, I think. So don't take any of this literally, but go to their show if they play in your town. (FS)
(Mindless)

ROSE CROSS – "Haunted House" EP

This one's awesome. The vocals really make this one for me. The music is straight ahead garage/punk/rock'n'roll that's rocking and well played. The vocals are dreamy and a little atmospheric, but not at all delicate or wistful. The songs arrive quickly, they hit and then leave quickly without any filler. There are six songs on here and only one clocks in at over two minutes. Plenty of energy and so skillfully and tastefully stripped down that it's disarmingly good. (P$)
(Drugged Conscience)

ROTE HEXE – "Red Witch" LP

Doom metal is one of those genres that seems hopelessly overpopulated these days, but ROTE HEXE manage to carve out their own niche by mixing the southern sludge of bands like BUZZOV*EN with a distinctly post-NEUROSIS approach to doom. Even though they play wildly different genres of metal, the whole thing has a very BLACK BREATH vibe to it, with a spooky and sacrilegious tone throughout, and this band definitely sounds like they're aching to put something out on Southern Lord in the near future. Unfortunately, in the end this is an album with lots of hooks but not too many riffs and it left me feeling a bit underwhelmed until the end, where the tempo picks up into some WEEDEATER territory that's a bit more fun than the slow stuff. The LP comes with a bonus flexi, so that's pretty damn cool. (WB)
(Cricket Cemetery)

ROT IN HELL / VEGAS – split EP

I got pretty excited about seeing a six-inch split in my review pile and the ROT IN HELL side was pretty decent. It's heavy and metallic hardcore, with a lot of old school thrash noodling on the guitar when the band gets down to business after an extended acoustic guitar intro. The VEGAS side is some kind of folksy noise shit with acoustic guitars, piano and vocals run through delay. It's pretty boring. I heard a rumor that this group has some kind of member affiliation with bands like INTEGRITY and PALE CREATION but they seem to keep identities secret, at least from casual Internet searchers. I don't know if every song of theirs is like this. I hope not. (BL)
(Organized Crime)

RUINED FORTUNE – "Bull's Eye/Hope Diamond"

The A-side of this recent Australian export is a dose of bleak, low-end garage with an opiate sneer. The flip is even more smacked back but the vocalist has lost his cool. For songs that are relatively slow and structurally formulaic, they still manage to be punchy and effective with murky tones and piercing guitar leads. The vocalist's nasal drawl is particularly evocative. His delivery is like that of a drunken know-it-all. I see him pointing his finger, slurring corrections and falling over once he's about to make his point, but the spectacle is enticing. (SL)
(R.I.P. Society)

RUNNY – "The Legendary Runny" EP

It's not the "V For Vendetta" mask the bass player is wearing. It's not the lady drummer named Colonel. It's not even the "I can sing shirtless 'cause that other fat guy from FUCKED UP does too" singer. Granted, all that sucks, but that's not why I hate this record. I guess what makes this whole thing so severely depressing is that the risqué topics they address, namely sucking cocks and shoving shit up your ass, are usually pretty fucking awesome. You've basically got a gigantic percentage of humanity in the palm of your hand from the get-go if you're gonna discuss cock-sucking or anal-anything. Yet their brand of inside-joke Sports Bar schlock punk makes me yawn so dramatically that I shit swishy pants (I'm SxE now). It's like God lobbed every band on Earth a softball and Runny is the only band that's ever struck out. If a single living human purchases this record, I will be shocked. (MC)
(Drug Front)

SAD HORSE – "Purple on Purple makes Purple" LP

I appreciate that people are doing bands, but this just makes me feel trapped at a show because this band borrowed my amp and now I have no choice but sit and listen to this. I really don't know what to say without being Negative Nancy over here, it's like shouty-jerky-noisey-house-party Portland/Oakland crud. I'm probably friends with these jerks but they won't put their real names on the record so there you go, brutal fucking review sans the coat of sugar. Keep going though...I love being trapped at a show more than I like not being at a show. Uh, I really like the sleeve art! JS aka NN. (JS)
(Water Wing)

SAKATAT – "Bir Devrin Sonu" CD

These Turkish maniac grinders have been at it for quite a while now; churning out seven split EPs before this, their debut full-length. While based in the simplicity of early grind, this has a cleaner more modern sound that owes as much to PIG DESTROYER as it does to NAPALM DEATH and while the drums are a bit processed-sounding, the shredded-throat screaming and blurry riffs are plenty raw. Nothing here is going to change the face of the genre or anything, but if you're into the grindcore scene, especially the stuff coming out of Southern and Eastern Europe like FUBAR, DYSMORFIC or LYCANTHROPY this would be right up your alley. (AU)
(Everydayhate)

SAVANT – "A Discography" LP

I can't really find much information about this band besides that they were from Atlanta and that they are broken up. There's no info with the LP either. For the most part, they play slow-to-mid-tempo, blown-out, insistent, off-kilter, bordering-on-emo post-punk that would sound at home on an early Amphetamine Reptile compilation. Their songwriting is impassioned, interesting and energetic, but lacks the hooks that reel me in, much like a lot of the heavier AmRep stuff...maybe like a mix of KILLDOZER and TODAY IS THE DAY? (GH)
(No Breaks)

THE SCANDALS – "Trenchknife" EP

Serious bummer, ARRIVALS or LATTERMAN type pop punk shit. If I'm not mistaken, I think these four songs are all about women in some way or another. I know I'm not the only one sick and goddamn tired of generic pop punk songs about girls, and these ones are particularly shallow, vapid and forgettable. I understand that originality is not an easy or common thing to generate, but I wish that bands like this wouldn't put out so many records. The market is flooded with shit, folks! (LP)
(Baldy Longhair / Gingervitus, no info)

SCARCITY OF TANKS – "Sensational Grade" CD

In essence, most of this album is borderline post-hardcore with a huge emphasis on a skilled guitarist's meandering and experimentation. There are hints of the MINUTEMEN and fellow arty Clevelander bands like PERE UBU in the instrumentation. The vocals are well-enunciated and monotonously spoken, presumably in an attempt to draw listeners in towards the words, but they are actually

the weakest part of the album. With the songs typically vamping on one part, the effort often drags. The individual members would definitely exceed, if allotted some more structural diversity or choppier breaks, but this formula repeated in the context of an album becomes redundant. (SL)
(Total Life Society)

TY SEGALL BAND – "Slaughterhouse" CD

The endless, relentless outpourings of TY; each one a difference piece of the same puzzle, some compelling, some not. This one falls into the very fucking compelling category; it starts out with a noise scrawl and goes into a mod-psyche attack on your kind, like putting your head next to the speakers at an MC5 show in '69 and waking up thirty years later. Let me tell you, the explosive savagery contained within is probably gonna please a lot of REATARDS fans too. This is punk as fuck, like *Nuggets* on whatever the most aggro dudes in Pettibon drawings are taking. You will have noted this is TY SEGALL BAND and the credits claim all songs written by the band as a unit. It has that feel, a totality of ideas and ideals coming together into one monolithic monstrous nightmare. This is the soundtrack to a bad trip in a youthsploitation movie, frantic dancing and Marshall stacks out for blood. Freedom rock for people that hate rock music. Destruction for people that love the CREATION. Neanderthal music made for people who enjoy having a brain. This is also available as a double ten inch, which seems like a vile format of vinyl. (LG)
(In the Red)

SELF-INDUCED / SIDETRACKED – split EP

SELF-INDUCED play scummy, hate-filled hardcore that's reminiscent of NO COMMENT mixed with some random '90s crusty hardcore band that would've come out of Seattle or Minneapolis. Strained vocals over frequent blastbeats and single-note riffing, as well as more frantic riffs and the occasional breakdown. SIDETRACKED, or more specifically the drummer and vocalist with a revolving door of other members, have been playing their brand of completely esoteric, unpredictable and almost post-modern youth crew powerviolence hybrid in near obscurity for over a decade now. I'll do my best at summing up their sound, but imagine the musical aesthetic of early 2000s straightedge hardcore (Indecision records stuff, early Bridge Nine, etc…) riff-writing that's this split with powerviolence stuff à la CROSSED OUT and Max Ward-era CAPITALIST CASUALTIES. The song structures are probably informed by the aforementioned, but listen more like pieces of songs effectively fused together (not in a bad way at all, though) and whatever other fragments of metal, grind or even alternative rock style get thrown in at any given moment. Their earlier recordings were cleaner and well produced and the dirtier production on this one definitely gives it a satisfying grate. (DG)
(Deep Six)

SELVFORAKT – "Outro Dia, Outra Caça" EP

A brutal four-song collaboration between two musicians of Brazil's DISARM and vocals from Norway's SOUND YOUR ALARM. This is primitive in the best sense of the word, with simplistic drum pounding through layers of rudimentary dense metallic riffs, with growling gutteral vocals spitting slathering Portuguese and Norwegian. A stippled-skulls, wolves, spears and dog skulls cover. The tone of the vocals and the crude edges peg this towards crust, but the impact is more raw and simplistic basement metal punk. The recording ranges more mid- than lo-fi, with some great haunting echoes dropped over top. Cool EP! (KS)
(Terrotten)

SHAVED WOMEN – "Self Titled and Live At APOP" CD

A CD reissue of their extremely limited-run LP from 2011 along with a recent live cassette release, this release shows SHAVED WOMEN to be one of the more interesting bands in contemporary American hardcore. Very much in line with the art-kid NYHC revival currently being led by bands like HOAX, SHAVED WOMEN rely on killer vocals and inventive, varied guitar work to stand out from the crowd. The record kind of hangs out at a slow, deliberate pace, which just serves to make the up tempo cover of DIE KREUZEN's "Think Of Me" at the end of the LP feel that much more cathartic when it hits. Top this off with better-than-average lyrics and some truly fantastic original artwork and we're looking at a rad total package. I generally don't get the appeal of live recordings, especially for punk bands, but the utterly blown out sound on the second half of the CD helps to bring out the noizier tendencies implied on the studio tracks and actually made me want to come back again, instead of skipping over them like I usually would. (WB)
(Ektro)

SHORT ATTENTION – "Polished Turds: 25 Decent Songs and One by Chris Grivet 2008" EP

There are at least two things wrong with the title of this record. The first being that we are asked to assume that the songs were turds before this band got to them. Maybe that's true but we may never know, as it appears that a slew of pop-punk folks (Ben Weasel, Larry Livermore, Jesse Luscious, etc.) wrote these fifteen-second long songs for the band just for this record—though it sounds as if Ben Weasel could have written all the songs. The second and even larger problem would be that polishing a turd implies that the band somehow made the songs better than they originally were, unless of course you are talking about using an even bigger turd to polish that first turd. (PA)
(No Breaks)

SLAPSHOT – "I Believe" EP

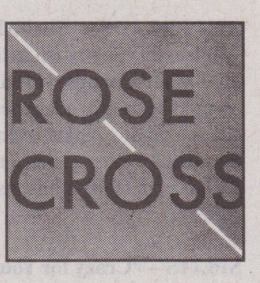
Hardcore's infamous hair-dressing stand-up comedian is back with a new record that isn't *nearly* as awful as I was expecting. Choke's voice here sounds the same as it always has, so if you've heard it once, you know what that means. The music for "I Believe" is a more straightforward rudimentary East Coast mosh slog than their earlier stuff, but "Revenge," is actually pretty sick classic hardcore. Shocking. The 7" ends with a cover of "Gates of Steel" that I don't hate. What the fuck is wrong with me… "I don't believe in anything, but I believe in haaate." (JU)
(Taang!)

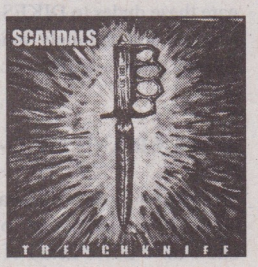
SPENT FLESH – 10"

This is chaotic thrash with some interesting guitar parts that are oddly catchy and dissonant at the same time. The vocals are aggressive and the music is raw, but the recording isn't, which is a nice juxtaposition. It's off kilter at times, straightforward at others, but original sounding throughout. Sometimes the guitar riffage sounds clear and other times it's blown out and sounds like a police siren run through a distortion and delay pedal. The guitar work really stands out at different points throughout the record. If this sounds like what you're into then I'd encourage you to check it out online, after a little bit of looking around it looks like you can stream the entire B-side online. (P$)
(FDH / P Trash / Sit And Spin)

SPENCEY DUDE AND THE DOODLES – "Night Problems" LP

I was gonna say something about these super poppy, garagey pop punk/indie pop songs, but then "Party Girl" came on and I heard the lines, "You're a party girl/You're a retarded girl." I had to hand the headphones to Pete. Here's Pete weighing in on the issue: "Somebody paid $2000 to put out 500 copies of this bullshit." This is so monstrously dumb I don't…I don't even know. (LP)
(California Clap)





SPIDERBAGS – "Shake My Head" CD

Pleasant country-ish indie rock from North Carolina. Mellow songs with nice melodies. The lyrics seem to be mostly about heartbreak, that gives these songs a bit of a darker overtone. Combined with the occasional fuzzy guitar, or other noise, the music sounds perfect for sitting inside on a sunny day. (CK)
(Odessa)

SPLITS – "Crazy for You/Ghosts"

Woah, this is *rad*. An all girl Finnish punk band who evoke the fucking DICTATORS, TESTORS, PAGANS; desperate/urgent alleyway punk rock with huge epic hooks that will make your heart ache… Both songs are instant classics that I wanna put on a tape immediately. It's hard to mine this sound without descending into *rawk* and these girls do it with style and grace, somehow sounding wild/uncontained without being corny and unbearable. It's lo-fi, which adds to the desolate charm and in short it's exciting to listen to and I can't fucking wait for the LP!! The letter they sent with the record was really sweet and it name checked lots of bands that rule and mentioned that they called their band what they did because they wanted to combine their love for the SLITS and the SPITS! (LG)
(self-released)

SPRAY PAINT – "Spock Fingers/Pink Pus"

This band is from Austin, TX and their sound is very indicative of such. Weirdo minimalist WIRE-informed noise rock with a stripped down art punk sound. This is meditative and repetitive with plenty of dissonant sound, with guitar moments that sound like one of these dudes is furiously grating his fingers down to the bloody bone. I saw someone compare these dudes to DIKES OF HOLLAND, but this is uglier and definitely weirder… I am interested in hearing more… (MB)
(SS)

STAGGER AND FALL – "Hero to the People" EP

Apparently, this band has been around since 2008 and is from San Francisco. Wait a sec! That's here and I have never heard of this band nor have they ever sent anything in for review! Weird. So thanks to the label for sending this. Not ground breaking, but solid, well-played, slightly melodic, modern rendition of classic working-class anthems in an Oi! / street punk vein with gritty sung vocals. Lyrics are all about the working man, the sea, the "Red, White and Blue" with very polished production. Does it suck? No. Is it great? Nah. I love Oi!, I grew up with Skins around my whole punk life in the Midwest, good and bad… But bands who list their pedigree of tattoo artists, big bands they have played with, big name sound engineers and that they work for Thrasher whilst copyrighting their songs to one—not the whole band—one person in the band on their 7" cover is not, I repeat, not punk. This is the parallel scene in every town, of "punks" who hate other punks and interpret punk as owning a Prius, having full sleeves and have no interest in current punk except their own band. Fuck that. Come to a DIY show—hell, I invite you to play a DIY show and then I can take this shit seriously. It's not bad, just false. YOUTH DEFENSE LEAGUE anyone? (MB)
(Chapter 11)

STANDARD AND POOR – "Lets Take Care of Our Own" EP

Crappy '90s style pop punk ala SCREACHING WEASEL, VAPIDS, QUEERS etc… without being remotely that interesting and I'm not even a big fan of most of those crappy bands. Their main song is about helping the homeless and they found a real life homebum to put on the cover. What a bunch of crap. Maybe they should sell or give one of their expensive leather jackets to help this dude or somebody who really needs it. They got a song about how they want to go see the RAMONES. Are they even old enough to have seen them? Did they ever have to suffer and sell their ass for money or dope like their heroes? I wish the sadly departed RAMONES would rise from the grave and puke on these assholes. (RO)
(D-Spite My Height, no info)

LOS STEAKS – "Scarecrow" EP

From the label that brought you HUNX AND HIS PUNX, PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS and NOBUNNY, the same affinity for LOS STEAKS will stretch to fans of the aforementioned. Home recorded, topped with hand-clapping catchiness, like if Archie or the squares in Cry Baby listened to the RAMONES? Digging. (JS)
(Bubbledumb)

STONEBURNER – "Sickness Will Pass" CD

Crushing sludge/doom, that avoids most of the trite trappings of any well-traveled subgenre, but they certainly manage to cover the part about being really, *really* fucking heavy. Anthemic at nearly every turn, Portland's STONEBURNER manage to make six-minute dirges fly by and consume you, with guitars that grab you instantly, not just because they are tuned to something lower than that last heavy band you listened to, but because while the riffs are subtle and take a while to develop, the songs are transfixing. PINK FLOYD influences are as prominent as GRIEF and there is definitely an ear towards the worlds of dark goth and experimental noise. But their forte is blowing a hole through your ears and this disc does that with total efficacy. Fans of LAUDANUM, MORNE, STORMCROW and LOST GOAT (especially in the guitars, I can't shake that comparison) need to take notice. (WN)
(Seventh Rule)

STRANGE ATTRACTOR – "Mutant Love" LP

I don't know shit about STRANGE ATTRACTOR, but I googled it and they are some weirdo trash punk outfit from Ontario, Canadia—a side project of a guy from STATUES. Already I am offended by their song title "American Crap," but I promise I will give them a fair chance…OK, I gave them a fair chance. Fuck these Canadians, who do they think they are?! (*LOL, OMG, JK*) It starts out with a rad psychedelic-ish freakout, but then gets kinda more by the numbers lo-fi KBD punk trash. This release is excellent in its own charming stupid way. I think of the INSULTS or some such "a-few-screws-loose" demented shit. I like side B better, because they do some songs that are more like '60s Canadian garage-y throwbacks. Oh wait, that's because "I Can Take It" actually *is* a '60s Canadian garage throwback by the INFERNO 5+1. And then we're back at "American Crap." Shrug. I actually like this better than it seems, maybe the problem is it's kind of a lot for one sitting. I'd rather have three singles. They have some super sick songs that are definitely a lot "punker" than most fake punks can muster these days. *Great record guys!* I hope you're not mad at me. (GB)
(Red Lounge)

SUBCULTURE – "Just Play the Music…" EP

One of the fun things about the *MRR* house is when you get a reformed Oi! band like SUBCULTURE for review and you go into the library and find their early stuff. Unfortunately for SUBCULTURE, it also means I am going to be comparing them to their younger selves. The early SUBCULTURE EP recorded back in '82 had a good energy. Their sound was not particularly original but stacks up well against their peers at the time. The new stuff sounds a little bit mellower and aged—like a weaker REDUCERS or something. Makes me wonder what they have been doing since their first EP, why they left and what got them back into doing this in the first place. Either way, this record isn't a horrible pick up if you like a more relaxed '82 Oi! sound (minus points for the guitar wanking on the second song on the A-side). (JF)
(Council House)

TANZKOMMANDO UNTERGANG / WIEZE FABRYK – split LP

This is a killer split between two amazing post punk bands from Poland and Germany. These tracks, I believe, are from each band's demos, remastered for this LP. TANZKOMMANDO UNTERGANG is gloomy, melodic with hints of early UK anarcho punk from Berlin. The sound is raw, especially the female vocals sung in heavily accented English. The vocals are amazing—snotty, scratchy, melodic, a little off key at times, but more forceful than tuneful singing, sometimes employing double tracks and the use of just straight up primal noise. The music is simple, good and direct, with flanged guitar and plodding drums with some interesting rhythmic fills. There is use of a tiny bit of ambient and random noise. Originally recorded at Noise Academy. Good shit. WIEZE FABRYK—let me tell ya…this shit is king. Following up the rich tradition of dark gothy post punk from their country, this band hails from Łódź. Cold Wave at it's best from their *Dym* demo. Melodic male vocals sing in Polish to danceable and well-crafted tunes. For fans of 1984, X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND, ADS, CHAMELEONS and newbies like POL POT and ALARIC. One of the people in either of these bands sent this to us with the limited screen-printed cover by a Rozbrat squat collective. Thank you! I am buying this right fucking now! (MB)
(No Pasaran / Hasiok / Scream)

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – "Freak Out!" CD

This post-LILLINGTONS combo keeps their RAMONES-esque pop punk coming. Nothing new to report sound-wise but these guys keep it fun and rocking. This genre may be fading just a touch, but these guys keep the spirit and the quality alive. A great full length for newbies and previous fans. (RL)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

TEENAGE BOTTLEROCKET – "Freak Out!" CD

I know the mighty overlords of this fine magazine have given this to someone else to review, but

I have to stick in my two cents on this one. Mainly because it's not that often that I get to really fucking gush about a band. Or a record. But, well, I just have to on this one. The 'ROCKETS have done, I believe three or four full lengths prior to this one, all sterling pop-punk efforts. The kind of stuff you'd expect from a former LILLINGTON raised on a steady diet of the RAMONES and SCREECHING WEASEL. But just as the latter surpassed themselves and reached a peak (musically and lyrically), with the majestic *Anthem For A New Tomorrow*, so this Wyoming foursome did with this one. They've gone from being up there in the front of the pack, to helping (re)define the genre. The wife doesn't really dig the whole pop-punk thing, but even she finds "Summertime" irresistible. The kind of ditty the BEACH BOYS spent their life in California dreaming about writing. You really can't get better than that. (RK)
(Fat Wreck Chords)

TEENAGE BUBBLEGUMS – "Learn from Yesterday, Live for Today, Pray for Tomorrow" CD

Buzzsaw RAMONES pop punk from Italy. Two guys and a girl who just rip it up. Very TEENAGE BOTTLE ROCKET-esque here. Ten songs that all sound the same and are damn proud to do so and clock in at just under twenty minutes. No tempo changes or ballads here and the mix of girl and guy vocals hit the spot. Produced by a MANGES vet, this is pretty fun. (RL)
(Monster Zero)

THE TENDER THRILL – LP

The TENDER THRILL is a skuzzy trio from Maryland. This is one of the better things I've reviewed lately—really warm and noisy approaches to classic melodies while still sounding absolutely worthwhile. No doubt they've worshipped Mecca pointing in the direction of the REPLACEMENTS, the MARY CHAIN and T-REX. Fans of TY SEGALL will surely get into this too. I do like the idea of setting patience with an outrageously long opening song, but suffice it to say the record picks up afterwards; making it hard to even pick the best song on the A-side once it gets going. TT's chords have been played in the same order a million times, but that never repels me. And anyway, they do the tried-and-true method justice by recording it big and extremely well, with perfectly complimentary dead-pan '70s glam-ish vocals, especially in the late-LENNON-ish "The Last Mile." I think this may have come out in 2011 according to the credits? Definitely worth picking up and keeping an eye out for. (JS)
(Cricket Cemetery)

THEE NODES – "Stage Dive" flexi

"If you want to feel *aliiive*, do the stage dive! If you want to feel *aliiive*, do the stage dive! One, two, three, four!" is the perfect opening line to this flexi and of course pulls one over on the GORILLA BISCUITS. The NODES play a trashy yet catchy garage/hardcore hybrid that immediately makes me want to stage dive and skank around the room. The vocals here are wild, howling, slightly reverbed and delightfully mangled, while the raw guitar tone and recording back everything up well. If that's not enough, the final song arguably listens like a Greg King-fronted TEENGENERATE covering the FIX. In the live photo I saw of them, the singer is doing an Austin Powers face with his head wrapped like a mummy. This record pretty much sums up most of what I like about music. (DG)
(self-released)

THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY – "Family Day at Euclid Beach" EP

While I enjoy the novelty of a one-sided 7" record as much as the next person, in these days of high-priced vinyl I am feeling that maybe THIS MOMENT IN BLACK HISTORY shouldn't have wasted that other side on a minimalist etching of a hotel. Another song would have been preferable…particularly since this one song is really good—fuzzy garage rock with a driving rhythm and just the right amount of noise. Musically and vocally it reminds me of the DIRTBOMBS. Very catchy with just a touch of attitude. Nice. (CK)
(Smog Veil)

TIMMY'S ORGANISM – "Raw Sewage Roq" CD

There are a lot of things to like about TIMMY'S ORGANISM's second album. From the first feedback shrieks playfully panned from left to right, to the howling manic vocals. This is a wild, dirty and nasty sounding record. Singer TIMMY VULGAR is an over-the-top personality that adds that extra spice to a band, but the over-dramatics can get wearisome over the course of an entire CD. By the time track ten arrives, I have had enough for today. In the future I'll take this record one or two songs at a time. (CK)
(In The Red)

TO THE POINT – "Mentally Checked Out" EP

Deep Six has a steady thing going, releasing a streamline of fast and heavy records and TO THE POINT is no exception. Featuring members of LACK OF INTEREST, TTP deliver a one-sided seven inch at 45 rpm and only runs for a total of four-and-a-half minutes, but that's more than enough time for the band to blast out eight tracks of straight, angry, heavy power-violence hardcore with a dark approach and no bullshit attitude. The tracks are oddly numbered, which makes me guess that, being a powerviolence band, they have loads more and these are just a selection (11, 3, 6, 12, 16, 19, 2, 20). Guitars go from crushing to shredding with some solos for flavour, super solid and steady drumming, blast beats interchanging with D-beat brutality and caveman vocals growling out agro, antisocial lyrics (the vocalist's name actually *is* Caveman by the way). Tony Molina and fans of the WEEKEND NACHOS, LACK OF INTEREST and NEADERTHAL will like this one. Limited to 160 copies. (LA)
(Deep Six)

TOY DOLLS – "The Album After The Last One" CD

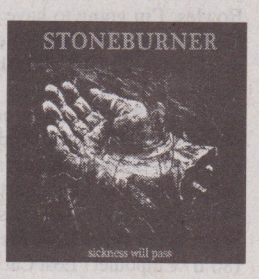
So the TOY DOLLS are back after supposedly calling it quits, hence the album title. I love this band's earlier stuff and they have always been great live. This stuff is very busy musically, like early QUEEN busy. If you don't know the hits from this Brit band that started around 1980 then you are missing out. I like this although it will take a while to fully absorb due to its complexity. There are also three acoustic oldies tacked on. This is probably best for long time fans, as newcomers are probably better off with one of their many "hits" releases. I do like this as a long time fan and I sure hope they come to town in the near future. (RL)
(Secret)

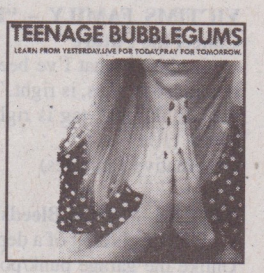
TRANSGENDER SEX OFFENDER – "Could Live Next Door to You" CD

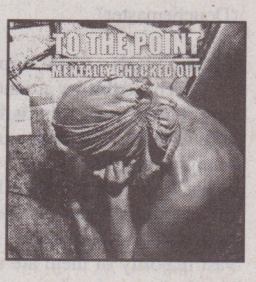
Well, I've met many trans buds over the years, but these guys just look like some ugly hicks with facial hair and cheapo Halloween store wigs and no fashion sense. I get what they're trying to do. Being offensive and somehow supposed to be shocking even in this day and age when this shit has been done to death. The guitar sound is really nice and raw and the vocal sound isn't so bad, but this is already wasting too much of my time. Really. You could try a lot harder. (RO)
(Mystery School)

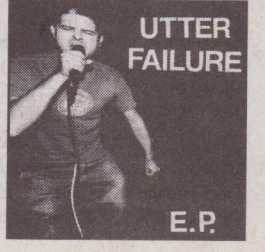
THE USELESS – "Putting the Rock Back Into Rock Bottom" CD

Don't know anything about this band and the CD doesn't give up much either. They are a trio, with the guitarist (who loves his parents, which is always nice to see) also doing the vocals.









Musically, when they stick to the driving punk stuff (somewhat akin to a second rate PEGBOY, without the awesome catchiness), it's pretty damn fine toe-tapping stuff. Veering into the ska, reggae and spoken bits definitely detracts from it, but largely a wholesomely enjoyable effort. (RK)
(1332, no info)

UTTER FAILURE – "Someday" EP

This band is new to me, but based on the fact that this was recorded by powerviolence sound engineer extraordinaire Bart Thurber with pictures by Murray Bowles, I'm going to have to guess they're local to the Bay Area on some scale. The music however, is much more aligned with the works of Mr. Bowles than that of Mr. Thurber. Read: poppy fast punk, drawing influences from equal parts '90s Lookout records and Fat Wreck bands alike. I know it doesn't really say much, but the standout track here is a simple instrumental that actually strays from the rest of the songs and almost has a Gary Moore sounding harmonized guitar lead. Pretty cool, huh? (BD)
(86'd / Crapoulet / Lost Cat / Messner, no info / Vinehell / Waterslide)

VICTIMS FAMILY – "Have a Nice Day/Let's Cancel the Future"

So this is what I've been avoiding all my life… ignorance is bliss, is right. The self-appointed "jazz/punk/funk/rock" tag is right on. This is awful, just awful. (JU)
(Alternative Tentacles)

VINCAS – "Blood Bleeds" LP

Well this is a bit of a departure for Douchemaster. Unlike the garage punk/power pop fare the label is primarily known for, this Athens, Georgia trio heads through much heavier, headier ground. While the majority of these songs strongly reference the swamp punk blues of the GUN CLUB or the CRAMPS, there's a definite '70s power trio vibe going on, especially on the opening track which starts off with an OM-like minimalism, before taking off in a whirlwind of hypnotic bass and blown-out guitar effects that bring to mind BLUE CHEER or the FLOWER TRAVELLING BAND. While I hesitate to invoke the dreaded "stoner rock" tag, I think VINCAS are a lot fresher and more exciting when they stay in heavy rock territory. But then they'd probably be on Souther Lord and Douchemaster would want nothing to do with them. (JH)
(Douchemaster)

VIOLATION – "The Raptor Pope" LP

This band throws around a few different styles on here, but most of it is dark, speedy suburban hardcore with melodic crusty undercurrents and slightly scummy, rapid-fire vocals, that often has both vocalists belting it out together. The guitarist likes to show off his stuff, which is thankfully more purposeful than wanky. Although the songs vary in quality, the vast majority of them are at least decent. This band clearly knows how to work with melody and back it up with worthwhile lyrics that take on alienation, oppression and the illusion/delusion that hedonism is rebellious. And as much as I hate ska, this band's ska song is actually one of the record's more memorable, which is no easy fest. (DG)
(FYBS)

WARTHREAT – "Failure" EP

Raw punk. Raw Punk. *RAW PUNK*. It's all here: endless sheets of fuzz, ferocious rabid vocals, tom-heavy D-beats… you know the drill. I can't say I love it, as the recording it a little hollow and the songs are a tad same-y, but it's not terrible by any means and if you have a DISCLOSE patch anywhere on your person this'll probably hit the spot for you. (AU)
(Crucifados Pelo Sistema)

WASHERWOMEN – "Burn the Veil/Father"

This is a cool and intentionally mysterious record. They are a two-piece (guitar and drums) that does and arty/noisy/bleak rock style. Jumping from quite loud quite often. They could fall somewhere between Factory records, the BIRTHDAY PARTY, and SIOUXIE AND THE BANSHEES. But the vocals have a distinct "college radio in the '90s" approach. Like you could expect to hear these songs on *The Craft* soundtrack. I genuinely mean that as a compliment. (FS)
(Cricket Cemetery)

WEEKENDER – CD

A mix of emo pop punk and radio "screamo" with its metallic chuggas. It's weird because these guys are from only one town over and I've never heard of them. Everything about this is very accessible. If you didn't like alterna rock in the early 2000s, you're probably not gonna like this. (LP)
(self-released)

WEIRD PARTY – "The Secret Lives of Men" EP

A few familiar faces from the now-neglected Estrus records roster find new fire in 2012. What's changed? Well, I still sense an overt homage to all that is high-octane and whatnot, but this isn't necessarily out of place in today's crop. Less "traditional" than I had envisioned and plenty capable of getting any bar room in a tizzy. (MC)
(Twistworthy)

WHITE COP – 12"

Totally sloppy, minimal punk from Australia that has dudes from KITCHEN'S FLOOR and the late Branden Annesly of *Negative Guest List* zine. These are ugly, out of tune, totally shitty jams that are way sick. Terrible but perfect at the same time. Mid tempo dirges recorded on a walkman with the worst (or best) riffs/tones I have ever heard. This originally came out on cassette and has been pressed on a one-sided 12" that is pretty limited, so cop this if you're down for some scummy jams from OZ. (TM)
(Leather Bar)

WHITE LUNG – "Sorry" LP

A twenty-minute blindside of brain-shredding rage from these fierce Vancouver punks. Inventive, off-kilter riffs, relentless drums and sauntering bass lines clench a tight fist around the dagger that is Mish Way's voice and aim straight for the jugular. Melodic, agitated and powerfully raw, WHITE LUNG has totally nailed it down with this one. Perfect. (FF)
(Deranged)

THE WHITE WIRES – "III" CD

This is the third album from Canadian punk'n'pop trio WHITE WIRES (due out this summer or by the time this goes to print?). Solid jams that will not disappoint if you're already a fan of either them, or of the other similarly-minded family on Dirtnap—MARKED MEN, et al. Poppy bar cord anthems of which you can never get enough. (JS)
(Dirtnap)

WHORES – "Mob Reality/UBM"

Blackened, drawn out hardcore that's dumb, relentless and hateful with the fuck-you downward swagger of NO TREND or FLIPPER, minus the sense of humor. They are Australian and claim FEEDTIME/VENOM P. STINGER heritage, neither of which I can hear evidence of, at least not on this recording; in fact the first thing that came to mind when the needle hit the record was the SEX VID. The packaging has a sort of Youth Attack vibe, but from the band name I thought I was in for some more pigfuck rehash and was worried. Should have known, RIP Society rarely discharge faulty product. This won't save your life, but if you like relentless, repetitive, destructive impulses it'll do something. (LG)
(R.I.P. Society)

YOUTH AVOIDERS – "Time Flies" EP

About a minute into the first song, I thought I had this band pegged: melodic, moody punk in the vein of such Portland acts as the OBSERVERS, RED DONS, etc. Which it mostly is, except that they really threw me for a loop when the pace picked up and all of a sudden things got fast and almost… hardcore? The four songs on this EP are peppered with moments like this, which help it rise above the obvious (and at this point, really played out) sounds referenced above. Mixing in fast hardcore, pop punk, whatever; every one of these songs is catchy, impeccably written and totally unlike the others. Recommended. (JH)
(Build me a Bomb / Destructure)

ZEITGEIST – LP

OK, so the GORILLA ANGREB/MASSHYSTERI/TERRIBLE FEELINGS formula for off-kilter female vocals on top of tense yet melodic music really struck a chord with people. As broad as that statement may appear, the actual *sound* honed by these and other bands similar, is much more distinct and easily recognizable here, in this band from Pittsburg, members of which also play in ICON GALLERY, which makes total sense. OK, so right off the bat I knew I liked the music, yet all I could hear were the things I *didn't* like about Tilley's voice (the chorus on "Someday," the screamo and PARAMORE-ish bits of "So It Goes" and "Dogmatic Flu," the meowing on "Relationshit"). I'm a stubborn person so this challenged me and with every listen I warmed up to it more. When she growls, croons and spits with anger and lust like on "Social Gag," "1, 2, 3" and "Let's Play House," she really captures the tension the music carries so well throughout, while her sad howling chorus on "Atone" is a spine-chilling delight that rang in my head for days. The guitars are tight and constant, with a well-produced sound that's backed by a solid rhythm section, alternating between heavy/fast, sharp/delicate, rolling/choppy at all the right times. There's a memorable riff on at least half the songs, while the bass does some neat finger work above the layers of pummeling drums and crashing cymbals. My final verdict says guilty, of being a catchy yet thoughtful debut that I will listen to many times over. By the way, *Zeitgeist* means "spirit of the times" in German and if you haven't seen the three-part documentary of the same name, I suggest you do. (LA)
(Cobra Cabana)

ZYANOSE – "Noise Philia 2005-2011" LP

A perfect discography of Japanese distorted noise mania! ZYANOSE aren't so noisy that they become unlistenable and they channel that CONFUSE spirit well without losing originality. I've been obsessed

with this band ever since hearing their *Crossing* EP. Like most punks who gravitate toward a harsher sound, I want to listen to a band that makes me feel pure chaos whenever I listen to them and ZYANOSE always does the trick. The song "Dance Disorder" is off the *Crossing* EP and is the perfection of epic Japanese noise fury, much like all of the feeling behind STATE CHILDREN's *Bomb Shelter for the Moneymaking* flexi. The A-Side contains their demo and the *Crossing* EP songs, many of which were from their 2005 demo. The B-Side contains the *Fuck Split* demo CD-R with the SEPERATIONS (the studio side project of ZYANOSE) from 2006, *LoveleSS* EP from 2008, their songs from the *Yotsuva-Japanese Noiz Cruster Compilation* with fellow great noise lovers, ISTERISMO, DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR and LASTLY put out by the revered Crust War label in 2009, and their tracks off the *Heal Compilation* that also contained a lot of the best recent Japanese noise bands. This is a very complete LP of all their recordings but it's missing their tracks off *Insane Noise Raid*. That aside, this is an insane noise raid, indeed! Line up changes and all; this band has left a solid legacy for all punks who crave real noise. (AE)
(540 / Todo Destruido)

V/A – "Dimmorna Skingras Vol.3" LP

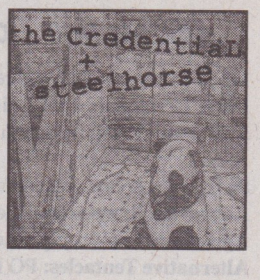
Twenty-four tracks of raging Swedish D-beat, hardcore, punk madness ladies and germs! Each one guaranteed to fulfill your wettest, horniest, rawest hardcore dream, if raw and Swedish is how you like it! This sort of continues where the Really Fast records comps left off so you know it's good! No foreplay, let's get it on! HANDGRANAT deliver straight yet melodic, agro hardcore, with D-beat sprinkles and crust trimmings on their song "Inget Nytt Under Solen" (nothing new under the sun), while on "Slå Blå" (slay blue), the drums pummel in, the guitars turn into solos and the vocalist sounds genuinely pissed about the police beating people until they're blue, which is what this song is about. One-man project PP7 GAFTZER plays speed punk with reckless-sounding guitars that riff away with a crazy spirit and deep rolling sound ("Sliding Doors"), with awesome, hoarse vocals, shouted choruses and guitar solos that many will appreciate ("Life in the Mainstream"). Powerful and pit worthy! STOCKHOLMS BLODBAD start off with some samples in Swedish (which I don't understand but dig 'cause Swedish rules), then charge off on a hardcore rampage ("Rattsprocessen") with stomping drums, then crash into some black metal vocals and guitar touches, complimenting the singer's gruff tone; I fucking love this!! Some more Swedish samples before all hell hangs loose in the circle pit that is the four-second "Jag e inte Botad". More ominous-sounding samples above a doomy, crusty intro and metal guitars that ooze venom for their final track, "Va fan!". BOMBANGREPP lay down three tight and heavy D-beat hardcore tracks, with brazen guitars, crusty and absolutely raging vocals and solid riffing throughout! VENGEANCE OF KARMA storm in with fuzzed out guitars that almost sound like they should belong on an early crossover black metal rarity and fucking rip it! Dual vocals, both throaty and scratched, with an enjoyably noisy and gritty production—then all of a suddenly it turns into a heavy hardcore breakdown, with double-pedaling and guitar-string pulls that recall DARKEST HOUR-influenced crap, that sounds altogether out of place with the blissful insanity they had going on up until that point. Their second track is short and sweet, with groovier riffing played at a solid speed, sharp solos, deep bass and angry vocals. (I'm having so much fun!) On the flipside! "Checkpoint Sweden" it is indeed, as introduced by the BRISTLES, who play old school punk, with a touch of Oi! in some of the drum/guitar combos on their second track. PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP turn the fuzz back up and steamroll out some chugging crusty hardcore, with melodic leads, buzzing bass, ripped vocals and steady, thick drumming. Gimme more! A change of pace and sound swarms in with INAVEL and their three awesome tracks of chaotic and raw '80s-influenced hardcore, with razor-sharp guitars and exasperated vocals that at first I thought sounded Japanese; plus one track of mucking about called "GHB." VON BØØM, who originally formed in 1984, take it from there, with fast and fuming hardcore, accompanied by yelped vocals and steady streamlines of thrashy riffing. THASHERS round things up for the final curtain, with two tracks of youthful, angry hardcore punk, with (what I believe are) female vocals and gang vox to carry the solo to the grand finale. (LA)
(Pike)

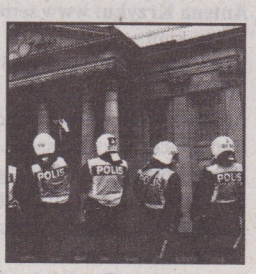
V/A – "Fuck Society" EP

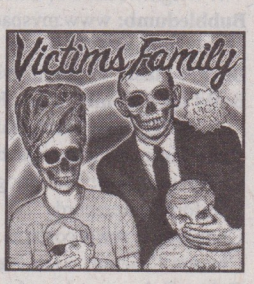
I smelled street punk as soon as I saw the studded punks with charged hair with their hands up against the wall. This is a four-way split between two Chinese and two German bands. It comes with a fold-out silk-screened cover and a lyric insert and contains two seven inches. GUM BLEED sound like the CASUALTIES with strong sing-a-long appeal. Apparently GUM BLEED is from China and fucking rule. CHEAP STUFF is solid UNSEEN punx from Germany that sound a lot like the STOCKYARD STOICS. The FLYX from China sound like a street punk version of the OFFSPRING, if that makes any sense. RKS are from Germany and definitely have the best guitar tracks on this compilation. RKS sound just like the other bands on this compilation, but the solid guitar sets them apart. All bands sing in English, which I find a bummer, as I love German punk sung in German and am curious to hear more Chinese punk in their native tongue. The lyrics are all political, ranging from censorship to the fucking cops. This is a solid street punk compilation, but it's a nothing we didn't hear in the '90s. If you're interested in Chinese punk, definitely pick this up. GUM BLEED stole this compilation for me as they really captured the heart of CASUALTIES-dominated street punk sound, without being too melodic or obnoxiously punk rawk. I really hope to hear more from GUM BLEED! Up the international punx! (AE)
(Eastcore / Genjing)

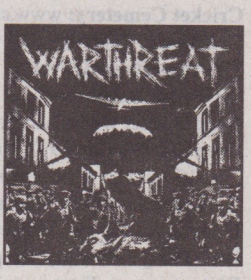
V/A – "More World, Less Bank part 3: No Borders, No Banks" EP

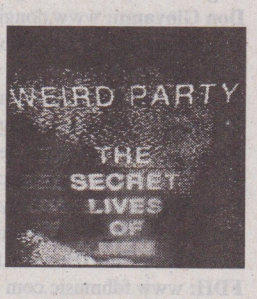
Oh my fucking hell! This. Is. So. Amazing! Third compilation in the More World, Less Bank series, featuring top-notch Swedish crust, D-beat hardcore bands, with tracks recorded sometime between that's totally worth your time and effort. The cover features Swedish riot cops standing in line outside an important-looking building (I did some research but didn't find out what it is) and every band on this will deliver a harsh, fuming, political assault on your ears! MISÄR start out this comp and exactly one minute and five seconds into their song they expel what is potentially one the most malicious riffs I have heard in a decade or more! And they actually only play this three-second riff twice! Please make it last longer than that! KRIMTÄNK come in after that with a very different recording quality and I think on the one hand that's a shame, because this song is totally tight, old school raw and effectively simple early '80s hardcore, but on the other hand this rawness of sound is well-fitting! SLAKTRENS have fuzzy and sharp guitars and a vocalist that sounds like he's permanently got a sore throat, delivering short and choppy hardcore with furious energy. ESKATOLOGIA boom in with growls and mean metal guitars, the ripped vocals mesh with the guitars really well, the drums are fucking unstoppable and the melody b(l)ackbone behind this paints a grim, desolate picture that makes your eyes and ears bleed! And yes, there is also a B-side! PASSIV DÖDSHJÄLP, who keep showing up everywhere in front of me, start out their choppy, fuzzy screamfest with the classic Manson quote ("Believe me, if I started murdering people, there'd be none of you left.") The track only last about 30 seconds (not including the sound bite) but it still packs a good punch, with a rampant approach. INSIDIOUS PROCESS rips through you like a massive, multi-bladed shredder, with female vokills from a bloodbath nightmare, that growl and screech 'fuck the elit'—this is blackened crusty D-beat at its best—blare on! MODERAT LIKVIDATION should need no introduction; their solid D-beat hardcore rolling along with force, carrying a depth of sound and a quality of execution that new bands should take note of. END OF ALL close off this excellent comp, with crusty hardcore, with dual vocals, both ripped and bellowing, with metallic guitars and a steady snare assault, sharp production and classic crust riffage. Good comps burn like Motolov cocktails and this one does some serious damage! (LA)
(Halvfabrikat)

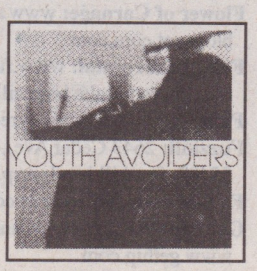












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Halvfabrikat: Ringvagen 18 B, S-532 72 Axvall, SWEDEN, www.halvfabrikat.net
Hardcore Victim: facebook.com/hardcorevictim
Hardware: www.hardware-records.com
Hasiok: hasiokrecords@googlemail.com, www.hasiokrecords.blogspot.com
Hjernespind: www.hjernespind.com
Holy Terror: www.holyterror.com
Horror Pain Gore Death: www.hpgd.comoj.com
HoZac: www.hozacrecords.com, hozacrecords@gmail.com
I Hate Punk Rock: 2607 A Bellevue Ave, Maplewood, MO 63143, www.ihatepunkrock.net
In the Red: PO Box 50777, Los Angeles, CA 90050, www.intheredrecords.com
JKSHK: 278 Broadway #4R, Brooklyn, NY 11211, jkshk@gmail.com
Killer: PL 237, 28101 Pori, FINLAND, www.killerrecordsfinland.com
Last Laugh: 313 President St #2, Brooklyn, NY 11231; www.lastlaughrecords.us
Leather Bar: www.leatherbarrecords.blogspot.com
Lengua Armada Discos: martincrudo@yahoo.com
Let's Pretend: www.letspretendrecords.com
Lost Cat: www.lostcatrecords.org
Malt Soda: gluedevil@hotmail.com
Mighty Mouth Music: www.myspace.com/5567431842
Monster Zero: PO Box 2570, 2940 AB Lekkerkerk, NETHERLANDS, www.monsterzero.com
Mystery School: www.myteryschoolrecords.com
Negative Guest List: www.negativeguestlist.blogspot.com
Nerve Altar: www.nervealtar.blogspot.com
Nervous Nelly: nervousnellyrecords.tumblr.com
Night Fighter: www.nightfigherrecords.com
No Breaks: 184 Rogers St. NE #301, Atlanta, GA 30317, www.nobreaksrecords.com
Thee Nodes: m.smith08@live.ca
No Front Teeth: www.nofrontteeth.co.uk
No Master: www.nomaster.bandcamp.com
No Pasaran: www.nopasaran.pl
Nuclear Blood: nuclearbloodrecords.blogspot.com
Nuclear Noise Pig: nuclearnoisepigrecords@yahoo.com
Odessa: PO Box 1301, Carrboro, NC 27510, www.odessarecords.com
Ohmwar: ohmwar1944@gmail.com, www.ohmwar.com
Organized Crime: organizedcrimerecords.com
Overground: PO Box 1NW, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne, NE98 1NW, UNITED KINGDOM, john@overgroundrecords.co.uk.
Part: www.partarecords.com
Pike: pikerec@gmail.com
Pizza O.D.: maxcall1947@gmail.com
P Trash: www.ptrashrecords.com
Rad Girlfriend: www.radgirlfriendrecords.com
Rapid Pulse: www.undergroundmedicine.com/rapidweb
Rat City Ruckus: myspace.com/ratcityruckus
Razorcake: www.razorcake.org
Red Hour: 245 E. 235th St, Euclid, OH 44123-1507; Tomdark@att.net
Red Lounge: redloungerecords@gmx.de
Redshift: 26332 Calle Roberto, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92675, www.redshiftrecords.bigcartel.com
R.I.P. Society: www.ripsociety.blogspot.com
Rockin' Stan: www.rockinstanrecords.com
Sacramento: PO Box 705, Sacramento, CA 95812, www.myspace.com/sacramentorecords
Scream: screamrecs@gmail.com
Secret: www.secretrecordslimited.com
Seventh Rule: PO Box 42639, Portland, OR 97242, seventhrule.com
Sit And Spin: sitandspinrecords.blogspot.com
Skrammel: www.skrammelrecords.se
Smog Veil: www.smogveil.com
Sophomore Lounge: www.sophomoreloungerecords.com
The Splits: thesplitss@gmail.com
Squid Hat: www.squidhatrecords.com
SS:www.s-srecords.com
Stomp: www.stomprecords.blogspot.com
Suicide Squeeze: www.suicidesqueeze.net
Superior Viaduct: www.superiorviaduct.com
Super Secret: www.supersecretrecords.com
Swashbuckling Hobo: www.myspace.com/swashbucklinghoborecords
Switchlight: www.switchlight-records.com
Taang!: 3830 5th Avenue, San Diego, CA 92103, taang.com
Talking Helps: www.talkinghelpsrecords.com
Tardis: www.myspace.com/tardisrecords
Teenage Riot: www.teenageriotrecords.com
Terrotten: www.terrotten.com
Todo Destruido: tododestruido.blogspot.com/tododestruido@gmail.com
Total Life Society: www.scarcityoftanks.blogspot.com
Total Punk: www.facebook.com/pages/Total-Punk/118726111538228
Tranzophobia: 6 Bis Rue Bourgneuf, 42000 St. Etienne, FRANCE transo@free.fr, www.lafrancepue.org
Trouble in Mind: www.troubleinmindrecs.com
Twistworthy: www.twistworthy.com
ugEXPLODE: www.ugexplode.com
Urban Gorilla: kauneusjaterveys@gmail.com
Urinal Cake: www.urinalcakerecords.com
Vinehell: www.vinehell.com
Vinyl Rites: www.vinylrites.net, vinylrites@gmail.com
Wanda: www.wandarecords.de
Wands: www.wandsrecords.blogspot.com
Waterslide: www.watersliderecords.com
Water Wing: PO Box 17568, Portland, OR 97217
Weekender: www.weekenderoakland.com
Mike Weiss Gallery: www.mikeweissgallery.com
Willowtip: www.willowtip.com
Zombie Noise: www.zombienoise.com
Zone 8: PO Box 549 Granville, WV 26534

DEMOS

Send demos and CD-Rs to: MRR attn: Demos, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please provide a postpaid price and a mailing address with your demo! Reviews by Matt Badenhop, Robert Collins, Amelia Eakins, Juliana Ferreira, Greg Harvester and Kevin Manion.

ADAPTIVE REACTION – *Family Entertainment* – So, I just looked at the cover of this, which features a dumb looking image of Charles Manson in a Mickey Mouse hat and thought, "Well, this is gonna suck." Hey, I was wrong! It's a good feeling to be wrong in these situations. They play synth-damaged punk by way of the LOST SOUNDS and ADVERTS with a distant, dry feel to it. When the female vocals kick in, the deranged energy starts to sound like the great SGNLS (from Philly) as interpreted by a teenage SIOUXSIE SIOUX on drugs. This CD-R collects the band's three self released 7"s, as well as four extra songs. I'm assuming that the CD-R presents these releases in chronological order and, as I feared, the band slowly moves more towards a synth/dance sound and you can hear them leaving the punk part behind. "Enemy" is a definite rager and I hope they keep the punk part of their sound intact because it rules. (Greg) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.adaptivereaction.net)

CHARLES ALBRIGHT – *The First Four Years* – This is a tape of this one-man recording project from Sacramento, CA that falls into a manic, overblown garage rock affair with so much treble-y feedback that it would make LEBENDEN TOTEN fans take notice. Beneath the layers of noise, you can peel back some hooks and impassioned yelping that make for a good garage-punk release. Fans of PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS, UZI RASH and NOBUNNY should take note. (Greg) (11-song cassette, no lyrics included, charlesalbright@gmail.com)

ANU – ANU plays basic but intense and impassioned hardcore in the vein of BREAD AND WATER, AUS ROTTEN or early OI POLLOI. Their last song, "Smoke and Mirrors," sounds like the real pit-starter here and is my favorite on the whole CD-R. It's a great demo by a band that is definitely in their early days. I'm interested to see where they will go from here. (Greg) (5-song CD-R, no lyrics included, anumusic00.bandcamp.com)

BAD PARTY – This band already won points with me because they have a kitten on their demo tape. Leave it up to *MRR*'s crazy cat lady to pick this out of the demo box. I must have ESP or some shit because I didn't even take it out of the envelope—I just knew what mewed inside. This band is a two-piece from what I can gather. They have the violence of early JAPANTHER with seething electronics and vocals. The bass holds it down well and makes this easy to follow from a rocker standpoint. I wish JAPANTHER wasn't what I was comparing this band to, as they seem to be far from their days playing the C-Squat basement and morphed into full hipster status—but I guess it's all one in the same anyway nowadays. Punx is hipsters, right? Anyway, this tape is right up your alley if you like weird, violent electronic noisy dance party traxxx. I wound up at a few drug-fueled loft parties in my day and have seen weird shit like this—would go well with a light show and maybe some visuals. (Amelia) (3-track cassette, no lyrics included, 1825 Temple, Detroit, MI 48216)

BAG OF CHISELS – I swear I wanted to review this tape although the band's name, tape's name ("eat shit and die") and all the childish drawings don't work for a punk band. But then these guys put a sticker on the cassette, blocking the holes! Seriously? I pierced it to try to make it work (piercing the eyes of a teddy bear on the sticker) but then paper got stuck on the reels. Sorry… (Juliana) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, bagofchisels@ymail.com)

COLD CIRCUITS – UK post punk meets an angular cousin on this killer demo. There are similarities to SYNTHETIC I.D. (who share COLD CIRCUITS' rhythm section), but this demo is less focused on the vibe and seems more intent on driving the listener. Lazy guitar lines weave in and out of logic while bass and drums keep straight time forcing the whole thing forward with unwavering urgency. If there's a hit, it's the final track "Easy Opportunities," where they slow the pace just a little and raspy vocals strain to maintain the two-word chorus. Awesome, but criminally limited so don't snooze. (Robert) (4-song cassette, lyrics included, warmingtheboard@gmail.com)

CONTROLLED EXISTENCE / MINDFUCK – Prague's CONTROLLED EXISTENCE fukkn' crush. Female fronted grind/crust, short bursts of furious mania with absolutely zero bullshit confusing the formula. Brief whispers of old school death metal, but this is all out modern blast beating grind and the vocals are every bit as bad ass as the downtuned guitar assault. Floored. Slovakia's MINDFUCK are even less nuanced, delivering raw guitar/drums grindcore. Only 150 of these, highly recommended. (Robert) (21-song cassette, some lyrics included, KAZ re-chords, radokaz@yahoo.com, SSGC records, sangre@centrum.sk)

COQUI IGLOO – *Piña Colada Dreams* – Super weird psychedelic sounds from Chicago. Minimal folk (not folk-punk, just '60 weirdo shits) met with forays into bizarre sound. Intrigued. (Robert) (12-song CD-R, no lyrics included, coquiigloo@gmail.com)

DIRTY SLITS – *Fringe Class* – The music is fine, suburban angst transformed into punk rock, which is a pretty tried and true formula. Heavy chugs from the more modern end of hardcore and faster in-your-face bursts that lead me to believe that DIRTY SLITS have more than a casual ear to DIY hardcore. The lyrics are what confuse me… "This Is What Happens When You Fuck A Stranger In The Ass?" One song criticizing habitual weed smokers and another about spilling their seed on paper plates while watching internet porn after Mom goes to sleep. Weird…I guess that's the suburban part, huh? (Robert) (7-song CD-R, lyrics included, dirtyslits@gmail.com)

DRAIZE METHOD – DRAIZE METHOD hail from Ogden, Utah and play metal-tinged, straight-forward, old-school hardcore. They started way back in 1985, broke up in 1993 and then got back together in 2010 to write this CD-R. It's played well and it's energetic, but the songs go nowhere for me. (Greg) (16-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.facebook.com/draizemethod)

ENEMIGO – *Seppuku Samples* – Noisy, spastic grindcore is not my thing, but this is noisy enough for me to overlook it being grindcore. I think they sound like the noise of DEATH DUST EXTRACTOR with BATTLE OF DISARM vocals mixed with the frenzy spazziness of the LOCUST. If it sounds different, it's because of their anarcho message and blast beats. These Bay Area locals sound like a rabid animal being lead to a violent slaughter. All you noise grind metal freaks, check this out now! (Amelia) (14-song CD-R, no lyrics included, xememigox@gmail.com)

EX-EQUALS – *Seeing Grey* – Ripping stripped down garage hardcore from two dudes separated by distance and adulthood, but determined to still make punk happen. These six songs are bombastic assaults, pissed hardcore punk with hooks, but without compromising intensity. "Set Me Free" kick in after two break neck numbers and gives EX-EQUALS a street punk tinge that works perfectly with their feisty hc attack, a vibe that is furthered with the MOTORHEAD meets '90s basement punk feel of "Why Not Now." This is music played by people who know exactly what they are doing and it's wrapped up in a package that commands your attention before you even get the tape into the deck. Killer jams, let's hope they move out of the studio and into the basement sooner rather than later. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, exequals@gmail.com)

FUCKTON – Pretty mediocre political hardcore from Delaware. It lacks ferocity and drive, but is not bad. The riffs and lyrics are kinda slow moving and lazily executed. There are some good ideas on here though and I do have hope for improvement. I also *do* appreciate that the lyric sheet has a book recommendation list and links to bike resources, AK Press, etc., something you don't see as often these days. A respectable amount of care and effort was put into making this, so I say it's worth a spin. (Matt) (6-song CD-R, lyrics included, Robby Delaware, 824 Chambers Rock Rd, Newark, DE 19711)

GERM ATTAK – *Fear of The Unknown* – This appears to be a cassette version of this Ottowa band's 2011 LP on Loud Punk records. Unforgivingly, this is my first time spent with GERM ATTAK's bouncy pogo punk assault. Sometimes ya just don't get around to checking out a band till late in the game, but it's a good thing I finally did—this is some catchy upbeat GBH inspired punk with cool guitar solos! (Matt) (14-song cassette, lyrics included, Bezerker records, 4015 5th St. NE, Columbia Heights, MN 55421)

GOUM – GOUM from Tokyo are total epic metal crust heaven with blackened vocals. Think epic in the sense of TRAGEDY with the political feeling

of BATTLE OF DISARM. Due to their political nature, there is an underlying emotion of sadness and hopelessness for the world, much reminiscent of the political feeling of '90s crust. I think this is their demo CD-R from 2010? GOUM is female fronted and in my book very, very good. I got this in a package from a Japanese friend and cannot tell if this is their demo or a preview to their new material released by Narm Discos. Whatever it is, it's ripping! (Amelia) (3-song CD-R, no lyrics included, myspace.com/goumjapan)

GUN OUTFIT – Dark and minimal sounds from Olympia dredged through the breathier side of '80s SST and Blast First (and yeah, I'm well aware that SONIC YOUTH and DINOSAUR JR. were the only bands on both labels). This band has come highly recommended for a while now, but I'm late to the game and this is my first listen…these tracks are taken from a hodge podge of sessions and live shows, and the result is predictably mixed. When they play the dreary alt rock I gather they are known for, GUN OUTFIT come off like a third rate reject from the heyday of college rock radio and I am not even remotely interested. The female vocals seem forced and contrived, and the male vocals while sincere manage only a slightly higher level of success, and the guitar meanders pointlessly. However, the weirder they get, the more interesting they become. Some of the appeal might simply be rougher live recordings, but if you take their rather mundane formula and dip it into some effects (or live distortion?) the result is quite pleasing. So basically I really dig about half of this and maybe that will be enough to encourage me to give the other half another shot…but you people already like this band anyway. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, 120 State Ave. NE, Olympia, WA 98501)

HEROIN DIET – Simple, fierce and direct hardcore from Manchester, England that sounds like a teenage band that is learning how to play their instruments and somehow got it really, really right. Maybe like the SECRET PROSTITUTES drunk on Buckfast getting in a knife fight with ICEAGE? Sure, why not? The ultra-reverby vocals add an extra element of depth to the whole thing and the guy's voice destroys. I would say, "Totally get this shit," but it's already sold out. (Greg) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, heroindiet@gmail.com)

IN SCHOOL – I've been listening to this on repeat for the better part of an hour trying to put into words why I think that you need this. Smart hardcore, lyrically *and* musically. From the simple but perfect bass lines in "Acid Burn" to the guitar in "Maggot Rot" that makes me take notice every single time I hear it, this is light years from the ignorant testosterone fueled brilliance taking the country by storm. Don't get me wrong, I am a fan of ignorant hardcore, but read the lyrics to "Stand Up Or Die" and tell me you don't need something more than songs about the scene. Ferocious and well written from start to finish… "Gaining Force" is as close as IN SCHOOL gets to playing by the rules, and the result just proves that they could blow the doors off of every band of jocks on the east coast if they wanted to, but thankfully they aren't content to simply rule. Every aspect of IN SCHOOL demands attention and makes you think, just like punk should. Mandatory. (Robert) (6-song cassette, lyrics included, inschool.bandcamp.com)

JAHAT – A totally blown-out raw punk assault from Indonesia. This has everything you'd want in a noisy punk band: two pissed off vocalists, an awesome trebly, angular guitar tone, drumming that sounds like a simian got hold of a couple sticks and lyrics about living free in this fucked up world. Their sound is somewhere between GAI and DOOM, so yeah, it's awesome. Radical punx never die! (Kevin) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, $6 ppd, honzaherbert@centrum.cz, rauhaturva.blogspot.com)

JOHATSU – The recording on this tape sounds weird, especially the drums, but I can tell these guys play some '90s hardcore. There is an INTO ANOTHER vibe. (Juliana) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, johatsujohatsu@yahoo.com)

LIIMANARINA – *First I Look At The Tits* – These are outtakes from 1997 by this Finnish band that started in the late '80s. It's weird home-recorded experimental indie/punk kinda stuff with childish drawings. Though there's a nice melody here and there, there's a lot of meandering and monotony. Maybe essential for fans, if they have any, but I will never listen to this again. (Matt) (9-song cassette, lyrics not included, 8081records.com)

LIVING LASER – *Ragged Glory* – This band is weird. The vocals remind me of mainstream '90s rock radio, mixed with metal guitar and wicked, fast drums. I think one might call this sound thrash? There are like weird 311 breakdowns in some songs mixed with hardcore and then metal headbanging parts. Their sound is really hard to pin point. I just don't know about this demo—but I guarantee someone in this band has really long hair. (Amelia) (7-song cassette, lyrics included, Trip Machine Laboratories, PO Box 317, Nyack, NY 10960, www.tripmachinelabs.com, tripmachine845@gmail.com)

LUMPY AND THE DUMPERS – What the fuck?! This band rules! In three songs, they take you on a deranged trip through their fucked minds, playing dirty, raw (not "raw punk"), distortion-filled, feedback punk. Their singer sounds like Doc Dart going through puberty and screams out lyrics like "Threw my life in the trash just to scratch my eel rash. I'm covered in these puffy bumps!!" and "The world's an abortion! The future's a lobotomy!!" Their mess of songs are fumbling and on the verge of imminent collapse throughout the entire tape, but it is a beautiful mess that I will listen to over and over. Get this, true weirdos! (Greg) (3-song cassette, lyrics included, 21 W Garfield, Belleville, IL. 62220)

LUSITANIA – LUSITANIA offers up a wildly noisy tape that alternates between lo-fi black metal and insistent, plodding hardcore. Reverb-drenched, pained vocals permeate the entire recording as feedback-laden soundscapes tie the songs together. The treble and noise might be too much for some listeners, but it's all over in a matter of minutes, which is a lesson many bands could learn from. Not bad. (Greg) (??-song cassette, no lyrics included, 2030 W Baseline Rd, #182-226, Phoenix, AZ. 85041, lusitania.bandcamp.com)

MOLLUSK – It took me like five minutes to find out the name of this band since there's no insert or anything on the CD-R. Anyways, the intro is an atmospheric tune that turns into gladly welcomed super heavy guitars then into some stoner / doom influence. NEUROSIS comes to my mind. Good sound. (Juliana) (?-song CD-R, no lyrics included, mollusk.bandcamp.com)

THE MORONS – Melodic up-beat punk rock cassette-o-graphy, complete with "whoooas" à la MISFITS style. Songs about normal punk rock fair—girls, getting wasted, society, friends and life being hard. There is a sing-a-long, LEFTÖVER CRACK style minus dubs mixed with that Southern greaser punk vibe. Not bad for their genre—I'm sure it's a regular good 'ol sing-a-long time for locals at their shows and this band feels good. (Amelia) (22-song cassette, lyrics included, $5 ppd, PO Box 481, Chattanooga, TN 37401, bikeamusprime@hotmail.com, Once Tender records)

THE MORONS – *Discography* – Damn, I've been waiting for this one for a while! The MORONS existed from roughly 1995 to 2002 and brought a little bit of sunshine to the punks in their hometown of Dalton, GA (and Chattanooga, TN after they moved). They play infectious and anthemic pop-punk about topics ranging from getting drunk, to making fun of racists, to feelin' like shit and everything in between. It takes a certain type of band to write a song about rock'n'roll and also make it good. It takes an even better band to make that song immortal and indispensible to your life. The MORONS do all of that. Somehow, through a recipe of crack smoking, hard southern living, huffing gold spraypaint and full blown insanity, the MORONS have created their own style of fucked up pop-punk/region rock that continues to inspire legions of southern punks to pick up guitars and start bands to this day. It's hard to explain. This tape compiles the band's EP split 7" with the JACK PALANCE BAND, unreleased songs and old demos. Some of these demos have been impossible to get unless you went to Chattanooga and dubbed the tape yourself at their house. The tape is a pro dub, has a color cover, free download and a sticker. If you have any interest in the Region Rock of the southeastern US, you have to own this because this is partially where it all originated. (Greg) (22-song cassette, lyrics included, Once Tender records, 1103 Highland Drive, Chattanooga, TN 37405, oncetenderrecords.blogspot.com)

NEGATIVE RAGE – This rules so hard. Snotty hardcore punk that's so fucking nihilistic the vocalist can't even be bothered to feign anger. This whole demo just emanates teenage ambivalence. If someone told me this was a bedroom project from the '80s that just got unearthed I would believe it. It sounds like shit (in good way), it looks like shit (the cover is a drawing of a guy screaming into a phone, but it's been blown up so it's a bit pixilated) and it's recorded over a PEBBLES tape! Seriously, these songs sound like they belong on that *First Strike* comp from '83, alongside forgotten bands like VIOLATION, SKOUNDRELZ and CULTURAL BREAKTHROUGH. Get this, now. (Kevin) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, cody_cross@hotmail.com)

NUMBSKULL ACTION – Sugar sweet garage pop with teeth. Even through the laid back attack it's easy to see that UK's NUMBSKULL ACTION are punks…they are just the kind of punks that make you want to shake your ass instead of fukk shit up. (Robert) (12-song cassette, no lyrics included, £5ppd, 4 Qunitell Close, Woking Surrey, GU21 3BT UNITED KINGDOM, noteenrecords.blogspot.co.uk)

NW77 – It's amazing how people in Brazilian midwest appreciate DRI and crossover bands like that. I've seen a gazillion bands like this since my teenage years in Sao Paulo city and it seems the trend is still on! NW77 is one more in this genre, although they have some more modern elements—well, maybe more like late DRI then early DRI. (Juliana) (8-song CD-R, no lyrics included, www.onevoicerecords.com.br/nw77)

PROLETARIAT PUNCH – *Resistance is Our Right* – This band sounds like a melodic DISCHARGE on their first track, but is more that punk rawk sound throughout the rest of the demo. Drums sound like they're being played on garbage cans. Guitar is

catchy. I think they sound like the GOONS mixed with the DAYCARE SWINDLERS and I can't think of a more recent band to compare them to. The vocals have the same energy of HR from BAD BRAINS. Lyrical content is political at its core and ranges from deportation and unsolicited police abuse to existing to resist. (Amelia) (11-track cassette, lyrics included, Recluse records, 3957 Park Avenue. St. Louis, MO 63110)

PUBERTY WOUNDS – *Fuck Planet Earth* – Like a hardcore, noisier modern version of G.G. ALLIN circa *Murder Junky* years, mixed with VOMIT PUNX. They also have that mysterious hardcore vibe and are totally moshable. I like it but I'm scared to say I don't, since they live across the bridge from me in Oakland and may come beat me up. So I'll end my review here before I piss 'em off. (Amelia) (9-song cassette, Puberty Wounds, 436 40th Street, Oakland, CA 94609)

RAD – Driving, light-hearted, primitive female-fronted hardcore out of Sacramento. The vocals are more spoken than shouted and the band is fairly loose, but if they keep at it I imagine RAD could be lumped in with bands like I OBJECT! and PINK NIGHTMARE. Short, fast and loud, with simple repetitive lyrics that'll be rooted in your brain after a listen or two. A decent first effort. (Kevin) (13-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.pleasantscreams.com)

RAD – Just watched these guys live at their hometown, Sacramento and, yes, they're rad! This tape was recorded live on a radio show and sounds exactly as their set: total raw '80s hardcore, straightforward and perfect! This tape also has lots of great covers, like NEGATIVE APPROACH and MDC. Purchase this shit asap! (Juliana) (13-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.pleasantscreams.com

RELENTLESS APPROACH – *Notorious* – Midwestern throw-down hardcore with some chugga-chugga breakdowns and hints of stoner metal. Good effort. (Greg) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, xbezerkerrecordsx.bigcartel.com)

RELENTLESS APPROACH – *Ready To Die* – This is the second tape by these Midwestern hardcore dudes this month, but I like this one better. It's still enmeshed deeply in the hardcore trenches with stoner flourishes, but they add a little synth and some weird effects that make this stand out a little more. It sounds like it's from the same recording session as the other tape, but the band is positively on fire this time around. All the songs on here seem like they are slowly building up towards the final track which fucking lays waste to everything. Solid. (Greg) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, xbezerkerrecordsx.bigcartel.com)

THIS ROUTINE IS HELL – With a killer intro, I was just expecting my mind to be blown with some apocalyptic hardcore blast. Turns out it was different than what I expected, but in a positive way—this band gambles on non-traditional hardcore transitions, which is what many bands have been doing since the '90s. I guess that's the best reference to try to describe this Dutch band's sound, there's definitely some '80s hardcore elements, but in a more modern construction. (Juliana) (4-song CD-R, lyrics included, www.shieldrecordings.com)

SCHIZOID KK – Fast-paced straight-forward punk from Cleveland with some hardcore influence. This lacks variety and hooks, making it unmemorable to me. (Matt) (6-song CD-R, no lyrics included, tdol73@yahoo.com)

SCHIZOID KK – *Not Again…* – My thoughts exactly. Similar to the other CD-R, but a little faster. There's a song about picking up a prostitute, fucking her and killing her. Straight into the trash can! (Matt) (5-song CD-R, lyrics included, tdol73@yahoo.com)

SHAME AND CUPCAKES – This release flip-flops between laid back indie-punk and plodding, screaming punk. Much of this oddly reminds of an old recording project of one of the guys from TOYS THAT KILL, but way more relaxed. I know that's vague, but basically this is just a laid back band with subtle guitar interludes and a warm sound. (Greg) (4-song CD-R, no lyrics included, tzglitter@gmail.com)

SHOCK – Raw, blown out hardcore from France with GASMASK TERRÖR and WARNING// WARNING members. My copy sounds like it has a phaser on the entire recording (not sure if this is and accident or by design) so the intent is difficult to discern, but SHOCK are dishing out tough as nails US styled hardcore punk with plenty of hooks buried in the madness. Avoiding the trappings of by-the-books '00s chaos punk, they are on point and solid punk—I want more. (Robert) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, paranoiareality@gmail.com)

SLURPEE STAINS – Seriously, some of the bands I love the most have put out the most low quality releases of all time, but the sound quality on this is pretty atrocious. From what I can tell, they are playing sort of dreamy-like indie rock that delves into swaggering garage rock and falling-apart minimalist punk. The heavily distorted vocals are buried so deep in the mix that they are almost not there. It's really hard to tell what's even going on here… like the band didn't bother to mix the recording. Weird times here. (Greg) (5-song cassette, no lyrics included, slurpeestains.bandcamp.com)

SÖFT DOV – *Deathblast* – POISON IDEA and SEPTIC DEATH melded together with a strong D-Beat raw punk background. Good job taking all my favorite genres and putting it on one demo. Raw punk hardcore thrash! Sounds like a bad combination, but I assure you it's not. I'm talking thrashy in the vein of '80s Japanese greats like SYSTEMATIC DEATH. It's perfect. Demo cover has a weed leaf with an anarchy sign. What a fucking solid demo! Bring us more, New Jersey! (Amelia) (10-song cassette, 132 Black Point Road, Bungalow #C-4, Rumson, NJ 07760, ianthompson@gmail.com)

STILLSUIT – Several listens into my morning and I'm still trying to digest. STILLSUIT is a harsh toke, these unnamed tracks manage to combine the power of chaotic '90s with experimental noise and early no-rules anarcho punk. Dual female vocals playing multiple roles, clean but tortured guitars and disjointed rhythms propelled forth by rolling bass lines and erratic drums. I can easily imagine live sets turning into total noise, much like the end of the cassette does, and that imminent collapse is part of what makes the heavy churn and vocal cacophony so intense when you are in the middle of it. This one is all over the place and demands full attention. (Robert) (10-song cassette, no lyrics included, stillsuittt@gmail.com)

STUPID NOIZE – *No More T.V.* – Like a love child between the WANKYS and the PENIS. This tape is just dumb punk. It was recorded on a phone. It's awful and filthy. Pure noise. Straight-up distortion and deafness. One of the best tapes I've heard in months. I like my punk dumb. No think, just distortion. Inaudible noise. Philosophical at times with lyrics like "Why must I die? Death, death, not my turn!" but that was just a moment of clarity in the glue fog. (Amelia) (8-song cassette, lyrics included, will trade for punk, Your War, 310 Westover Blvd, Lynchburg, VA 24501)

LAS TIMIDAS – *Maqueta 2010* – Pop by three ladies from Barcelona featuring bass, drums and keyboard. Nice melodic keyboard-driven songs with a sort of melancholy feel to them. I like my shit a little more spunky and danceable, though I could see Charlie Brown and other Peanuts characters doing their dance to this. I like it! We need to address the song "Dani": My understanding of Spanish is limited, but I can translate the basic idea of the lyrics. See, the singer really likes Dani because he's a good guy, gives her flowers, is a good cook and he just seems like a total catch, *but* she says their love is impossible because he farts too much. Ladies, I just want to say that I think you should try to look past his "culo huele mal," and give him another chance because, like Dani, I too have consistently bad gas. And I'm totally pulling for him. Anyway, back to the tape—the songs sound nice, and it looks great. I'm interested in hearing more in the future. (Matt) (5-song cassette, lyrics included, somoslastimidas@gmail.com)

TOTAL FUCKER – *Totally Fucked* – Here you go, you fukks. Noise Not Music in its finest form—three chord riffs buried under a sea of chaos, low end sinister vox wrapped up in the impending doom of end times. Anxious and intense sounds—awesome. (Robert) (4-song cassette, no lyrics included, totalfucker.bandcamp.com)

VIOLENCIA INMINENTE – Straightforward hardcore punk from Chile with a musical vibe reminiscent of ELEKTRODUENDES and vocals in the vein of LOBOTOMIA. The recording is pretty clean, but the songs still pack quite a wallop. None of the individual tracks really grabbed me however, and it sounds like they can't decide if they want to be a legitimate hardcore band or go in a more street punk direction, but there's still time to remedy those issues. (Kevin) (12-song cassette, lyrics included, $6 ppd, honzaherbert@centrum.cz, rauhaturva.blogspot.com)

WYMYNS PRYSYN – Snotty and sweaty rock and roll drenched punk tunes, raised on a steady diet of basement humidity and southern heat but honed and fine-tuned until ready for hostile takeover of your local hipster hideaway. Just raw enough to hold my interest, and the when the guitars shine, they will rule your whole world. (Robert) (7-song cassette, no lyrics included, Josh, 616 N. Highland Ave. apt #4, Atlanta, GA 30306, ornetteflesh@yahoo.com)

ZDOB SI ZDUB – Coming from Moldova, former Soviet Union, this band brings a mix of styles to their pop music. Should I say GOGOL BORDELO-like? That's what came to my mind since they also have some gypsy and Balkan influence, especially on the opening track "Basta Mafia." (Juliana) (13-song CD-R, no lyrics included, marco.stahn@asphalt-tango.de)

V/A – *Drawn A Blank* – A 24 track comp of music from the Southeast and music that sounds like it's from the Southeast. Fans of melodic dirty, poppy punk with infectious guitar hooks rejoice—POTBOILER, ROCK PAPER STUPID, SHANG-A-LANG, TENEMENT, MAX LEVINE ENSEMBLE, REACTION—but there is plenty here to appease fans of emotional hardcore (BENARD) and all out raging punk (HOLY SHIT!) too. Big ass booklet, well done. (Robert) (24-song cassette, no lyrics included, www.nobreaksrecords.com)

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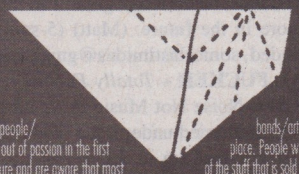

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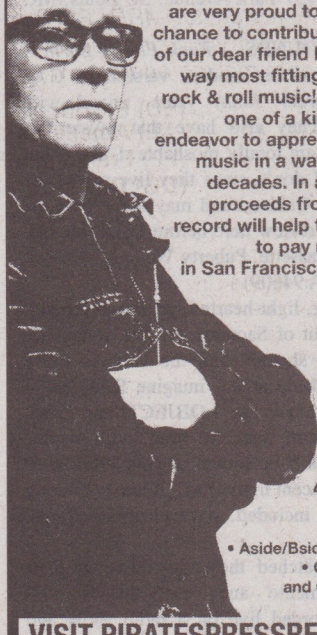

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ZINES

Send zines for review to: MRR, PO Box 460760, San Francisco, CA 94146. Please include the following info on a separate piece of paper with your zine: postpaid price, international price, do you take trades?, size, copied or printed?, number of pages, language, mailing address, website address, email address.

Reviews by:
(AR) Ariel Amend-All
(MB) Mariam Bastani
(JB) Julia Booze
(EC) E.Conner
(AE) Amelia Eakins
(FF) Francesca Foglia
(DG) Dan Goetz
(LG) Layla Gibbon
(BG) Bob Goldie
(SL) Sam Lefebvre
(BL) Brad Lambert
(MM) Marissa Magic
(KM) Kevin Manion
(JM) Jeff Mason
(LA) Lydia Phelps
(CR) Casey Ress
(KR) Keith Riley

ACCEPT THE DARKNESS #9 / $3 US, $4 World
8.5 x 11.5 – copied – 20 pgs
It's awesome when I get a zine for review that is modeled after other modern zines. It's a welcome reminder that there are people who still enjoy reading about punk in print form. While *Accept The Darkness* does bear a resemblance to *Distort* (visually at least), Shiva (the creator) definitely has his own unique writing style. His reviews are written with affection and exuberance not only for the music, but also for the radical and insanely knowledgeable style of the best music writers from yesterday and today. The best part is that he's still in high school! I was barely literate in high school! In this latest installment he offers up numerous reviews of not only records, but also individual songs. I really dug his review of the Plates LP; a record that I'm way into, that seems to have been disregarded by most. Here's a snippet from said review: "Humans are a bunch of filthy little animals, sitting bored behind the glass and chain-links of a filthy little zoo and these motherfuckers are the gorillas." Also included in this issue are interviews with San Francisco's Rank/Xerox, Canadian thrashers Ilegal and there's even a reprint of a 1979 interview with sci-fi icon Philip K. Dick. An outstanding zine all around. (KM)
61 The Terrace / Katonah, NY 10536 / concreteguerilla.tumblr.com

ALL THINGS ORDINARY #5 / $4 ppd US, $5 ppd world, trades
8.5 x5.5 – copied – 28 pgs
Issue five for Derek, who apparently did some dual living between Buffalo, NY and Portland, OR, moving back and forth between these two cities four times in the last twelve years, finally settling in Portland—at least for the time being, I can only presume his traveler spirit and involvement in punk rock will have him on the road or moving to a new place soon again. His ten months in Buffalo, from May 2011 to March 2012, are accounted for in this issue, aptly titled *My 10 Month Vacation in Buffalo,* and include personal accounts of activities such as but not limited to: did roadie work with Lemuria, went to Krazy fest in Louisville, KY, volunteered at all ages/DIY space Sugar City, got interviewed by FoxNews.com for starting up the ThirstyDudes.com website with another two friends (basically a drinks review website by straightedge dudes), worked at a record store, got a button-making machine, went to Boston, then Florida to work at the Fest for three days, then Austin, TX to work for Fun Fun Fun fest for six days, then to Portland, toured parts of Canada with Lemuria, turned 30 and saw a crapload of cool, old and up-and-coming bands in between! This whole zine reads a bit like a long letter and is separated into chapters by month. If any of the stories, trips, fests or local scenes sound appealing or familiar to you—or you know the writer and have wondered what he's been up to lately—then you'll probably enjoy this. (LA)
4805 N. Albina Ave / Portland, OR 97217 / derekneuland@gmail.com, bitpartbuttons.storenvy.com

BAIL BONDS #2 / free
8.5 x 11 – copied – 17 pgs
This is a reprinted '90s zine that compiles pages from Australian punk zines from the '70s and very early '80s—*DNA* and *Party Fears*, among others—that cover bands from Perth (which is, from what I understand, the only major city in Western Australia), whether this coverage is interviews, articles, reprinted record covers and other band-related graphics, or band family trees, of which there are several. The Scientists, Victims and the Manikins seem to be the most prominently covered bands here, though a number of lesser-known bands also get mentioned. This was sent with the most recent batch of *Distort* zines, so I have no idea how available it is and I'm guessing the Angelfire email is no longer valid. (DG)
No contact info

BLACK LINE FEVER / 4,50 Euros ppd (Europe), $5.50 ppd (world)
7.5 x 11 – printed – 56 pgs
The minute I unwrapped this zine while going through the mail, I put a post-it on it saying 'Lydia wants!'. The content of this *Ben Lyon Rock'n'Roll Art Zine* is so good, I want to carefully cut every page out and frame it for my wall! This is officially *Ratcharge* #27, which actually makes sense to me, and there's a nice introduction story by Matt Dorbin from Black Jack Productions. If the Name Ben Lyon means nothing to you, then his drawings most certainly will, because this artist probably has made more of an impact than he's aware of. His psychedelic details, reminiscent of '60s psych-garage/prog rock artwork, mixes perfectly with the DIY aesthetics of punk—hand-made, freakish and flooded in excess. Melting flesh, dripping gooey stuff, monsters, weirdos, scribbles, bubbles, stars, skulls, swirls and broken teeth, Lyon has not only created a bizarre world of his own, he spews it out onto paper to a sublimely disgusting and intoxicating effect. What I love the most about all his designs are the eyes: bloodshot and completely *psycho*! An excellent zine for weird art appreciators, punk rock poster collectors and psychedelic punk aesthetic enthusiasts. (LA)
ratcharge@gmail.com / ratcharge.blogspot.com

BLACK PELICAN #3 / $?
5.5 x 11 – copied – 60 pgs
Most of this lengthy zine is comprised of pictures from SXSW. Refreshingly, most of the pictures are from backyard shows and thankfully don't portray quite the shit show everyone expects from Austin. Although they are photocopied in black and white, the photos have a page-turning charm. A few interviews are interspersed with a variety of genres represented and each one is edited to a very digestible length. Stephen McCall of Finish Him and Creatures is interviewed and their discussion about the modern musical climate and straight-edge is very interesting. The zine also comes with a solid mix CD-R. My only complaint is that none of the bands in the photos are identified! (SL)
19312 Old Ranch Rd. / Yorba Linda, CA 92886 / www.blackpelican.info / contact@blackpelican.info

BRAINSCAN #29 / **NO MORE COFFEE** #4 / $3
8.5 x 6 – copied – 44 pgs
Alex Wrekk of *Brainscan* and Ben Spies of *No More Coffee* team up to do a fiction split with pleasant results. With stories about leaving home, housemates, and hanging out in the cemetery, Alex's thoughtful, intelligent prose manages to transcend the Portland perzine trope and is endlessly readable despite being barely discernable from non-fiction. *No More Coffee* goes a little further into the fiction experiment and comes up with a cool piece called "Photographs of the Dead" about what residents of the same non-descript apartment complex in suburbia don't know about each other. Pretty neat. (FF)
Alex Wrekk / 5307 N. Minnesota Ave. / Portland, OR / 97217

CHUNKS #6 / $?
8.25 x 11.75 – copied – 12 pgs
Chunks is a pretty solid—though somewhat overhyped—fanzine out of Australia that seems to focus entirely on the Straight Edge hardcore scene and has a lot of "I can't give a fuck if you agree with us" attitude. There's also a bit of ego and machismo strewn about, but to be honest it's sort of refreshing because hardcore has lost some of its edge over the years and it reminds me of the late '80s scene I grew up with. But there were things that weren't really cool about those days, too, like the predominance of tough guy knuckleheads and chauvinist jock attitude, which really did ruin hardcore more than anything else. *Chunks* seems to linger on a fine line between those two worlds; for example, what's up with stupid shit like using the word "fa**ot?" That's not cool at all. How's it different from call-

ing people "ni**ers?" That's not even being "bullshit PC" or anything, but just common decency and human respect, something I thought Straight Edge was supposed to be about. But that aside, there's a lot to dig about this Australian zine as well, though it's maddeningly only twelve pages in length. This issue has decent interviews with three killer bands: No Tolerance, Boston Strangler and Shipwrecked. And then there are a few zine and music reviews and a bunch of cool photos (nice old shot of Unity on the back cover) to fill up the rest of the pages. I bet this will be sold out by the time this review goes to print, so good luck finding a copy. (BG)
chunks.bigcartel.com

CRACK SALAD #2 / $1 ppd or trades
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 36 pgs
Gary's done a bang-up job with some on-the-ground reporting regarding the case of the late night Christmas tree sales culture of the Lower East Side of Manhattan. These are diary excerpts full of the realness that comes with quitting drinking (even if it's just a "break"), getting a shitty job, staying up late and talking to a milieu of drunk yuppies and homeless wingnutians, wandering the streets during the daylight hours, buying sandwiches and dollar books, getting your ipod stolen, and *more*!! *Crack Salad* is laid out well, with cool pictures that invoke the noir smokiness of the whole zine, even if they are kinda pixilated. I would keep this near my toilet forever too! (EC)
2707 14th Ave South / Minneapolis, MN 55407 / skater8456@comcast.net

DISTORT #37
8.5 x 11 – printed – 26 pgs
It's been a good god damn long time since the last issue of *Distort*, as the wait for this one was worth every second (and the six or seven rewrites). About half of this issue consists of DX picking a topic and exploring it from one or more innovative angles for a few paragraphs or half a page; for instance explaining why Greg Ginn will never reissue the Stains LP and why his still-erratic personality adds credibility to the music of Black Flag, or why Parris the sensitive songwriter was essential to the Cro-Mags writing memorable songs, and the writing is thought-provoking without fail, even if I don't always end up agreeing or coming to the same conclusions. The other half consists of interviews with Eddy Current Suppression Ring, Lakes, Bloodclot Faggots, Stab, Inmates and a more irreverent interview with Brainwashed Youth. The layout is stellar as always and includes various reprinted flyers, including a page of Abused flyers. (DG)
PO Box 239 / North Carlton, Victoria 3054 / Australia / distorttheworld@gmail.com

DISTORT #38 / contact for prices, subs, etc
8.5 x 11 – printed – 13 pgs
Those interested in truly antisocial music and who appreciate quality writing about such music (and thorough debunkings of music that only poses as antisocial, AKA the pop narcotic) should need no introduction to *Distort*. This issue completely eschews interviews and reviews in favor of expanding on #37's theme of picking a band, music style, etc. and breaking down the given subject. Topics that get taken/expanded on in here include: Ilegal and other Spanish punk, CCR, Holy Terror and the line from Integrity to CrimethInc, bands Peacebreakers, Mugger, Low Life and so forth. Get to distortcult.blogspot.com right fucking now and subscribe. (DG)
PO Box 239 / North Carlton, Victoria 3054 / Australia
distorttheworld@gmail.com

DOOMSPIRAL #2 / $2 trade preferred
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 32 pgs
This package made my room smell like spray paint for a week. I opened it to find some cool stickers I will less than likely put anywhere. *Doomspiral* confronts you with a disposable shot of an eyeless man doing a kegstand on the cover, decked with graffiti inspired typography spelling out the rag's name. The whole thing is basically like this, leading me to assume it's a photozine, well mostly. It's kind of a low-rent *VICE* or something. There's ironic crack-smoking, girl hate and shitty tattoo ideas all up in here. The upside is there are no ads for ugly shoes or attempts at political reporting. Still, it's a pretty cool little magazine. Maybe Upstate New York just yields a rawness I'm far too sensitive for. (AE)
Seth G. / 432 Richmond Ave. #5 / Buffalo, NY / 14201

DREAMS OF DONUTS #14 / $?
8.5 x 6 – copied – 36 pgs
Who among us Bay punx doesn't have a Hellarity House story of their own? One of my more recent Hellarity memories involves showing up on Halloween with a posse of Misfits carolers and nobody recognized the songs?! What the fuck! Hellarity House was a long-term punk squat in Oakland that was on the rumored brink of collapse for years and yet managed to have an incredible run in a town that is ruthlessly aggressive to squatters despite having a huge houseless population. Heather Wreckage chronicles one punk's experience in a brilliant comic format, exposing the good, bad, and downright ugly of the legend that is Hellarity House, or "Home Sweet Hell." Someone had to do it, and I'm so glad this rad girl has stepped up to tell the tale and not some Old Crow-soaked crustlord waxing nostalgic. Essential! (FF)
Heather Wreckage / 836 57th Ave / Oakland, CA 94608 / all4choice@hotmail.com / heatherwreckage.blogspot.com

EQUALIZING X DISTORT Vol.12, #02 / $?
8.5 x 11 – copied – 24 pgs
Early punk lovers, watch out! This issue contains more history of legendary Canadian punk from *Equalizing Distort,* featuring the band Arson. This is a nice follow-up, continuing a focus of early Canadian punk after the Sons of Ismael issue. I'm going to rip the intro to their interview here and let you read it, so you can know what you're getting yourself into if you pick this up, "Arson was part of the first wave of the Toronto punk scene. They started out in '77, played their first show in '78, released an EP in '79 titled "(Livin' with the) White Folks" B/W CoHo CoHo and broke up in late 1980." That basically sums it up… just kidding! Everything you wanted to know about Arson is contained in this interview and it's a really good way to read up on the late '70s punk happenings in Northern America, as a lot of the rad bands from that time period are discussed in addition to Arson's interesting history. The interview talks about everything from how these guys found their sound and punk, to where they are now. They did reunite recently and even played with Citizens Arrest. During their prime, they played with bands such as the Dead Boys, the Troggs, and the Plasmatics. The reviews in the back are of the *Das Bande* zine and *Ta Yuele* book by Benoit Pepin and several bands' releases. Check this issue out, as *Equalizing Distort* never disappoints! (AE)
21 Foundry Avenue, Unit 5 / Toronto, ON / M6H 4K7 / Canada / exqualizingxdistort.blogspot.com / equalizingXdistort@ciut.fm

GREATEST CITY IN THE WORLD SOUNDZINE
#1 / Sold Out
Cassette tape
This was the greatest audio zine ever, that was lost in time. Apparently, it was sent in for review in 2011, but wound up in my hands after getting picked out of the demo box last month. This is a soundzine (on cassette) where Reed and company traveled to a great American City aka Austin, TX during Chaos in Tejas last year. Women in Prison, in-between talking about whip its and dying, when asked "would you rather have empty scrotums for eyelids or functioning assholes that are uncontrollable for nipples?" had varying responses. The whole tape is filled with shenanigans and witty answers. I promise not all questions are absurd. Interviews on this tape are with Double Negative, Omegas, Iron Lung, Women In Prison and Vaaska. The B-side is a Reed-described "driving mix." The 200 copies are *sold out* because ya snoozed in the summer of 2011. It's a great mix and a great slew of solid, funny interviews with solid bands. My favorite interview is with Women in Prison as they are funny motherfuckers. Double Negative is a band of gentlemen. Would be perfect for a tour van to break up monotony. Even a year later, this tape feels like a time warp but is the perfect time capsule for hardcore in 2011. Make Reed make you a bootleg. (AE)
138 Scholes Street, #5 / Brooklyn, NY 11206 / deedrunlea@gmail.com

HIGH ON BURNING PHOTOGRAPHS #8 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 16 pgs
Kind of scary, powerful writing on surviving, abuse and relationships and broken promises to yourself. I am surprised I have never encountered this before, but I like the part about crying in the Salvation Army and I would seek this out for penpal-ing. Lots of reflections on those moments that give you pause or allow some comfort—something that actually feels meaningful amid the total shit we have to constantly deal with. It's that kind of zine, about keeping going despite everything and manages to feel positive between bits of hopelessness and the deep dark crazy. It's pretty short, I bet they would trade you for your zine or a tape or just an SASE. (JB)
Ocean Capewell / 1117 Brabec St. #2 / Pittsburgh, PA 15212

JORNAL MICROFONIA #1-8 / Free (Brazil), free or trade (world)
9.5 x 13 – printed – 4 pgs – Portuguese
This is a four-page newspaper-style zine from Brazil. I got the chance to peruse through eight copies, from issue #1 in 2010 to issue #8 in May of 2012. The style seems pretty set and simple: an interview on the front page, book reviews and a small editorial on page two, followed by music reviews by El Mariachi and finally live gig reports or more book/zine/record reviews on the last

page. The layout is old school local newsletter style, which may not be the most aesthetically pleasing, but the content makes up for any lack in design creativity. Also in each issue is a small comic strip that features a rock gang (perhaps the one in charge of making this zine?) and their adventures. Cool efforts, there should be more of these in every neighborhood. Think global, print local. (LA)
Rua Cd. Jose de Castro, 184 / Joao Pessoa / P.B. / 58025400 / Brazil

KILL YR PARENT'S GARDEN #5 / $2.50 or trade
8.5 x 5.5 – copied – 38 pgs
Kill Yr Parent's Garden is a creation fueled by the kind of enchantment that punk and skateboarding cultures can have on people, especially at a certain turning point in life. The words within these pages are genuine and inspiring, but they are also guided by a sense of youthful idealism at times. For example, there's a thought-provoking rant on how much fucked up shit has come about as a result of white people, but it leads to a sweeping condemnation of European culture in its entirety, which is a bit ingenuous. But fuck it, it's that same enthusiasm for punk music and skating and being pissed at the world's injustices that make this zine one to be read cover to cover just the same! There are lots of cool skate photos illustrating the pages, especially in the interview with skateboard punk Greg Harbour, and there are a ton of great shots taken at Chicago-area punk shows (of which some are covered). There's also an engaging interview with the Puerto Rican punk band Tropiezo, smaller write-ups on some local bands and skaters, and some reviews as well; my favorite part of the whole issue is the rant on how *Thrasher* magazine is not as good as it used to be (and some commendable reasons are given). *Kill Yr Parent's Garden* is totally worth the effort of sending a few bucks or making a trade, especially if you skate. Do it! (BG)
Macklin / 3306 E Lake Shore Dr. / Wonder Lake, IL 60097 / ssftapes.blogspot.com

KOOGMO #2 / $1 ppd or trade
8.5 x 11 – printed – 27 pgs
A lot of zines that I read these days seem to unfold as a sort of metaphorical journey towards acceptance. I begin reading totally begrudgingly, head in hands, wondering why this person bothered to publish what seems like a photo-copied diary entry, constantly counting the number of pages that are left to read; but as I read on, the material becomes more interesting and the writing more engaging and by the end of it, I gain an understanding of the emotion or experience that the writer was hoping to convey. Long story short, I actually end up liking it. That's how *Koogmo* was; horrendous at first, but pretty enjoyable upon completion. Aesthetically speaking, this is probably the ugliest zine I've ever seen, resembling a high-school term paper, or a pamphlet on "new company policy" at your shitty job, stapled in the top right-hand corner, Times New Roman font and all. C'mon dude, you're obviously a good writer, but it's time to step up your game a little bit; get creative with it! Interesting layouts, even if they're somewhat sparse, are vital to a quality zine-reading experience. But like I said, this is by no means a bad zine. If you're able to get past the bland layout and tedious rants on how lame Twitter is or how pushy REI sales-clerks are, there's some pretty great stuff in here. The writing is bitter and cynical, not in the sense that "everything sucks and was better twenty years ago", but more in the vein of being fed up with the day to day routine and striving for something different, hoping that it just might be lurking beyond the Plano city limits. There's a sense of excitement and optimism amongst the shittiness and that's what makes it all worthwhile. (KR)
PO Box 861294 / Plano, TX 75086 / anthony@koogmo.com

LAST NIGHT AT THE CASINO #3 / $3
3.5 x 5.5 – photocopied – 47 pgs
This zine details the ins and outs of the writer's job at a New Mexico casino. Whatever your opinion regarding casinos, it's hard to deny that an experience in one of these institutions can make for some excellent people watching and prime sociological fieldwork. So, for those living outside of Bernalillo, *Last Night at the Casino* is the closest you'll get to experiencing the scummy, borderline disgusting environment that is the casino at which Billy is employed. When I read about the rash that he got because he didn't wash his hands thoroughly enough after handling the money, I kind of considered that a blessing. This zine is compiled of short, semi-independent stories (literary types might call them "vignettes", I guess) that vividly detail the mishaps and subtle peaks of the writer's employment as a craps dealer, as well as the lives of his co-workers and casino regulars. While I was reading, I couldn't help but wonder if his co-workers had read this. I know if I worked at or frequented this nameless casino, I would totally get a kick out of this shit! (KR)
107B S. Camino del Pueblo / Bernalillo, NM 87004

NO EXIT Vol. 5 / $3 or trade
8 x 12 – printed – 24 pgs
This is a hard hitter. Cool Greek zine featuring interviews with D-takt and Rapunk records, Amebix, Pyroklast, Deathhammer, Stripmines, a tribute to Void, movie reviews of my second favorite genre: action, featuring one of my favorite action movies John Woo's *Hardboiled*, a photo spread, very well done reviews and a small section of ads in the back. There is also a guest column by our very own newbie coordinator and, no, that is not the (only) reason this is a good zine… This zine is being created among crumbling antiquated and fatally flawed infrastructure; in a dangerous climate of power grabbing which has created turmoil and dangerous situations with real human consequences. One could argue that strife creates fertile ground for creativity, but that's easy to say when you are sitting in an easy chair watching "strife" on the news. What I will say is that there is no level of desperation or overwhelming level of nihilism that a weaker set (norms) might succumb to in a similar situation, that would snuff out the creativity or love of punk here. The level of crazy shit going on in Greece is real, but rather than an overt expression, this zine is infused by and informed by it, in the interview style to the humor to the reviews. Great zine, good read and a reminder that nothing can keep the punks down. (MB)
nofuturezine@gmail.com

NOTHING MATTRESS #1 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 44 pgs
I love this! He plays air guitar on his janitorial broom. He draws the Occupy Movement in two lil' squares and nails it. He runs into his senile teacher at a funeral. Uses the phrase "sea of stupid haircuts." Clever hatred of the right things. Show reviews of bands we both like. References both Tim Armstrong and YouTube only once. Comics are the best thing ever. This is really funny!! Make it happen. (JB)
contactbrianconnolly@gmail.com

ONE WAY TICKET TO CUBESVILLE #12 / contact for price
5.75 x 8.5 – copied – 32 pgs
I enjoyed the interviews with fellow Brits Black Light Mutants and Attila the Stockbroker. Both subjects have quite a bit to say about the rotten state of things. The Dezerter interview was done at their show in Manchester—it's not as strong as the others but it's all right. Hated Till Proven get the cut-out action figure treatment, so you can recreate the concert experience without leaving home. There are some longer articles—one inspired by the George Woodcock essay "The Tyranny of the Clock" and one on Chinese noise artists. The music and zine reviews cover mostly British material. The wraparound cover reproduced a little dark, but captures a vibe of pollution and despair. The price is cheap in person and would certainly be worth a look-through. (JM)
Flat 9 / 7 Collier St / Manchester, M3 4NA UK / cubesville@hotmail.com

PILTDOWNLAD #4: THE NASTY OH-DEAR / $2 or trade
?7 x 4.5 – copied – 40 pgs
This zine is... not one of those. In fact, I would go so far as to say this is the *only* zine I have ever read for *MRR* that I legitimately liked. While the design isn't fancy, the author understands margins, page numbers, headings and chapters, which is a practically unheard-of skill in the zine world. It's written on a manual typewriter and as someone who owns one, that is no mean feat. He got a decent artist to do simple, but interesting drawings and put the whole thing together in a clean, straightforward way that is easy on the eyes. It has pieces on the LA zine fest, the origin of the name "Piltdownlad" and a fictionalized-autobiographical part, plus a zine review section. All written clear, easy to read prose. Hell, I even like his zine reviews so much I am going to check some of his suggestions out. All in all, not superb or flashy, but solidly enjoyable and interesting. I'll definitely continue reading this. (AR)
PO Box 86714 / Los Angeles, CA 90086

PLASTIC BOMB #79 / 3.50 Euros
8.5 x 11 – newsprint – 78 pgs – German
Well, I can confidently recommend this zine to American youth who are both students of the German language and interested in punk. I can assess that this magazine has in-depth interviews and features on classic punk bands, as well as coverage of modern groups internationally. This issue has zine reviews, live reviews, record reviews and columns. One column appears to be about soccer-punks! Despite the awkward, colorful advertisements, the layout is effective. Some pages appear to be designed under the gun on a computer, while others look laboriously hand-done. Such is the nature of an

actual print schedule. An accompanying CD seems to feature mostly contemporary European punk bands. This issue contains interviews and articles about such groups as 7 Seconds, Amebix, Slime, the Briefs and Toxoplasma, in case it stirs up readers' interest. (SL)
plastic-bomb.de / micha@plastic-bomb.de

PUNK ON THE INSIDE #2: PRISONERS DEATH ZONE / $??
8.5 x 5 – copied – 23 pgs
Any punk with any kind of politics worth a shit should be all about prisoner support. You know what they say: "They are on the inside for us and we are on the outside for them." This is hand written and drawn by someone locked up for over fifteen years now. Contains a comic of how to clean a peanut butter jar for reuse in prison, what lockdowns are, music programs and a story about how the federal government treated prisoners during Hurricane Rita (which will make your stomach churn). Even if you don't get this zine, consider being this guy's (or someone's!!) pen pal. Having a connection to the outside world can make all the difference in someone's mental health. (AR)
Scotty Brigden 10067-007 / U.S.P. Tucson / PO Box 24550 / Tucson, AZ 85734

SHIT YOUR PANTS AND DO THE DEATH DANCE #2 / $1 or trade
5.5 x 11 – copied – 36 pgs.
Given some of the cover imagery and artwork within, we can infer that the editor of this zine is deliberately trying to offend, but crudeness is not the zine's focus. It has the requisite freewheeling band interview, complete with amusing narration, flippant record reviews, scene critiques and asides on things like "punk ass motherfuckers." The whole thing is pasted up and hand-written in a furious, appealing little mess. Interspersed are crass little phrases and sentiments intended to upset sensibilities. They aren't very calculated or articulate, just goofy. This zine is the work of a young punk who resents the world and loves music with equal conviction, but he's still learning how to combine those sentiments at once into one zine. (SL)
6103 Colby St. / Oakland, CA 94618 / nickkiniris@comcast.net

SILBER MINI-COMICS / $1 each
2 x 2.25 – copied – varies
A rad, new batch of tiny comics from Silber Media out of Raleigh, NC. There were seven different comics included this time around and six of them are of the fantasy/sci-fi variety. Most issues are around 32 pages, the artwork varies from superb to crudely drawn stick figures and in all the writing is actually pretty good. A couple of the issues have fluid narratives while others are a bit all over the place, in interesting and comedic ways of course. Standouts for me were Built #2, which is about a homeless robot who gets taken in by a lonely woman and Star #2, wherein a rock'n'roller has an interesting encounter with an ancient dominatrix and her frightening monster pal. If you're into comics, it's certainly worth picking up a few of these. (KM)
silbermedia.com/comics

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING #65 / stamps or trade
5.5 x 8.5 – copied – 36 pgs.
Upon opening this long-running zine, I was delighted to find a feature on copy shops and every Kinkos that the publisher has ever been to. The role of copy shops in the life of a zine publisher cannot be understated. My own experiences with self-service copy shops have been completely absurd. Fedex Office has incited more of my meltdowns than just about any other company. His experiences are generally positive. It's just extremely amusing to read his detailed catalog of every single one he's visited over his lengthy experience in zine publishing. Following that piece are more than 30 pages of reviews of cassette only releases from the '80s and '90s. The reviews are in-depth, knowledgeable and written with the voice of someone who has spent many focused hours on the music. The genre focus of the tapes seems to be ska punk, anarcho and Christian punk. The cut'n'paste layout is clear and stark with no space wasted. (SL)
516 3rd St. NE / Massillon, Ohio 44646

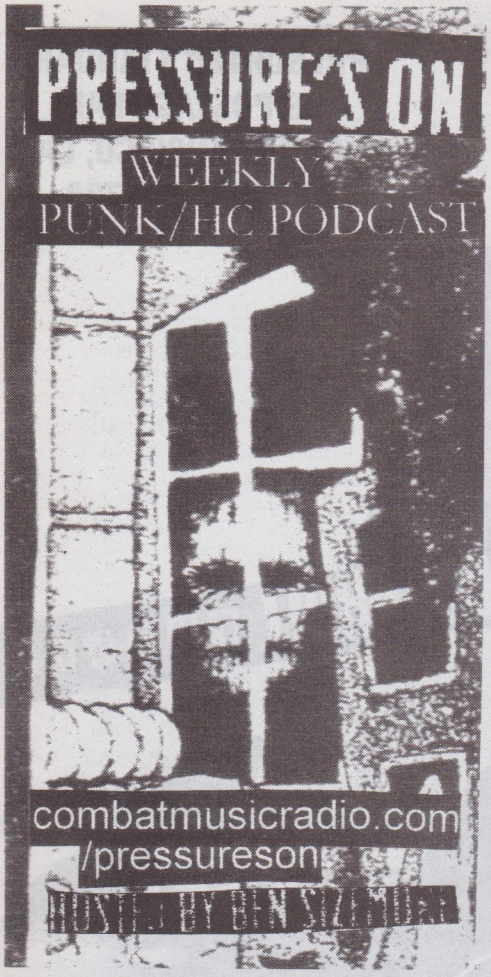
THE STOWAWAYS #? / $1
8.5 x 11 – copied – 12 pgs
Guy who loves hard rockin', uses ALL CAPS for GREAT EMPHASIS and seems a little unsure in his tone. (I want you to find thyself, man. And maybe it's in the show reviews. The show review format allows you to really shine, saying what you really feel and shit.) He interviews Justin Conway of the band Tiny Lungs, for six full-sized pages, about growing up, music, about being gay as fuck in high school, about later when he was just pretending and says 'no homo' when saying he was in love with his friend Brian. And Connor Oberst. Who knows, right? Glad Mr. Zine puts his foot down about not reviewing CDRs. Kinda makes the record review section truly succinct. Like this: "they are just non-stop rockin', they're kind of a metal band, and then not, they're kind of a straightforward rock'n'roll band, and then not... just be prepared to have your face melted." Maybe the best thing about it is that it arrived with a significant amount of the corner ripped off, so I have to supplement parts of the writing with *whatever I want.* (JB)
5082 Wendover Road / Yorba Linda, CA 92886

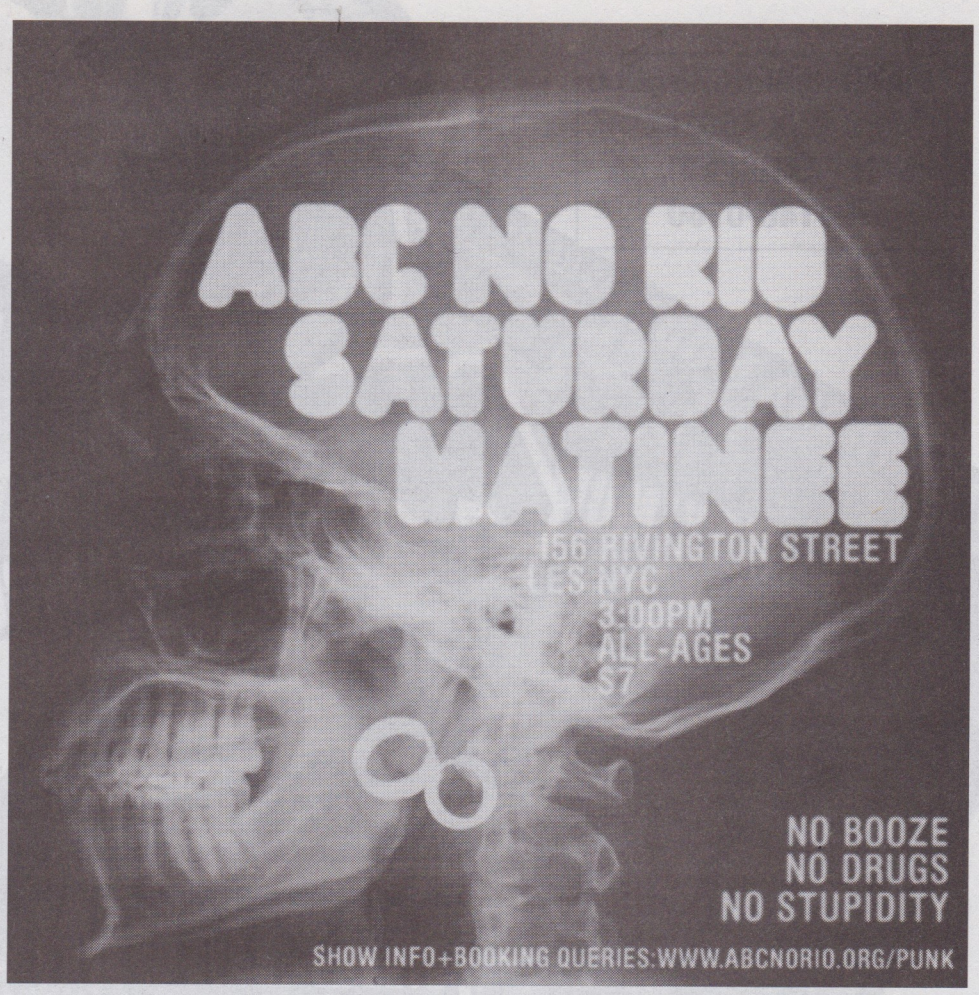
TOINEN VAIHTOEHTO #239 / $?
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 30 pgs – Finnish
Oh! How exciting! It's in Finnish, but seeing that Stalin is the main featured band in this makes me so happy! These kids are from the early days of Finnish punk and share members with the band Nukketeatteri. The other bands featured in this month's issue are Victims Family, Black Magic Six, Livet, Levyt, Lehdet, Leffat, Hiuskatsaus and more. Not to take away from Toinen Vaihtoehto's own individual greatness, but it's almost like a shorter version of *Maximum Rocknroll* that is more European-centric and contains much of what's up with Finnish punk today. This zine is sick! (AE)
PL 1 / 65200 Vaasa / Vaaditaan Viemään Perille / Finland.

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #31 / $4
5.5 x 8.5 – printed – 48 pgs
This review zine covers a fair variety of subjects, including some actual punk shit and some close-enough. They claim they don't have any negative reviews, or as they say "publish reviews of zines we haven't actually read just so we can make snarky comments." This is mostly true, not entirely. Obviously I don't agree with all their opinions, but this is a good place to hear about new-to-you zines. My favorite zine name this issue is *Lower East Side Librarian Winter Solstice Shout Out*, while *Roethlisberger Castration Society* wins zine-I-most-want-to-read. There are some columns as well, a few of which I enjoyed. Send zines to be reviewed to the address below, though I'm not sure if one would send cash for an issue to this address or to their distributor, Microcosm. A note with this information would have been helpful for the reviewer. (JM)
Davida Gypsy Breier / PO Box 11064 / Baltimore, MD 21212 / leekinginc.com

YOUR WAR #4 / $2.50 ppd
5.75 x 8.75 – printed – 24 pgs
A glorious raw punk extravaganza of the cut and paste variety. Issue #4 features an extensive interview with Charlie Claesson of Anti-Cimex that serves as a complete history of the band. It's a really cool and informative read. There's also a chat with Adam Brewer, the eccentric mind behind Kentucky's Globsters and a bunch of well-penned record reviews. A definite must have for fans of noisy punk. (KM)
310 Westover Blvd. / Lynchburg, VA 24502

ZINE WORLD: A READER'S GUIDE TO THE UNDERGROUND PRESS #31 / $4 US, $5 Canada & Mexico, $7 worldwide
8.5 x 11 – printed – 27 pgs
This zine is ideal if you would like to immerse yourself in the world of underground, alternative publishing, mainly in the US. Overall this zine gives a lot of info on a lot of things besides the (many) zine reviews; the back page has US postal rates, which any zinester will know is valuable information, it features a form for zinesters to fill out with all their info to make reviewing their zine easier, has an extensive letter section which I enjoyed, a small bio on each on their reviewers, a super-handy Recourses section (you can send your listings to wordofmouth@undergroundpress.org), classifieds and a small piece on the Soapbox, West Philly's independent publishing centre. Plus, it has set up a Prisoner Subscription Fund to help send copies of *Zine World* to prisoners. The zines reviewed inside vary and include many types, sizes, themes and formats, with an emphasis obviously on underground, alternative, anti-commercial, indie culture. I especially liked the fact that many prisoners sent in letters and zines for review—something you should know is not always easy. I will definitely use this zine as a resource to get in touch with imprisoned zinesters and strongly encourage other readers/zinesters to remember those behind bars! The rest of us still have the (relative) freedom to be able to discuss, even argue about issues like freedom of speech and freedom of the press, yet other are less fortunate. This zine reminds me of my duty as a zinester to defend these freedoms, not just for me, but even more so for those who have been denied the ability to speak their mind freely and whose right to expression has been censored. (LA)
PO Box 3556 / Portland, OR 97208





9•27 - THURSDAY AFTERNOON
OPENING CEREMONIES

MONSIEUR JEFFREY
EVANS MEMPHIS, TN

9•27 - THURSDAY NIGHT
THE HI-TONE

OBLIVIANS MEMPHIS, TN
GOLDEN BOYS AUSTIN, TX
HEAVY TIMES CHICAGO, IL
SLUG GUTS BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA
MOVING FINGER MEMPHIS, TN

9•28 - FRIDAY AFTERNOON
THE BUCCANEER

THE HUSSY MADISON, WI
NO BAILS KALAMAZOO, MI
TOXIE MEMPHIS, TN
ANOMALYS AMSTERDAM, HOLLAND
JOHNNY LOWEBOW MEMPHIS, TN

9•28 - FRIDAY NIGHT
THE HI-TONE

NOBUNNY RABBITHOLE, USA
RIVER CITY TANLINES MEMPHIS, TN
BITS OF SHIT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
GARY WRONG GROUP MOBILE, AL
BAD SPORTS DENTON, TX
NOTS MEMPHIS, TN

SEPTEMBER 27-30
MEMPHIS TN

9•29 - SATURDAY AFTERNOON
MURPHY-S

LEGS TN • TX
WHITE MYSTERY CHICAGO, IL
RYAN ROUSSEAU TEMPE, AZ
CECILIA SAUERKRAUTS
PARIS, FRANCE • PORTLAND, OR
LENGUAS LARGAS TUCSON, AZ
NATIVE CATS HOBART,TASMANIA
CHEMICALS PORTLAND, OR
JACK OF HEART PERPIGNAN, FRANCE
CHICKEN SNAKE STAUNTON, VA
DETONATIONS AZ • LA

9•29 - SATURDAY NIGHT
THE HI-TONE

SPITS OUTER SPACE
MAD MACKA BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA
PERSONAL AND THE PIZZAS PEPPERONI, NJ
PERSUADERS NEW ORLEANS, LA
EX-CULT MEMPHIS, TN
KONKS BOSTON, MA

9•30 - SUNDAY AFTERNOON
CLOSING CEREMONIES

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